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COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes
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See story, "Dale's Commencement Gown" on page 3

High and Rising Cost of Crime—Rogues Got away with More than Three Billions of Loot Last Year

DESPITE the extension of organized uplift work, for the support and promotion of which so many millions of dollars have been expended during the past decade, there has been an alarming increase of crime grossly out of proportion to the gain in population in this country in the same period. By 1918 it had attained a magnitude and prevalence that attracted public attention as a menace that required drastic treatment. At that time it was called a "wave of crime," and was generally attributed to the demoralization due to war. Had this diagnosis been correct the crest of the wave should have broken and begun to recede ere now, as the war ended more than four and a half years ago. It was not a wave caused by war's social upheaval, but a current previously set in motion by other, deeper causes and was already running strong when the occurrence of war merely gave it additional impetus. Rolling on in an ever rising flood it has submerged the cities in a reign of terror and is spreading with deleterious consequences into the rural sections. This growth of lawlessness, although manifest in all species of offenses, has developed mostly in those classes of crimes the commission of which is induced by avaricious motives.

According to conservative estimates based on reliable information the great army of burglars, highwaymen train robbers, thieves, forgers, embezzlers, swindlers and other crooks, by their nefarious operations in the United States in the year 1922 gathered in and safely got away with plunder to the value of at least three and one-third billion and probably as much as four billion dollars. This is a gigantic business that the crime guild does; its enormous annual revenue extorted from the people by force and fraud is a heavy tax on the honest industry and thrift of the nation; and some idea of how heavy it is may be gathered from the fact that it about equals the total annual revenues of the U. S. Government derived from all sources of taxation.

The police departments of the larger cities keep a fairly complete and accurate record of crimes within their precincts reported for official investigation. In 28 cities, with only one-seventh of the country's population, 37,554 automobiles were stolen in 1921. The police record of New York City for 1921 shows 41,056 crimes committed against property reported, of which 1,175 were embezzlements, 1,197 robberies, 6,558 burglaries, 320 forgeries, 30,900 thefts including 6,808 automobiles stolen. The jewelers of that city lost more than a million dollars in 1922 by burglaries and robberies, many of which were committed audaciously during business hours in the daytime. The representative of a large marine insurance agency says that the booty gathered by pirates in New York harbor and docks amounts to fifty million dollars a year and probably half as much in other seaports of the country. Last year the railroads paid more than twelve million dollars in settlement of claims for freight stolen in transit. In the thirteen months between April 1, 1920 and May 1, 1921, ten mail train holdups and twenty mail truck robberies yielded the robbers more than three million in cash and securities that were being transported as registered mail.

Boldness to an astonishing degree is a characteristic feature of these robberies and burglaries which in many cases have been accomplished by murdering the guard, clerk or owner in charge of the money or goods at the time of the theft—such trifling regard have present-day criminals for human life that stands in their way! Passing now to the class of offenders who employ fraudulent instead of forcible means in the unlawful acquisition of cash, goods, securities or lands belonging to others, we find a host of artful swindlers using every imaginable device and scheme to induce the credulous or unwary to part with their valuables for a share in an alluring get-rich-quick proposition that promises enormous profits. The President of the New York Stock Exchange, who devotes his best energies to preventing not

only worthless but even suspected stock from being listed on the "board" and dealt in through the Exchange, estimates the fraudulent stock loss in New York City at a hundred millions a year.

The figures that we have cited for certain large cities were extracted from official records and reports that presumably are reliable. While exact accuracy is not claimed for the figures given for the entire country they are believed to be conservative and well within the bounds of actuality, for although in part the result of estimate where definite data were not obtainable the calculation was made by experts familiar with the problems involved and having at their command the experience and statistics gathered by the insurance companies. Property losses through crime have grown to such proportions that within the last few years insurance against burglary and theft has become an important line of business. Many commercial and manufacturing concerns have found it prudent to carry this class of insurance and, of course, include the cost thereof in the cost of production which the consumer has to pay. Many carry burglary insurance on jewelry and other valuables in their homes, and it is a common practice among automobile owners to insure their cars against theft. The premium rates for such insurance are based on the risk; with regard to automobiles the risk of theft is large with small chance of recovery, and the insurance rate is correspondingly high.

Few if any communities are free from vicious and criminally inclined persons, but the crime centers are in the cities which are infested with professional criminals who make their living principally or exclusively by criminal practices, operating mostly in the larger places but frequently extending their depredations into the small towns and even to the farms and country byways. Most of the robberies, burglaries, thefts and swindles are contrived and perpetrated by these professionals who are not only known as such to the police but are pictured in the rogues' galleries and duly classified according to the species of crime in which they specialize, and as a rule they have court or prison records. Why, then, are these human wolves allowed to go at large and prey on the innocent?

It is the assiduous propaganda of misguided philanthropists who cherish an unwarrantable and sickly commiseration for evil-doers that has softened the penalties and crippled the administration of our criminal statutes to a degree that has transformed the United States into a happy hunting-ground for the lawless. The courts experience increased difficulty in procuring conviction of the guilty, judges are adversely criticised if they impose sentences of adequate severity, and governors are too prone to pardon offenders or to mitigate the penalties imposed by the courts, and the probation officers and parol boards (all recent creations for easing the path of the transgressor) are overactive in obtaining suspension of sentence or diminution of penalty. The situation is aptly epitomized in the remark of the *Wall Street Journal* that "there was less crime when it was the practice to suspend the criminal instead of suspending sentence."

Were it not a matter of such serious consequence it would seem a ghastly joke for thousands of known habitual criminals to be plying their noxious trades in defiance of law and decency and to the terror of the community. In some localities the deluge of crime has become so menacing as to cause a revulsion of public opinion in favor of sterner and more effective measures for suppression, notably in New York City where the police force, largely augmented for the purpose, is making a vigorous effort to round up the criminals, and the courts and district attorney are assisting in the attempted clean-up by speeding up trials of the accused and imposing stiff prison sentences on the convicts. The general situation demands similar administrative action throughout the country, also legislation to put a whole-

some fear of the law into all who are criminally inclined by authorizing more severe penalties for all offenders and requiring long sentences for habitual criminals. In due consideration of the rights and interests of the community the safest best place for the habitual criminal is in prison.

Housewives Fight Sugar Speculators with Consumers' Boycott

THE country is facing a repetition of speculative cornering of sugar such as raised the price of that commodity to unprecedented heights in the spring and summer of 1920. Then, as now, a world shortage of sugar was asserted, currently reported and generally believed, and speculators took advantage of the situation as an opportunity to extort unconscionable profits from consumers by buying the available stocks of sugar in this country and Cuba, which is our chief source of supply, and raising the price regardless of every consideration except their insatiable greed. Our people easily fell victims to these robbers and unwittingly aided in the consummation of the wicked scheme, for in their panicky efforts to provide against the threatened sugar famine they bought heavily and hoarded as the price rose, even following it up to thirty cents a pound. But the speculators overplayed their hand by raising the price to a figure that attracted large shipments from remote regions, so that by mid-summer the market showed signs of being glutted and sugar from South America and the East Indies was underselling the speculators in the United States; their corner was broken, their control of the American market ended; it suddenly developed that instead of the supposed scarcity there was a surplus of sugar in the country, and thenceforth through the ensuing months of that year and the next the price dropped rapidly at first and then gradually until it nearly reached the pre-war level. Many of the speculators who were holding on for higher prices were caught overstocked with high-cost sugar when the slump came and were ruined financially by the collapse of their own device. This result which actual and threatened criminal prosecution by the Government had failed to accomplish, came about automatically through the action of the natural law of supply and demand.

When it became known last February that the recently harvested Cuban sugar crop was considerably smaller than the island's average production in latter years, the prediction of another world sugar-shortage was industriously circulated by speculators who were again trying to control the sugar market and have since boosted the price outrageously. The Tariff Commissioners' special report to the President in effect attributes the present exorbitant price of sugar to pernicious speculation, and the Federal Government has initiated and is prosecuting such action as is authorized by law to punish and restrain the offenders, but with little or no effect, as was the case in 1920, for the sugar gamblers are defiantly persistent and appear determined to profiteer to the extent of their ability. Enlightened by their experience in 1920 the people, and especially the women, in various parts of the country have started a movement for a general boycott to reduce, so far as possible, the purchase and consumption of sugar, and particularly to discourage hoarding, as the most effective means of bringing the speculators to their knees and forcing a substantial reduction in price. This movement is heartily approved and supported by prominent Federal, State and city officials and leading citizens in the belief that, if made a nation-wide uprising, it will speedily accomplish the desired purpose. Eugene C. Hultman, Chairman of the Massachusetts Commission on Necessaries of Life, enthusiastically indorses the consumers' boycott and points out that, as seventy per cent. of the sugar consumed in the country is used in the homes, the housewives hold the key to the situation.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Dale's Commencement Gown

By Joseph F. Novak

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See front cover illustration.

A GROUP of girls was gathered in Melita Grandin's room in the dormitory. Where there are women, there is talk that eventually will turn to the subject of dress.

It had already reached that stage at this conation, and the girls were deep in the disson of the gowns they were to wear on graduation Day, only two days away.

"Since your cousin, Milton, is to attend the reises, I shall put on the dog!" exclaimed nnie Preston. "Are you sure, Melita, that s your first cousin? There's no danger of having been adopted in his babyhood or thing like that to lessen our chances with r?" He's certainly the most loverlike cousin en he's with you!"

"He is irrevocably my first cousin, so go to girls, and may the best dressed win!" laughed ita. "Though I don't know that he looks that exclusively, Winnie. He likes a cer amount of intelligence."

A concerted shriek greeted this, for Winifred ston had graduated "by the skin of her th." as the vulgar saying is. But Winnie says admitted her deficiency with perfect humor, and making a wry face, she eximined:

"In such case, we might just as well pass honors to Dale!"

"As if he'd care anything for a confirmed ool ma'am!" exclaimed Dale Treadwell. Indeed, girls, count me out on that. I ll make myself as inconspicuous as possible en we all blossom out of the chrysalis of and-gown."

"You'll probably look better than a great ny of us with all our agony, Dale," laughed ita, who bore the distinction of being the athiest girl of the class as well as first cousin the much discussed Milton Youngfoot. "I ieve you could wear burlap and get away h it. And further, I expressly forbid you erting the crowd on Graduation Day."

The girls all knew something of Dale Treadwell's history. She had come to the University letly, unostentatiously, but by her personal arm she drew to herself the best girls of the . She made no pretensions, and when a v inquisitive ones sought outside informa n regarding her, they found she had de manded from first families.

Now, when graduation approached, she preed for it in her usual simple way, and was ieved of the makeshifts others had to prac e because of their former pretensions, so, ile the other girls spoke of "radium crepe," rocaded crepe de chine," "embroidered sian crepe," and the like, she planned a uple silk mull to be fashioned by her own nds, for she could not give the order, "send e bill to father."

But though Dale spoke cheerfully, there ere pangs in her heart. She was, after all, t a girl, like the rest of them, and though e did not crave a gown such as Melita Gran would wear (rumor had it that it was to st five hundred dollars, though, Melita's e breeding kept her from telling the price), r such as Valerie Perok would display (Val e frankly told that her dress would cost ee hundred dollars—but then, Valerie figu culture by the financial yard), still Dale l along to have one of the pretty gowns which d been advertised during the past weeks the big shops of the city of which the uni sity town was a suburb.

As they chatted, another girl came into the om.

"Hello, bunch!" she greeted. "I'm looking r Dale Treadwell. Here's a letter from a agazine. 'By their stamps shall ye know em.' It's not a returned manuscript, so is most likely a check. What sort of a story d you send them? 'Mary Ann's Lover?'" d with a flip, the merry-hearted girl aer adned the letter to Dale, who caught it, her art a-flutter.

She ripped it open.

"Oh, girls! It is a check! And for fifty llars! I wonder if some kind angel didn't isper to that editor that by accepting the ory he would help a poor college girl secu e graduation gown!"

The girls crowded about Dale and rejoiced ith her, for all could point to some favor or ind act Dale had done for them in some un brusive way. Even Melita Grandin, the vely and wealthy, had such a debt, and as or the nouveau riche Valerie Perok, she would ave gone down on her knees to Dale, had Dale demanded it, she was so obligated.

"When shall you go to town for your dress, Dale?" asked Melita.

"This afternoon, for the day after tomorrow s graduation day," returned Dale, and with heart dancing, she sprang up, and prepared to atch the 2.15 into town.

On her way an array of gowns passed before er mind's eye. The nice part of it was that e could spend the whole fifty dollars for he dress. She had been quietly preparing or graduation since early in the year and had secured white silk pumps, silk stockings and all the other little trappings that a modern, well-dressed girl needs.

The city was reached, and leaving the train, Dale walked rapidly into the great waiting room.

As she hurried along, she suddenly noticed a girl, apparently in distress. The girl looked so young, so inexperienced and so frightened that she could not, somehow, conscientiously leave her to her troubles.

Still for a moment Dale hesitated, disliking to—as one might indignantly say—"butt in," and yet feeling that by not inquiring, she might be neglecting a Christian duty.

So she approached the girl.

"You seem to be in trouble, dear," she began. "May I help you? Are you sick?"

As she spoke, Dale was relieved to see that her inquiry was taken in the right spirit, for the girl looked up, and gratitude showed in her scared eyes.

"I'm not sick, Miss," the girl replied, "except homesick and scared. I am in dreadful trouble, though I don't think you will care to help me when you hear what I have done."

"If you need help, I'm sure I'll be glad to assist you," Dale replied in her sympathetic voice, for the girl looked scarce more than nineteen years. "Perhaps what you have done isn't so dreadful as it seems to you."

"Oh, but it is, it is!" exclaimed the girl, bursting into tears. "I've run away from my husband!"

"You ran away from your husband!" exclaimed Dale. "Why, that is dreadful, surely, but even that can be condoned sometimes. What did he do to cause you to do such a thing?"

"Oh, he did nothing to cause me to do it. I've been a silly little fool, and thought he wasn't in sympathy with me and didn't appreciate my talent and all that," the girl replied.

Her incoherent words didn't mean anything to Dale, but she was astute enough to see that there had been a sad mistake committed by the young wife, so seating herself beside the girl on the bench which, fortunately, was otherwise unoccupied and screened from observation by the other tiers of benches, she said:

"Suppose you tell me all about the matter, and then we'll see what can be done."

"Oh, it will be such a relief to tell someone my troubles. Strangers sometimes understand so much better than friends and relatives, don't they? I'll tell you all about it. I live in Westbury. Westbury is a small town, but we have nice times there. I belonged to the Westbury Dramatic Club and I always made a hit in the plays we produced. But I wanted to do bigger and better things and I longed to go into the movies."

The girl paused. Dale did not interrupt, but through her mind flashed the decision: "Movie-struck!"

"I always told Jasper that I felt I was destined to become a great actress," the girl resumed, "but he'd only laugh and say that friends' criticism which made allowances for our being amateurs was no criterion to judge one's fitness for the commercial stage."

"Verily, Jasper is a pretty level-headed husband," thought Dale, but she only said: "There is truth in what he says, of course, but still he might be wrong."

"So I thought, and I determined to find out. I sent my picture to a booking agency and they wrote and said I photographed well and advised me to come to the city and that they would procure me a place as an extra at once, and if I made good, they would take me on as a regular. You know how all the stars began. Their stories read like the most wonderful imagination."

"And most likely are," Dale mentally supplemented.

Again the young woman paused. Then she continued:

"But now that I have taken the step, I am afraid."

"Afraid of what, dear?" asked Dale. "These people have promised you a position as an extra, and a regular place shortly. Your career seems to be laid out for you. Why, then, should you regret it? Go ahead and finish the course you have taken. It may cost you your husband, but then a public career like this demands a sacrifice, and surely no sacrifice is too great to shine among the movie stars!"

"Oh, I reasoned that way, but I find I can't make it. I love my husband and I want to go home!"

Dale put her arm about the girl's shoulders.

"That's what I wanted you to say, dear. Well, then, there is just one course left for you to pursue. Go straight back home, tell your husband and I'm sure he'll forgive you."

"Oh, I would but now I am afraid, for if the people of Westbury find out it would disgrace Jasper forever."

"They need not know. You did not tell them?"

"No. I wrote a note to Jasper (who is now in Omaha on a business trip) telling him what I was doing, but if I went straight back home, I'd get home before he will. And to the neighbors I merely said that I was going to visit my sister in Red Wing. If I come back directly, they'll never know what I have done. But I'm afraid because these people have my picture and letters?"

"What difference does that make?" queried Dale. "You wrote to a reliable booking agency did you not?"

"I don't know anything about them. I—I supposed they were all right. Yet, as I came down, all sorts of doubts crept into my mind, and I recalled all the dreadful things that I have heard happen to women who came alone to strange cities."

"Was someone from the agency to meet you here?" asked Dale.

"Yes," the girl replied.

"Well, then, you'd better go right back home and when they call, they'll not find you."

"I—I can't. I haven't the money," sobbed the girl.

"You came without money!" exclaimed Dale.

"Yes. I didn't think it right to take any of Jasper's money for this purpose. My railroad fare and what I'd need for incidentals I saved from special work I did at home in my spare time and it was honestly earned and entirely mine. These people wrote that I would make expenses right from the start so I didn't think I'd need anything beyond a few dollars. And the fare back to Westbury is over thirty dollars!"

Thirty dollars!

Dale involuntarily clutched at her purse. Since she had befriended the girl, it seemed logical that she should supply the money for the young woman to return home. To do that, however, would mean to forfeit her own graduation dress. Yet, after all, what was a mere gown compared with the saving of a broken home and the girl from a fate that made her shudder to think of it. She intuitively confirmed the girl's suspicions.

She was brought to sudden decision by the approach of a man. He was big physically and, though a trifle loudly dressed, appeared, offhand, perfectly respectable.

He scanned every woman as he came along, and finally reached Dale and her companion.

The girl paled.

"Oh, how do. You are Mrs. Madge Evans?" he began.

The girl nodded, but shrank closer to Dale's side.

"You are—Dale began.

"Jack Whitney," the man replied.

"Oh, yes. I don't really know what you'll think, Mr. Whitney, when I tell you why I am here. I am Madge's dearest friend, and when she confided to me that you were going to put her into the movies, I begged her to let me go along. Will you try and get me a place, too?"

"Sure, Miss, sure. What's your name?"

"Mine? Oh, I won't tell you my real name, but the one I'd like to have in the movies. You may call me Merlina Travels. Wouldn't that look well on the screen?"

"Very," returned Mr. Jack Whitney. "But let's go. I'm in a hurry."

"But, Mr. Whitney! You haven't identified yourself, and you know a girl cannot be too careful when she comes alone to a great city."

"Oh, I'm all right. Here's Mrs. Evans's picture, and three letters she sent us."

Dale extended her hand with perfect confidence and received the letters and photographs. She looked compassionately at the sweet, but brainless beauty that looked back at her from the photograph, then drew the letters from their envelopes.

"These are the letters you wrote, Madge, are they not?" she queried.

"Yes," gasped the girl, apparently frightened at the high hand with which Dale was handling the matter.

"You sent three?" continued Dale.

"Here, what's the question?" demanded Whitney. "It's all right, ain't it? Them's the letters you sent and the picture. I guess I'm all right, I am. Let's go!"

"Let's do nothing of the kind. Mr. Whitney," said Dale. "You may, but we remain."

"You—!" he began with a fearful oath, and making to snatch the picture and letters from her. But Dale thrust them behind her back.

"Be careful, sir! You are violating the law."

Mr. Whitney backed—and backed into the arms of a stranger, who, however, seemed to know his quarry.

"Come along, Jack! We're looking for you. Was he annoying you, ladies?"

"No," Dale replied, "but," and she smiled archly into the eyes of the detective, "I think he was on the verge of it."

"In that case, then, you need not appear against him, but we have enough of the goods on him without your testimony," the man said, tightening his grip on Mr. Whitney's shoulder.

It was too much for poor Mrs. Evans. She fainted.

A crowd gathered, and from it came a man, refinement and good breeding in his every movement. He brought a paper cup filled with water, which he extended to Dale, who held it to the girl's lips.

Then there was a dazzling flash! An enterprising young newspaper reporter photographed the scene for his newspaper. Mrs. Evans's face was hidden, but Dale got the full benefit of the flashlight.

Then the reporter disappeared.

Now there would be publicity! But hoping that she would not be recognized, Dale let it pass; there was nothing else to do.

The crowd dwindled away; the refined young man disappeared likewise, and soon the two girls were left alone.

"Do you feel better, dear?" queried Dale.

"Yes, but it seems as if I were dreaming," returned Madge. "Oh, what shall I do?"

"You'll go home on the next train, and I'll see you safely aboard."

"But the money," wailed Madge.

"I'll buy your ticket," Dale said calmly.

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Madge, thinking, no doubt, that Dale was well endowed with this world's wealth. And, indeed, she did give that impression. "Mr. Evans will send it back to you right off, and if he shouldn't forgive me, I'll work so hard and pay it up myself. Do you think Mr. Evans will forgive me?" she interpolated wistfully.

"Surely I do," returned Dale, and we might say here, that Dale judged Jasper Evans correctly.

"How did you know that man was such a fraud?" continued Mrs. Evans.

"I didn't know," Dale returned, "but I suspected it and determined to act as if I were sure of myself. His kind would have attempted blackmail if he had gotten away. Here is your picture and the letters. Show the letters to your husband so that he will know that, to you, this whole matter was a strictly business proposition."

Dale then purchased the girl's ticket, also a berth in the Pullman and pressed the balance of the money for incidental expenses, and then they sat talking until it neared train time. Dale then saw the girl safely aboard and sighed with relief when the train pulled out of the train-shed.

Then she sought the suburban train, and picked up the evening edition of the paper. There was the story in scare-heads.

Fortunately no names were mentioned, and while Dale was recognizable in the picture had one been so intent, casually she would escape recognition.

She reached the "U" and went directly to the dormitory.

"What kind of a dress did you get, Dale?" was the one question she got above the Babel.

"Lost my money," she replied nonchalantly.

"Not really!" It seemed as if the girls spoke as one.

"Yes, really," she smiled back. "I guess I was destined to wear my plain gown," and with the words, Dale quite indifferently took off her hat and tossed down the evening paper.

Estelle Clayton seized it, and the wild headlines attracted her at once.

"My gracious! How dreadful!" she exclaimed reading the article aloud.

"Dear me, Dale, that girl in the picture looks like you. Doesn't it, girls?" queried Winnie Preston.

"And she's ordinarily so stupid!" thought Dale.

The picture was duly examined.

"It resembles Dale, that's all," said Melita—and that was final.

Graduation Day dawned a most lovely day. Something was scheduled for the entire day so the girls dressed early.

They received their diplomas in cap and gown and as valedictorian, Dale delivered her address thus garbed.

But when cap and gown were doffed and the girls bloomed out in their wonderful creations, Dale was seen only in fleeting glances, and when almost forcibly detained, she excused herself as soon as she could.

This was not at all to the liking of Melita Grandin, now piloting her handsome cousin Milton Youngfoot.

"I want you to meet Dale Treadwell so much, Milton," Melita said. "She's a perfect dear."

"I quite believe you," Milton answered.

"How do you know?" demanded Melita mischievously, for, woman-like, seeing he intended to agree with her, she questioned his decision.

"I heard her in her valedictory address this morning, you must not forget," he returned saucily.

"Oh," returned Melita, then spying Dale with a group of the girls, she suddenly seized him by the arm and before Dale could escape, the introduction was made.

But why should she blush and drop her eyes? The girls all wondered. Was it that she was ashamed of her gown? Because she alone among them wore a simple gown that might be duplicated for a few dollars? Yet why should she? Men judge only by appearance and Dale looked lovely with the folds of her simple gown falling so softly about her, and the sheaf of pansies at her waist, so sweet, so brilliant and yet so modest and fresh (for Dale had cleverly bound damp tissue paper about the stems and held in the moisture with tin-foil—a florist's trick), added the color needed. Her trim heels and graceful ankles could be rivalled by none. Why then did she burn as if with humiliation?

Thus thought the girls.

Dale was not blushing because of her gown. Ah, no! It was because the elegant and charming Milton Youngfoot was no other than the refined young man at the railroad station who brought a cup of water to the fainting Mrs. Evans.

"I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Treadwell, *al fresco* as it were, the day before yesterday. You all know, of course, that she was instrumental in causing the arrest of that notorious Jack Whitney," and while the girls shrieked with astonishment he went on to detail the story.

"Dale Treadwell! Is that what you did with that fifty dollars? And you never said a word except that you had lost your money—you darling!" and Melita caught her in her arms.

Dale nodded, but her face was grave, then excusing herself, she left the group.

In the evening there was a farewell dance and to this Dale was obliged to go. But she avoided everyone.

During a dance, she wandered away to the banks of a little brook that flowed through the college grounds. Sitting there musing, she felt her cheeks flame anew. What must Mr. Youngfoot think of her? A bold, brazen hussy who wasn't afraid to accost a villain of the Jack Whitney type.

She did not hear a step approaching nor did she look up until Milton Youngfoot stood before her. He was immaculate in evening dress, every little detail carried to the finest point of nicety, and yet there was no suggestion of the dandy about him.

"Why do you avoid me Miss Treadwell?" he queried gently. "The girls all speak so highly of you that I—I rather thought I'd like to know you."

"You ask why?" Dale exclaimed, determined to tell him and have it over. "Because I am ashamed of my actions that day in the railroad station and I am sorry you betrayed me to the girls. You know how bold and brazen it was!"

"Bold! Brazen!" he exclaimed, looking at her, his eyes shining. Somehow that look shot a thrill of indefinable sweetness through her.

"Why, my dear girl!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that you think your act of the other day bold, brazen? My word, what a funny little girl you are! You deprive yourself of a graduation gown, help a runaway wife to return to the protection of a home saved from being broken and are instrumental in causing the arrest of a notorious character and then you feel hurt and offended because your noble work is published to the world. Another would have sought laurels for it, and you think I think you brazen! No, no! I think you are the most wonderful woman I ever met. And do you know that you did me a great service?"

"I did you a great service?" queried Dale, amazed at the turn of events.

"Yes. It is truly wonderful how things come about. Madge Evans is a sister to a very dear friend of mine who lives in Westbury. When Jasper Evans went to Omaha, quite by chance Paul Overton (Madge's brother) went to their house. Finding no one at home, he let himself in to see if everything was all right, for perhaps you know that people in small towns are more free with their homes than city people are. Paul discovered Madge's note and, vaguely disturbed, he determined to open it, and thus learned what she had done. He hurried to telegraph but recollecting that he would thus betray his sister, he jumped into an automobile and drove to a distant town where he telegraphed me asking me to intercept Madge if I could. I arrived after you had the situation in hand, and then I sought the detective who arrived so opportunely. Then I disappeared again, because I did not want to embarrass Madge, though I stayed around until you saw her safely aboard her train. Then I followed you and finding that you returned to the University I knew that you were a college girl and that I could get Melita to introduce me."

Youngfoot paused for a few moments, then continued:

"I love Paul Overton like a brother and would do anything for him. If I had failed to intercept Madge and you saved her without my assistance, as you really did, don't you see it would make me feel as if you had done me a service?"

Dale was silent. During his entire explanation her head was whirling and her heart beating uncommonly fast. She did not know whether an answer was expected to his question and she gave none.

"I'm sorry if you didn't want the matter to be known, but believe me, Miss Treadwell, it has clothed you in a garment far more beautiful than any commencement gown you could have worn—the Christly mantle of the Good Samaritan. It has raised you above all other women in my eyes. Since that day, I could not wait until I met you to tell you of my admiration for you—"

"Mr. Youngfoot!" Dale exclaimed, shocked to her feet by the intimacy the conversation had taken. "You are forgetting yourself!"

"Oh, no I am not, Miss Treadwell," he answered very steadily, and Dale again thrilled. "A woman who could make such a sacrifice is the woman I want for a life-partner. I shall not ask you how you regard me, but I am going to try and win your love for you have won mine."

"Was she dreaming? Was it possible that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Brownie's Triumph

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



I said chickens always come home to roost she snapped in reply.



The whole space which they had just traversed was swept from their sight as if by magic.



Better than I should not have come all he returned passionately.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Brownie Douglas, waiting at Memorial Hall, Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, attracts the attention of two gentlemen, Adrian Dredmond, an Englishman, and Mr. Gordon who recognizes Brownie, she being an intimate friend of his sisters. Her father, dying before she is born, and her mother at her birth, she is adopted by her great aunt who gives her her name Mehetabel and brings her up to remember she is a direct descendant from the Scottish nobility. Her nurse calls her Brownie from the first. Adrian Dredmond picks up a costly cuff button with a large D, studded with brilliants and the word "Brownie" upon the back. That night Miss Mehetabel Douglas tells Brownie the story of her betrothal to Lord Dunforth, the ball given by Helen Capel's aunt, Lady Ruxley, her introduction to Count de Lusan, a man of questionable reputation, her refusal to cancel a dance at Lord Dunforth's command, Helen Capel's treachery in suppressing a note, her serious illness, her coming to America, where her father and mother soon died. She gives Brownie her jewels, including her engagement ring, coral cross and all other gifts from Lord Dunforth. That night she dies and upon the reading of the will Mr. Conrad, who has the care of her aunt's property admits using and losing money entrusted to him, leaving Brownie, after all debts and legacies to the servants are paid, two hundred dollars. Refusing help, she secures employment wiring hats. She is helped by Mattie Burnham, who wins her love, and in the public library Brownie, reading to her in French, attracts the attention of an elderly gentleman who asks if she is a teacher and speaks any other language, and would she teach. She would and mentions Ware and Coolidge where she is employed. His card bears the name of Wm. H. Abbott, M. D., who recommends her to his son-in-law, Mr. Coolidge, as being competent to superintend the education of his two younger daughters and to be a companion and interpreter on a proposed trip to Europe. Going to the Coolidge home, Mrs. Coolidge and the eldest daughter Isabel admit her personal charms but are jealous of her beauty and many accomplishments and hope her meeting Wilbur will be avoided. The wish fails. Boarding the steamer, Brownie is saved from an accident by Adrian Dredmond. Wilbur believes him of further care and takes her to his mother and sister who realize Wilbur's infatuation for Brownie. Adrian Dredmond overhears their determination to prevent Wilbur's further attention. Going to London they take a house near where Miss Mehetabel lived. Wilbur buys tickets for the opera and insists that Miss Douglas shall go, too. Selecting her jewels, among which is a coral cross, Mrs. Coolidge is surprised to find her radiant and decides it shall not occur again. Adrian Dredmond entering the Coolidge box, is introduced to Brownie and leaving escorts her to the carriage, where she receives insults from Mrs. Coolidge. Isabel, envious of Brownie's elegant dress and jewels, queries to her mother Brownie's honesty. Seeing her go for a walk, Isabel enters Brownie's room and searching her jewels takes them to her mother, who requests that Brownie, upon her return, be sent to her. She asks Brownie if she has anything in her possession not legally hers and accuses her of stealing jewels and clothing. Brownie questions her right to ask her, to enter her room and from under lock and key take her jewels and demands the return of the casket. Mrs. Coolidge, refusing, Brownie threatens legal measures for their return. Wilbur intercedes and promises upon his father's return justice shall be done. Knowing she is to leave he offers her the love and care that will protect. She refuses. Wilbur orders a car and directs that Brownie be driven to "The Washington." Adrian Dredmond calls, requesting to see Miss Douglas. Isabel gives a wrong impression and their pain in learning she is dishonest. Asking for her address, she does not know and he leaves distressed and indignant. Wilbur sends it and Adrian going to "The Washington" fails to find her. Mr. Coolidge hires a detective with but no success. Going to Lady Peasewell's party, Isabel wears Brownie's jewels, she detects the ring and demands where she got it, also the other jewels. Claiming they are her own, did Mehetabel Douglas give them to her. Heirloom, did Mehetabel Douglas give them to her. They were her last gift to her. Sir Charles appears and Lord Dunforth begs her to forget what has occurred. Two years after Sir Charles's birth there was a prospect of an addition to the family. Lady Randal was traveling and returning a year later remarked it was hard to lose one's children. Mr. Coolidge coming back to New York, Lady Randal invites the Coolidges to Vallingham Hall. Walking with Sir Charles, Isabel hears a voice of unusual sweetness and later Lady Ruxley leaning upon the arm of a young lady meets her eyes with dread.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST!

THE next day cards were received at Vallingham Hall for the family and all guests, soliciting their presence at a grand state dinner, to be given by his lordship, the Earl of Dunforth, at his country residence at East Malling, about five miles from the west village. A great deal of excitement prevailed in anticipation of this event, for all recognized the honor conferred by this invitation, as the earl occupied a high position in the world, and owned almost the whole township of East Malling, where Dunforth Castle was situated. "What shall I wear, mamma?" Isabel asked, when they were talking over the event in their own room. "That light blue velvet, with the pipings of white satin, and the stomacher of pearls, which came from Worth's last week, will be the most suitable, I think," returned Mrs. Coolidge, reflectively.

"That is the one I had in mind. It will be very becoming and with those coral ornaments, and a few flowers, it will be a very lovely costume," assented the dutiful daughter.

"I want you to look uncommonly well, Isabel, for I heard today that any one who is received by the Earl of Dunforth needs no better voucher in the first circles of London. Besides, he is a relative of the family, and it will be wise for you to secure their favor. By the way, has Sir Charles asked you to name the day yet?"

"No, and I've played my very prettiest to him this week, hoping he would. I've visited all those dirty cottages and hovels, and helped him plan a hundred disagreeable things for suffering humanity around us; but, apparently, he is so bound up in the woes of others that he cannot stop to consider things of such minor importance as his own happiness," replied Isabel, with bitter scorn, and with an ugly frown upon her brow.

"You must have patience, my dear. A great deal has been accomplished in his proposing to you, and in your acknowledged engagement."

"Patience! I feel as if I should go wild, at times, with the constant restraint which I put upon myself."

"I know; you are behaving beautifully," said Mrs. Coolidge, soothingly, who lived in constant fear lest there should be an outbreak. "Lady Randal," she went on, "thinks you are just about perfect; even the servants are all enthusiastic in your praise."

"If only the prize was secure," muttered Isabel, moodily.

"Only go on a little longer as you have begun and it will be, I am sure," purred her mother. The day of the dinner party arrived.

A half hour before the Vallingham company were to start, Lady Randal knocked at Isabel's door.

"Excuse me, dear," she said, "but I wanted to see how you look before we start. I am particularly anxious that Lord and Lady Dunforth should be pleased with you. You know he is a relative of the family," she concluded, with an accent of pride.

"I heard something to that effect," responded Isabel; "but how is he connected?"

"His lordship and I are own cousins," explained Lady Randal, while her face clouded for a moment, as if from some painful thought. Then suddenly changing the subject, she exclaimed:

"But I need not have been anxious about your appearance, for you are just lovely. You have exquisite taste, my love, and I shall feel quite proud when you are my daughter. This blue velvet is charming, and your hair is very becomingly arranged, while that stomacher of pearls is superb. But—and she started suddenly, while her face grew crimson—"but where did you get those coral ornaments?" and her eyes were fixed in utter astonishment, and with something of terror in them, upon the elegant coral and diamond cross, and butterfly hair ornament, which Isabel has just fastened in her hair, and clasped about her neck.

Isabel colored violently at the question. Could she never wear those things without some one's remarking them particularly, and continually reminding her that they were not her own?

Lady Randal marked her confusion, and feeling it might have appeared a rude question, hastened to add:

"Pardon me, but they are so like some that I once saw a long time ago, that I could not help exclaiming at the moment."

"Ah!" said Isabel, regaining her self-possession, and striving to speak indifferently; "I did not suppose there was another set like them in the world—they were made to order," and the lie slipped off her tongue without a quaver.

"It is a singular coincidence, surely," murmured Lady Randal, absently. "Did you ever know—" she began again, then suddenly checking herself, she added: "But, of course, you did not, for she must be over sixty if she is living now. It is strange, though. I could have sworn they are the same."

"What were you saying?" asked Isabel, who had not distinctly understood what she said last.

"Never mind, dear; but a lady whom I used to know had some ornaments very like these. Have you nothing else which will do to go with this costume?"

She seemed to dislike the idea of her wearing them.

"Oh, yes; I have plenty of others, but these look best with this light blue—they give a dash of color which it seems to need, and I prefer them."

"Well, never mind; you do look very nice,

and," she added, partly to herself, "perhaps he will not notice."

Isabel created quite a sensation upon entering the great drawing-room at Dunforth, for there were many people present whom she had never met before, and all were quite anxious to see the bride Sir Charles had chosen.

His lordship was very gracious to her, and seemed desirous to atone for his rudeness on the night of Lady Peasewell's drawing-room, though Isabel noticed that a spasm of pain contracted his face when his eye first fell upon her as she was presented.

He introduced her to Lady Dunforth, who completely surprised her by turning to a gentleman at her side, and saying:

"Miss Coolidge, allow me to present my grandson, Mr. Dredmond."

She looked up astonished, and the color flamed into her cheeks at his cold salutation and the well-remembered, scornful curl of his lips, as his critical eye took in every item of her costume from head to foot.

He, too, had recognized those lovely corals, with their diamond garnishings, and he longed to wrest them from her hair and bosom, and denounce her as the false-hearted woman he knew she was.

He, then, was the grandson of the Earl of Dunforth.

Isabel had known all along that he was heir to an earldom, but supposing it to be a nobleman by the name of Dredmond, she had never made any inquiries about the matter.

A feeling of chagrin came over her that she had not played her cards differently, for she knew the Dunforth wealth far exceeded that of the Randals.

A sense of fear, too, arose in her heart lest he should strive to influence Sir Charles against her.

Lady Randal had told her that she and Lord Dunforth were cousins, consequently Sir Charles and Adrian were connected and might he not tell him what he knew?

Later in the evening she was introduced to Lady Ruxley, whose acquaintance she had long desired to make, and whose favor she was most anxious to secure.

The old lady had arrived at the castle that morning by especial invitation, and was to remain a few days to visit Lady Dunforth, who was a favorite with her.

She was a very peculiar body, this old lady of eighty, with her wrinkled, withered face, her scant, wiry, gray hair, her restless black eyes keen and sharp as a briar. She was bent nearly double, and walked with a cane, and when she tried to talk to or look at anybody she twisted her neck and shoulders into all manner of contortions. She was little as well as old—she could not have weighed over ninety pounds—and in her straight, old-fashioned black satin gown she made Isabel think of some witch or sprite of evil.

She felt anything but comfortable beneath those keen, bright eyes, which seemed to read her through and through at a glance, and her blunt way of asking questions disconcerted her not a little.

"False as fair; false as fair!" and "chickens always come home to roost!" muttered the "old crane," as she watched the handsome couple move away.

"What were you saying, aunt?" asked Lady Randal, sharply.

She had been standing near, and saw the distrustful expression on her face, and heard the muttered tones.

"I said, 'chickens always come home to roost,'" she snapped in reply.

"What do you mean by it? I don't understand you."

"I mean that you are going to get your pay through her for some of your own evil deeds in the past," she answered, pointing her shaking finger at Isabel.

"Don't be a fool, aunt," Lady Randal said, sharply, yet growing a shade paler than usual. "What have I done that is so very wicked?"

"Ah, ha! your memory doesn't serve you as well as mine, for all I am in my dotage," and the old woman gave a cracked, spiteful laugh.

"I haven't forgotten how, when you were yonder girl's age, you played a game upon his lordship in my house which nearly broke his heart, and without accomplishing your purpose, too; and now I say you're going to get your pay for it."

"That was years and years ago, and I'm sure I don't see what it can have to do with Sir Charles or my affairs today. Don't you like Miss Coolidge? I think her very striking in appearance."

"She has a stately presence, truly; but mark my words, Helen Capel, if you live long enough, you will find that she can plot as cunningly as

you did when you admitted Count de Lusan to my parlors to ruin the happiness of a innocent and beautiful girl."

"Pshaw! what has put those absurd ideas and memories into your head tonight?" Lady Randal tried to laugh, though she dreaded at the same time.

"Laugh away, my lady, while you can," snapped the old woman, viciously, "but you change your tune before long. I never so forgive you for that night's work, when it was the first time such a man ever disgraced a house, to say nothing about her coming to such grief there. But, ah! that was more than forty years ago. I wonder whatever became of her! I am sorry for Charles, though—is a noble fellow, and ought to have a wife," and Lady Ruxley heaved a deep sigh of regret.

"Then you don't approve of his choice, aunt; I'm sorry. She is certainly fine looking, and then she belongs to a very wealthy family."

"That's it; that's it, you were never satisfied with what you had," was the interrupted interruption. "You always want to have the jingle of gold. I'd rather the boy would marry a girl like my companion, without a penny, than forty such stately, false-hearted dames, with a million apiece."

"You continue to like the girl as well as ever, then," said Lady Randal, glad to change the subject.

"Like her! There isn't her equal here tonight, for all you were so sure to be in. I tell you, Helen, these eyes of mine are good yet, if they have been red and watery for eighty years."

"Where is she tonight?"

"Upstairs, reading; she would sit down, though I tried hard enough to make her. But go along to your trunk, to the woman like me is not worth minding, really, I'm going to bed presently."

She waved her hand the same as she had to Isabel, and Lady Randal moved away, feeling anxious and miserable, despite her usual indifference.

Unpleasant memories had been roused tonight, and the sting of conscious mingled with remorse, was severe.

"Whatever could have made her rise up those old times?" she muttered, musingly, as she glanced at her son, who was looking about Isabel like a moth about a candle.

"Can it be that she also noticed those eyes? It is lucky for me that Lord Dunforth never discovered the part I played in that tragedy; he never would have forgiven it. I wonder what I did with that note—destroyed it, I suppose. Oh, dear! what a memory! and Ruxley has it as is as keen as her tongue, and she has made me exceedingly uncomfortable, and I would not offend her for anything, on Charles's account. I do hope he will be happy, and that he has chosen wisely; he is too good to be deceived—he is like his father, poor man! he me! how many men have been taken in by girls they have married; however, it is too late to be helped now."

Such were Lady Randal's reflections after leaving her aunt.

Doubtless she has been recognized before this as being the girl of whom Miss Mehetabel Douglas had told Brownie as having been the cause of her lifelong misery.

Yes, Lady Randal was that same Helen Capel. Finding, after she had accomplished her foul purpose, that she could not count on her cousin, Lord Dunforth, for his loss, she turned her charms in another direction, and last succeeded in winning a good and true husband.

Sir Ralph Randal, for a husband. She had not lived the pleasant life in the world with the baronet, or rather, it should be said, that he had discovered his mistake when it was too late.

She could not deceive him always, and she took the irrevocable step had been taken by her, that instead of a true, loving, and devoted wife, he had been entrapped into marrying a vain, frivolous girl, who cared more for his money than she did for her family, and society had not seemed to break her heart, and death had not seemed to break her heart, after the year of mourning expired, she returned to society with as much zest as ever.

But when her eldest son was taken from her she felt the blow more keenly, and it seemed to change her.

Charles, the younger son, had always been the favorite, and she feared lest she should lose him, too, and from that time she devoted herself to him, and during her later years became

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)



Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

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use write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

use give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

dress Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

SINCE the appearance of Ruby Nelson's letter, in February issue, on The Ideal Husband, and my suggestion for more letters on the same subject, eighty-two have been received, dealing with husbands, ideal and otherwise. The reading of these letters has been most interesting, as well as amusing in some instances, and as many as are in space for are printed below. Some her month, if these are favorably received, one will be printed. Since reading these letters I've gone back to a belief in Santa Claus.—Ed.

VANCOUVER, R. R. 2, Box 70, WASH. DEAR SISTER WILKINSON AND COMFORT FOLKS: Please let me come in again for I am in difficulty. My letter was printed in February. You see, signed my name without its title "Mrs." and a lot of the young men reading it took it for granted was a "Miss" and wrote to tell me their views on the subject, also their qualifications as an ideal husband. It keeps me busy setting them right. Some of them think my ideals a little too high and not to be found on this mundane sphere, or, if to be found, very rare indeed. Others have ideals of a wife that are as high but claim they've never met one. One and all agree that a husband such as I described would be ideal. I know personally several ideal husbands, so know they are possible.

Now I am not an inexperienced girl, but a widow 1 years old, with four children, two boys and two girls, ranging in age from seven to eighteen years of age. My husband died from consumption in October, 1921 at the age of fifty-two years. Although he was not in all ways my ideal, our marriage of twenty-two years was as happy as the average. Therefore, I did not write to make you married sisters discontented with the choice you made, for I've overlooked many faults. The only way for any one to get along is to use Christian forbearance. But I write rather to the girls and widows and say, cling to your high ideals. The higher they are the more chance we have of growing better. Thank God, it is possible to "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior." Sisters, believe good, honest, clean, industrious Christian boys and men are not as scarce as they would have you believe. Come on girls, write to our corner and let's show these brothers that we care for higher things than a "good time." To be a wife in the "best sense" is to be the best thing on earth. Next to purity and goodness of heart, good sense is the best dowry any woman can have. We should study to make ourselves worthy of a good mate, cultivate all those graces that make a happy home, it is not so much the accomplishments, or physical characteristics, or external considerations, as it is the character that makes home happy. The beautiful in heart is a million times more successful in securing domestic happiness than the beautiful in person.

Mrs. Wilkinson, have you closed our corner to the men? They would like to express their ideas on his subject and it would be both helpful and interesting to hear how they regard ideals. One man wrote me suggesting there wouldn't be many marriages if all girls kept to such high ideals. Is not that another way of saying we shouldn't expect our husbands to be better than the average? I say it is time to bring up the average rather than lowering it by asking less. It is because women condone unbecoming using that so many men use it. A man should have as noble aspirations as a woman. A noble woman wants to look up to a husband; how can she if she realizes his ideals are lower than her own? "What fellowship has light with darkness?" St. Paul admonishes. "See that the wife reverence her husband," and he also says, "A man may marry whom she will, only in the Lord," and again "A husband should love his wife as his own body." I belong to the Dunkard Progressive Brethren Church and we believe in divorce for the cause Jesus gave, and take the New Testament as our rule of faith and practice.

As my children and I own our home of 128 acres, four miles from Vancouver, and my father lives with us, you may be sure I can well afford to wait until I see that ideal before I marry again. Mrs. McVey and Mrs. Rockstroh, I am sure we all love to hear of romances like yours.

If my letter is not already too long I will give a short description of this part of Washington. It is a lovely country, still covered with plenty of fir and cedar timber, also oak, hickory, willow and dogwood. The woods have a succession of wild flowers. First in the spring we have the white trilliums and red currant blossoms, the yellow blossoms of Oregon grapes, then violets, flag lilies, lilacs, spirea, hawthorne and dogwood, ferns, Scotch bloom, lady's slippers, goldenrod and many more. Rhododendron is our state flower.

The country generally is level, but with some hills. Springs are common and our rivers are full of salmon and smelt. The soil is fertile, varying from gravelly loam to beaverdam. The climate is wet with cool summers and mild winters. Prune raising and dairying are the two most important sources of our wealth but Clarke County also raises commercially, potatoes, onions, cabbage, strawberries, apples, pears and chickens. Lumbering is an important industry here, too.

Folks, when you write to me I will do my best to answer anyway, but will appreciate a stamp. I am an amateur photographer and will exchange snapshots. I am interested in so many things that life is never dull to me—children, home, farming, flowers, books, music, fancywork, the W. C. T. U. and Club Work, Sunday Schools and most of all, the extension of Christ's Kingdom on earth.

God bless all the members of Comfort's big family.

Your loving sister,
MRS. RUBY C. NELSON.
NEW YORK, 467 W 159th St., N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I wonder if you will welcome a young girl from a big city to your Comfort Sisters' Corner. I really do find comfort in reading the varied ideas of people in different walks of life. It is when one sees the pros and cons of different topics so closely

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE Comfort Sisters' Pin, given to the sender of the best recipe, is awarded this month to Mrs. Mickey Reynolds of Brooklyn, New York. Mrs. Reynolds' recipes required no corrections or rewriting, as she gave the exact quantity of everything used and the method of combining the different ingredients. This is most important to the inexperienced cook and constitutes a "best recipe."

RICE PERLOW.—One-quarter pound of salt pork, chopped fine, one large onion, chopped very fine, one can of tomatoes (size 2) and one cup of washed uncooked rice. Put salt pork in skillet and render until a golden brown. Keep it hot, then add the onion and cook until onion is light yellow color. Add the entire can of tomatoes and let all boil for five minutes, then put mixture into a saucepan and add the uncooked rice. Cook it with a constant stirring for twenty minutes or until rice is done (each grain of rice should be separate). If tomato liquid should all be used before rice is thoroughly cooked add three tablespoons of water and stir. Salt and pepper to be added after serving, as the salt pork sometimes is enough.—MRS. MICKEY REYNOLDS, Brooklyn, 4802 Ave., M., N. Y.

SULTANA Dainties.—Cream one-fourth cup of butter, gradually beat in one-half cup of sugar, add one beaten egg, two teaspoons of milk, one-half teaspoon of vanilla, and one rounding cup of flour



sifted with one teaspoon of baking powder. Add more flour if necessary. Cut into rounds, using a cutter with scalloped edge. Line fancy individual tins, prick with a fork and bake in a quick oven. Remove from tins and cool.

FILLING.—Beat the yolks of two eggs until a light yellow, gradually add one-half cup of sugar, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon, one-third teaspoon of nutmeg, three tablespoons of finely rolled cracker-crumbs, one cup of thick sour cream and one and one-half cup of clean Sultana raisins. Stir until well blended, then cook in a double boiler until the mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Cool. Fill the shells, and top with the beaten whites of the eggs to which two tablespoons of powdered sugar and a few drops of vanilla have been added. Two tablespoons of strained honey in place of the sugar and vanilla make a delicious combination.

BERRY PIE.—Sift together two cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoon of salt. Rub in one-fourth cup of butter or rendered chicken fat. Beat one egg, add one scant cup of milk and beat into the dry ingredients. Bake in a biscuit oven in a round tin until brown. Split, butter, and fill with mashed and sweetened berries. Spread the top with white of egg beaten with enough strained honey to sweeten, with whipped cream, and decorate with whole berries. This same dough can be made into a thin cake spread with quarters of fresh peaches or apple, sprinkled with sugar and baked in an oven not quite so hot.

TAMALI PIE.—Two pounds round steak and a small piece of suet cut into two-inch cubes. Cover with water and boil one hour. Then add twenty olives, twenty raisins, salt to taste, one clove of garlic, one tablespoon ground chili pepper. Just before it is cooked, thicken with two tablespoons of cornmeal. For the crust, use three-quarters cup of butter melted in one quart of salted boiling water. Stir in corn meal to make a thick mush, then pour into shallow pan to cool. When cold, line sides of baking pan, pour in the meat mixture and cover top with mush and bake slowly one hour.—MRS. A. J. HAVERLAND, Santa Barbara, R. R. 1, Calif.

discussed that one can pick the right and wrong of it at a glance. That is where the comfort comes in. I was very much interested in Ruby C. Nelson's Ideal Husband. I too, think it promises to be a very interesting discussion. Would you like to hear what my ideal is like? To begin with, I don't expect him to be anywhere near perfect. Don't you find that sometimes you like people for their faults instead, in spite of them? Well, I'm not going to discuss faults. I want to tell you what qualities in a man I admire most.

My ideal husband is broad-minded. He is a devoted lover of music and of nature. He is intellectually inclined; for that is the road that leads to broad-mindedness which you will note is my first condition. By this I do not mean that his brain is so much of a storehouse for extracts from philosophy—but I do mean that in order to be a kindred spirit of mine, he must understand and take an interest in the fundamentals of life (that is, to have formed his opinions on religion, politics, human and spiritual life). He is gentle and especially considerate of the old and feeble. He is of a loving and sympathetic nature—yet a man in every sense of the word. I do not agree with Ruby on her second point of total abstinence from tobacco and desiring her ideal husband to be a teetotaler. In fact, a Morris chair and a pipe have always been part of my dream of happy married life. Then again, I see no harm in an occasional glass of beer with the meals. But with the present prohibition law we need hardly argue on that point. Of course my ideal husband must love me above everything else in the world. I meant to make that my first condition. Then, I might add that I have always pictured him as being dark complexioned with black hair and brown eyes.

I would love to have someone write me about their life in the country. I would reciprocate by telling of mine in the city. Do you know, I simply detest the city. My earnest desire is that some day I shall be able to live in Nature's own beautiful country.

I notice that you all describe yourself, so here goes—I'm 19, but not the flapper type, five feet two inches slim, brown hair, hazel eyes. I'm not dark enough for a brunette nor light enough for a blonde. I hope I'll pass your censorship, sisters.

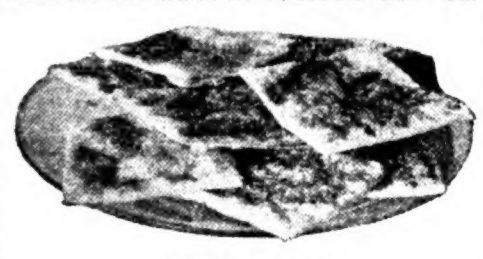
Very sincerely,
FRIEDA ROBINSON.
SOMEWHERE IN MARYLAND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: You left the latch-string out, a signal for a welcome, and here I am. COMFORT, dear old COMFORT, came yesterday and everyone, including Daddy Mine, reads it with delight and watches for its coming. It has been in our home ever since I was knee high to a duck. Hurrah! Three cheers for "The Key to Happiness." Long live COMFORT!

The discussion proposed by a sister for our Corner to tell of our ideal husband will be very interesting and heaps of fun sure. That "sure" betrays me. Yes, I am Irish, but don't begin to imagine a beauty. You'll miss me by a mile if you do. I have dark curls, eyes that are big and brown and look straight through things, but I forgot to kiss the Blarney Stone.

Now for my ideal. Here's what I'd ask for in that dream man of mine. Not to be as handsome as Apollo and as wise as you know the rest of that quotation, but just to be a real pal and in every sense of the word a man. Faults—why, of course, he'd have them. He wouldn't be a man if he didn't. I don't want an angel, wings and all. Just give me a man with an honest face, frank ways,

PASTRY SQUARES.—These are made of pastry that has a small amount of leavening so as to resemble butter crackers. One cup of sifted flour, again sifted with one-fourth teaspoon of baking powder. With the tips of the fingers work into the flour one-third cup of butter until it is of a mealy consistency. With a knife gradually work in three tablespoons of cold water. Lightly make into a ball with floured hands, and roll thin. Cut

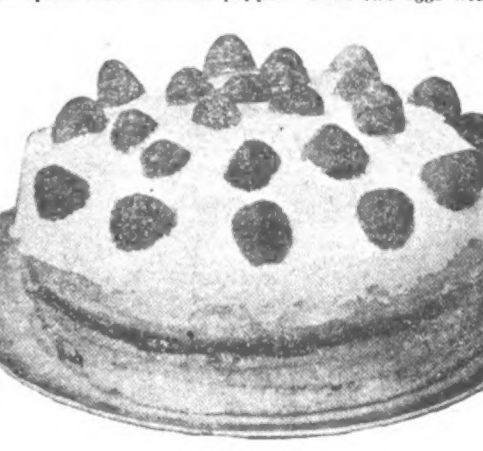


into squares and place in biscuit tins. Spread lightly with any kind of firm jelly, or dust with mixed cinnamon and sugar, or sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in a quick oven, taking care they do not burn.

NUT POUND CAKE.—Place in a mixing bowl, one and one-quarter cups of sugar, three-quarters cup of butter and yolks of five eggs. Cream well and then add three cups of flour, three level teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, one cup of nuts, chopped fine, and one cup of sweet milk. Beat to a smooth mixture. Beat the whites left from the five yolks to a stiff froth and fold them into the smooth mixture. Turn all into a large pan with tube in center. Have pan greased well and lightly dusted with flour. Bake in moderate oven for fifty minutes.—MRS. MICKEY REYNOLDS, Brooklyn, 4802 Ave. M., New York.

BEEF LOAF.—Two pounds of beef, one and one-half pounds of veal, three-quarters pound salt pork, two eggs, one small cup of cracker-crumbs, one small cup of cold water, one-half teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon pepper. Put meats through food chopper, add other ingredients and stir until well mixed. Put into mold. I use a long bread tin for mold. Turn out in roaster and add one cup of hot water. Put thin slices of onion on top of loaf with bits of butter. Bake two hours in oven, or until well cooked and brown.—MRS. LUCY MIDDAGH, Johnson City, 18 Roberts St., N. Y.

SALMON LOAF.—Drain juice from one can of salmon, free from bones and rub smooth with two tablespoons of butter. Add three-quarters cup cracker-crumbs, rolled fine. Moisten with one-half cup sweet milk. Season with one-half teaspoon each salt and pepper. Beat two eggs well



and add last. Bake in buttered pan one hour.—MRS. JESSIE CHESTER, Castana, Iowa.

PEANUT SOUP.—Heat two cups of milk in double boiler, add four tablespoons of peanut butter and season to taste. Serve with crisped crackers.—MRS. MAMIE WILLIAMS, Ipe, Tenn.

a loving, generous heart, brave and true. "For the bravest are the tenderest." These are the things I'd ask of the man I marry and which he must possess.

Mrs. Wilkinson, after the sisters are through, give the brothers a chance to tell their ideal of a wife and see how many of us measure up to it.

Thank you, it was dear of you to give me space. So long, everybody.

MABEL CLARE.

Mabel Clare—One whole issue of the Sisters' Corner will be given over to the men, provided enough of them write, and, anyway, as many letters as are received will be printed. It is only fair to give them a chance to tell of their Ideal Wife.—Ed.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT FRIENDS: May I come in? Friends, isn't our dear old COMFORT paper just grand? It is indeed a comfort and isn't Mrs. Wilkinson the best ever?

May I say a few words to some of you married folks? First I want to repeat a story. It is about a woman who had been speaking of her husband who had just died. She said, "Frank always thought the best of me so I had to give him the best there was in me. It would have amazed him so to find out I could be petty and mean and little, that I had to be big. It would have horrified him to see me give way to my temper, so I learned to control myself. I learned how to do everything possible and became thrifty and economical because he married me under the delusion that I would be a good manager and run my end of the partnership as well as he ran his. He always made me feel that he expected great things of me, that I would always do the right thing in every situation; that I would have the courage, wisdom and patience and I tried not to disappoint him."

"He always thought the best of me and so I gave him the best there was in me." Friends, I wonder if that is not the real secret of how to make marriage a success. Some husbands and wives seem to believe the worst of each other and to call forth what is most disagreeable in each other's natures.

The average married couple lives in a state of perpetual bickering over trifles. No one ever expects the other to do the right thing under any circumstances, and they spend their time dwelling on each other's shortcomings.

Secretly, the husband may still admire his wife but he would die before he would tell her so. At the bottom of her heart a woman may think her husband a giant among other men, but wild horses could not drag admission from her. The man says, "What's the use of trying to be a good husband and a good provider for my family when all the thanks I get at home is criticism; because I don't do better." The woman says, "What's the use of me denying myself things that I want in order to save, and of cooking and sewing to make a comfortable home, when all the reward I get is a knock from my husband?"

Now a word to the jealous ones. The wife who is always watching her husband and who reads wrong his most innocent relations with other women will inevitably drive him into justifying her belief of him.

The man who will not give his wife a dollar to spend, or trust her out of his sight may rest assured that in the end she will outwit him and deceive him and be as false as he expects her to be. But there are not many men and women who do not

DRAP BISCUITS.—Two cups flour, four teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt. Have melted two tablespoons of lard, mix it with one tablespoon of sugar and stir in one cup of milk, then sift in the flour, salt and baking powder. Use more flour if necessary as it must be a stiff batter to drop from the spoon. Mix and beat well. Drop on a greased baking pan and bake in hot oven until brown. Before putting in oven brush with milk. These can be had on short notice.—MRS. LOUIS R. LAGER, Ellcott City, Mo.

BUTTERLESS EGGLESS MILKLESS CAKE.—Cook one cup of raisins twenty minutes with enough water to make a cup of juice when done. Remove raisins from juice and to hot juice add one tablespoon of lard and set aside to cool. When cool, add one teaspoon soda, one cup of white or brown sugar, a pinch of nutmeg, one level teaspoon allspice, one level teaspoon cinnamon and one-quarter teaspoon cloves, using ground spices; a pinch of salt, two cups of flour and add raisins last. Bake in moderate oven one hour.—HAPPY HOMESTEADER, Moorecroft, Box 83, Wyo.

MOCK SAUSAGE.—Soak one cup of lima beans over night, slip the skins, cover with cold water and cook until soft, stirring frequently. Drain and save the juice. Mash the beans and add one and one-half cup of soft bread-crumbs, one cup of rich hot milk, one tablespoon of sausage or bacon fat, one egg beaten a very little, salt, pepper and one-fourth teaspoon of ground sage. Mix well, adding enough of the bean juice to handle. Poultry



dressing may be used for flavoring. Shape into rolls, fry in deep fat or bake on a greased tin. Serve with potatoes prepared as follows: Peel and cut into eighths, soak one hour in cold water, toss in a little salad oil or bacon fat, sprinkle with salt and bake in a hot oven, stirring occasionally.

FEATHER CAKE.—One cup each of sugar and sweet milk, one egg, one tablespoon of butter, two cups of flour sifted with two tablespoons of baking powder, a pinch of salt and lemon extract to flavor. Bake in layers. I use caramel filling as follows: One cup of brown sugar, one-half tablespoon of butter and one-half cup of cream. Boil until soft ball stage is reached, then beat until cool enough to spread between layers and on cake.

DOUGHNUTS.—This is the best recipe for doughnuts I have ever tried and the least expensive. Made this way they seldom tear or soak fat. Beat well together one egg and one cup of granulated sugar, add one-half pint sweet milk. Sift one pint of flour, one and one-half teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt and one-half teaspoon grated nutmeg together and add to liquid mixture. Beat well, then add enough more flour to make a soft dough. Roll out one-quarter inch thick, cut in rings or small balls. Have ready a kettle with enough smoking-hot fat to cover doughnuts well. I use old-fashioned iron kettle and save the fat. Be sure fat is hot enough, if it is, a piece of dough dropped into it will immediately rise to the surface. Have a long fork and turn each one as it rises. Let brown. This recipe usually makes about three dozen doughnuts. When done, doughnuts may be drained and rolled in powdered sugar if desired. The main thing to remember is to have the grease hot and not put in too many doughnuts at a time.—MRS. WASH. G. LEE, Sparta, Tenn.

CREAMED SALT SALMON.—One and one-half pounds of salt salmon soaked in fresh water over night or the same amount of fresh salmon soaked in salt water over night. When ready to cook drain this water off and put in fresh water to cover well. Simmer slowly one hour. I buy my fish sliced one inch thick and when cooked I take it out with a skinner carefully to keep from breaking. Thicken the liquid with one-half cup of flour mixed with milk. Add rich milk to make it about the thickness of cream. Pour over fish, garnish with home canned boiled beets, or in place of beets use hard boiled eggs. The beets should be quite tart to make the right combination.—MRS. LEON H. FRINK, Plainfield, Conn.

repay faith with faith and who are not true to those who trust them.

We all try to be what people expect us to be, we give the best to those who expect the best. This is worth remembering, married people. As for the one who carries the pocketbook, I will say that if some women I know carried it it would always be empty.

Everyone is looking this way. They must be wondering who this chatterbox is. I'm just a fun-loving girl with dark brown hair and eyes and am in my early twenties.

GIRLIE.

Girlie.—If you call yourself a chatterbox, then I hope we have more like you. Your chatter is about the most worth while of anything I've heard for some time.—Ed.

REIDSVILLE, R. R. 4, Box 182, N. C.

DEAR SISTERS, ONE AND ALL: Even though I've been a constant reader of COMFORT all my life, this is my first attempt to gain admittance.

Ruby Nelson, you spoke my sentiments along the line of an ideal husband. Here's what I have to say about one. First of all, a man should be a Christian, regardless of his occupation. Second, industrious, clean-minded and honest. Third, in disposition loving and sympathetic. A man willing to take as well as give. Fourth, he should be intelligent and progressive, always ready to work until he has accomplished what he sets out to do.

I would be glad if my husband could like the things I like, because people thinking and believing the same can work together in greater harmony and accomplish more than those who never agree. I know people argue that the opposite always attracts but I don't believe it is the lasting attraction that holds people like those who have things in common.

I also think that lovers should talk over all things related to their future life. By so doing they learn to appreciate and respect each other more and you know that respect is the keynote of love. I know of a man and wife who perfectly understand each other and their life has been one long honeymoon. Both are working toward the same goal.

I would be glad to hear from all who care to write and will try to answer all.

With best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters, I am

Very sincerely,
MARY SCOTT.
TULSA, OKLAHOMA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: When I read Ruby Nelson's letter regarding her ideal husband, I had to laugh. It reminded me of the time, when I was about sixteen, that I wrote a list of my ideal husband's qualifications (or perfections) to wit:

First, he must be at least ten years older than myself, six feet in height, black hair and eyes, manly, straightforward and gentlemanly. Must refrain from intoxicants and tobacco in any form, must be a Presbyterian and an earnest Christian, and lastly, must have plenty of money.

Well, I measured my gentlemen friends by that standard until I was twenty-three years of age. Then, Mr. Right came along and the look into his bright blue eyes went straight to my heart and five weeks later we were married. Never once did I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Come and Join the Happiest Family in the World



UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT'S League of Cousins

LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To be kind to dumb animals. To prelate the weak and aged. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

UNE of all months shows the eternal vigor and youth of the earth. Those of us who have shivered in the northern states through an over-long winter now look upon a very different world from the buried, icebound one of a hundred days ago. Nature, with the perfection of her recent fulfillment, is a bulwark of all faith, all optimism. The best of hopes, the surest of facts, must be looked for in those who live in real ways nearest to the natural world; and can blend with its changes as do the child, the savage, and those who dwell upon the land draw nurture therefrom.

Too much of our social theorizing, too much of our law-making and governing, are being done today by men who look out upon the world and their fellows with a disillusion, a cynicism, as dark and icebound as a New England February. They have no belief in a world that man might make beautiful in a hundred years—as Nature has just done in a hundred days. When some of these smile, their lips move. That is all. And nothing was ever done without faith and optimism. Even the trees of June clap their hands before a shower!

Of course, the pessimism of the old is largely due to the illusion of Time. Man, not having accomplished in his own short span all he had hoped, feeling his slow relinquishment of the world he has not seen molded to his heart's desire, comes to believe no change possible and bows hope into the discard. To such the old becomes all February—with the probabilities of a bad March! And it is hard on men thinking in these ways influence to govern a world in which youth is to live where it comes hopefully trooping.

Then there is the other and darker pessimism bred of life in large cities and under the sky shadow and clanking sound of our chimed industrialism. I believe it not an exaggeration to say that no sane thinking—living with life, hope and heart in it—is possible where industry has free play with its normal blight. Man's heart and brain were made many centuries before steel and coal and oil were kings of thought and action. The fine and innate parts of man do not adjust best to the beat of a machine nor mix on the breath of bitumen and petroleum.

And yet it is chiefly from such thinking and tendencies as I have shortly paraphrased that the tendencies of government arise today. I believe this, I have come to turn my hopes of the world's and our country's future two ways: to youth, whose faith is fresh with enthusiasm and green with the sap of life; and to the dwellers upon the land who, when they choose, see clearly through and over our present mass of laws and law-makers, this connection, too, it is interesting to consider that our agricultural population suffers the burden of many strange statutes—most of which have come into being to deal with conditions city born and bred.

In any man or men who are facing the world constructively, who wish to act on behalf of their fellows, convictions and independence of thought are needed first of all. This independence, these convictions, can develop on the land (they have always developed there), but never can they come strong and finely sane out of servants of machine and organization, broken atoms of our modern industrial living.

In our cities wealth and power grow as fast as the power of machinery and organization have grown. There these really ephemeral things are worshipped as never before. Again at a time it is forgotten that aloof and aloof Nature stands above and beyond all institutions of organizing, machine-tending man—her government ancient and immutable and all the scratches of man's civilization upon her but passing scars. And forgetting this, the worship and service of science-aided wealth and industry becomes a faith to replace older simpler beliefs which might have proved heeds to modern tendencies. Our great city churches, even, grow to be centers of power, riches and organization, but not, I think, centers of a richness of faith, a power of the spirit, in organizing for true brotherhood. The reason for these things is simply that all aspects of civilization, all forms of social action, result as a product mirroring our means of productive life—of which they are the growth. It is the old story of the figs and thistles.

From age, from discouraged experiences of life, from our machine-made products of our machine-molded world, spring the thought that finds reflection in world government today. The instinctive tendency is with check and counter-check to hold our over-organized life closer within the bounds of organization—the very system and tendency the Germans followed to a given end. Only here and there is a little tinge of faith or constructive action. I would like to have clipped from the metropolitan press the numerous allusions made to "the next war." Is it for this our youth is to make ready and our old men plan? I think not. There is a June as well as a February.

The truth is that our modern world is really the victim of machines which have formed conditions that are tearing out the best of our life. We are liable to die by dynamo with science feeling our pulse and prescribing narcotics to the last. Modern industrialism is coming to represent for man a separation from God, Nature and that true Art which is a manifestation of a love for, and a belief in, Nature and God. Our hope must be in youth, not yet a slave to machine, organization or established modes of thought, and in the land-dweller, who can be practically free from the

evil influences and abnormal results of our overwrought civilization and its effect upon thought and life. From these faiths and sanities our help must come.

All civilization is a top-heavy growth, beginning from the land and supported from this base. It is from the earth-centered roots that the leaves of our plant of civilized government draw nourishment. Let us remember this when we look upon the green leaves of the young summer. Not Birmingham, not Pittsburgh, not New York, Chicago, St. Louis or San Francisco are our country. No, thank God and June!

And now for the letters:

HOWARD, COLORADO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: Billy must have eaten my first letter, as it did not make its appearance in COMFORT. Before I go any further I will tell you what I look like: I am six feet and three-quarters of an inch tall. I have brown eyes, brown hair, and I weigh between 115 and 125 pounds. You can see from this description that I am not very fat. I was seventeen years old last September.

I live on a ranch of 122 acres. Our ranch is located in Pleasant Valley. The chief crops we raise here are alfalfa, potatoes, and a little corn. There are not any watermelons grown here because the season is too short. Colorado's watermelons are grown in the eastern part of the state. Some melons are grown at Canon City, about fifty miles from us. We grow a good many apples in this part of the state, also quite a few cherries and plums. Corn does not do very well here because the nights are too cool.

We are about 7,000 feet above sea level, and we can see mountains from our place that are more than 13,000 feet high. When it comes to scenery, Colorado can't be beat. The average number of clear days we have in a year are about 320. Another advantage of living in Colorado is that we have cool nights in the summer. The coldest it got here during the past winter was 18 below zero.

I agree with Cousin Augustus Trick about the powder and rouge, but I believe that if the girls are determined to use 'em, let them do as they please and keep on to their heart's content. But I do know that a girl looks horrible when she uses too much powder and rouge. Uncle, I agree with you on this bobbed-hair question. Of course we boys are not angels by any means. We have our faults the same as the girls.

Uncle, I will try to tell you what a chinquapin is. It is a small acorn. Ask Billy, he can tell you what chinquapins are, for goats like chinquapins pretty well. In case you don't know what an acorn is, I will get you some samples and send them to you.

There are four in our family. I have one sister. I am not a cowboy, as most of you will think, perhaps. I can ride in a big wagon without falling out, but there must be sideboards on it then. So you see I am not much of a broncho buster.

Well, I had better quit for this time. Won't the cousins please write to me? I will answer every letter.

Your new cousin,

RAYMOND WINTERS.

P. S. Gus, if you come through Howard on your Grand Tour, stop long enough and I will play you a game of horseshoes. Uncle, did you ever play horseshoes?

Thanks for the information about the chinquapins, Raymond. I have filed this away in my two-legged portable encyclopedia. Of course Billy could have told me what chinquapins were. He knows everything. The trouble is the way he tells you. That's why I prefer to look to the Family or elsewhere to have my ignorance remedied, rather than to be too tartly reminded of my lacking mentality by a whisker-filtered vocabulary on stilts (I hope he reads this!).

Raymond, you want to know if I ever play horseshoes. Now I don't want to brag, Ray, but it is only justice and truth to declare that the only reason that youngster out in Iowa is proclaimed champion is because he never met me. I can fling horseshoes with the regularity and accuracy of a six-cylinder cash register counting up ice-cream sodas on a July day. I once made three ringers in one game. My horseshoe moves through the air in a perfect arc and descends to nestle flatly and permanently closer to the stake than that of any other shoe shooter. Did I ever play horseshoes, Raymond? That's one sport I don't do anything better. If I had my deserts, I would have awarded to me a solid gold horseshoe with diamond nail heads three-eighths of an inch across. I would be regarded and photographed and moved as the International Champion of the Twin States. No six-footed, long-winged Coloradan could make three points against me in six games—not after I got my collar off and my coat laid away under a handy maple tree. Did I ever play horseshoes, Raymond? Ask me again!

Box 476 HARVARD NEBRASKA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: I have been a silent reader of your paper for several years, so now will try my luck in making friends with Billy. I am so anxious to see my letter in print. I have never seen any letters from Nebraska in COMFORT yet—is it that the cousins don't write, or that you don't like us Nebraskans, Uncle?

I have read where so many cousins tell in COMFORT of their beautiful scenery of falls, mountains, etc. We have nothing like that here; everything is level ground and all the country is well-populated. I wish I could write as good letters as many of the cousins do, but maybe some day when I get to be an old grandma I will be able to!

In July or August I am going to tour some of the western states. I will travel through Wyoming, Idaho and California. I will stay in Sandpoint, Idaho, for a month or more, so if any of the cousins live there I will be delighted to see them. If any of the cousins dwell in Rohnerville, Reedley, Los Angeles and San Francisco, California, I would be also pleased to hear from them, for no doubt I will visit these towns.

I am a very lonely girl, so I hope the cousins will write and also favor me with snapshots of themselves, for I want to start a COMFORT Album.

I suppose you are wondering what I look like: I am very jolly (only not now, for I am down with the flu), and I have medium brown hair, not bobbed. I have blue-gray eyes, a fair complexion, a few freckles, very even teeth, and I am five feet, three inches tall. I weigh 110 pounds. That's nuff 'bout that.

Let us all give three cheers for Uncle Lisha and the wonderful work he is doing! I hope all the cousins will write. I'll answer as many as I can. Your loving niece and cousin,

ANNA L. NEWFIELD.

Anna, I think it is true that the Nebraska cousins are not numerous as letter writers—at least they are no such prolific penpushers as the proud Missourians and the talented Texans. Bill once lived for three days on the output of one Texas county. But you must not think I don't like the Nebraska branch of the Family, Anna. I love 'em all just as I do you!

You'll surely meet a lot of the Big Bunch on your western tour. You will come back with your list of relatives extended by many miles and faces. After your return you must write to let me know just how widespread you found our Family tree in the states of Wyoming, Idaho and California. We have a nice little crowd of cousins in Los Angeles county, Anna, as you may find when you get in that movie territory. Take along a camera and make your own album as you go. I wish I might be sitting in the rear seat with you and keeping track on an adding machine of the cousins we pass!

OKATUPPA, ALABAMA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

I do hope that Billy don't get this letter. He got one of mine but I was glad of it for it was so silly. I enjoy reading COMFORT—the stories are so interesting, and oh how I do enjoy reading the cousins' letters and your wise comments on them. I like to read letters where the cousins describe their homes and farms.

I live on a farm of about fifty acres. That is, there are about that many in cultivation. Papa owns three hundred acres of land. We have one horse, one mule, a small bunch of cattle, a nice bunch of hogs (I have three to sell), and the finest of all, a big bunch of goats. This is a fine country for goats at all times of the year. In the summer they can eat oak leaves and in the winter they eat acorns. After you get this letter in print, Uncle, ask Billy if he wants to come down here and eat leaves and acorns. Uncle Lisha, is he as bad to eat salt as our goats, do you suppose?

We rent out a lot of our swamp land. The renters make some fine corn crops too.

If any of you cousins, and Uncle Lisha, too, get too hot next summer, come down and we will go swimming. There is a creek right behind our field and I have some fun in it with the other boys.

I am going to describe myself: I am a boy nearly sixteen years old. I have light brown hair, hazel eyes, and a sun-tanned face. I weigh about 140 pounds and am five and one-half feet tall. I am in the eighth grade at school and have to walk over two miles to get there. We play basketball at school, and surely do have a good time playing it, too.

If you print this, Uncle Lisha, I will send you one of my pictures—if you want the ugly thing.

All of you cousins write to me—girls, too—and I will try and answer all that I can.

Your nephew,

JAMES A. BELL, JR.

Jim, it is getting near to swimming-hole time now, and you can expect to see me 'most any day. We'll cut 'cross lots for the creek double quick. I'll show you my new alligator dive and my belly whopper back flip. I'm some diver, James, and no matter how deep the bottom, I can always bring up a mouthful of mud or an empty salmon tin. Jim, I think you and I would get on pretty well as we sat on the bank in the sun and dug our toes in the Okatuppa mud, but I might have to disagree with you a little about it being such a fine thing to have "a big bunch of goats." Of course all of our judgments and prejudices, Jim, are affected by past experience, and it may be true that Alabama goats are a companionable lot of acorn eaters. But I know my own present feeling is that a bunch of goats would be just too awful for words. How many times one is a bunch, Jim?

I hope you sold your three hogs, Jim, Jr. I shall be careful to ask always for Okatuppa bacon in the future, and so try to boost the price of any other pork carriers you have to sell. Of course you know how the Irish produce such fine bacon? They only feed their hogs every other day, and so their bacon has those nice even streaks of fat and lean which fit so well around the teeth.

Jim, I think you are wise in renting out so much of your farm. If I owned three hundred acres, I should be careful to rent out 299½. I should want to retain a half acre to hold a swimming hole and a spring board, and I should want a little piece of swamp land where I could raise a few hills of swamp violets and bloodroot. We'll talk about this when I come down, Jim,—in between swims.

BUFFORD, GEORGIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Tap, tap! Admit another niece, please, Uncle. She admits there's no such fine bunch of cousins anywhere.

Ruth, you sure are a fine writer. So was that boy who told the doubting swains to chuck their girls into the creek for a paint and powder test. But this seemed too much like caveman times.

Every paper you pick up nowadays has something in it about old King Tut. I wonder if in years hence some one of us—Uncle Lisha, for instance—will be brought out of his tomb and shown to a gaping crowd of the cousins of that time? Anyway Uncle will sure nest after reading this and so many other letters!

I'll make this one short and describe myself. I am tall and slender, have dark brown hair and eyes, and am seventeen years old. All cousins who like to write, let the letters fly to.

Your niece and cousin,

RUBY WALL.

I was struck by the picture your letter suggested, Rubye,—that of my being excavated from a Tut-like tomb some thousands of years hence. Think of me laid away surrounded, as was Egypt's young King, with various implements of daily living. There would be disintegrated for eager eyes my beautifully designed bath robe and my gold safety razor; my expensive celluloid soap box and the carved and enamelled comb and brush with which I had so many centuries ago arranged my seven remaining hairs. By my side would be my faithful emerald-studded typewriter, my ruby-crusted fountain pen and my sapphire-knobbed blue pencil. On a rack at my feet would be placed my embossed storm rubbers and my embroidered Regal shoes, and as a weight upon my linen-swathed chest would rest Billy's Album open at page 976 of the Blonde Section.

King Tut-Ankh-Amen had trays of food placed in his tomb to last him on his journey through the Paths of the Dead. I would thus have a dozen Northern Spy apples, six square feet of soft gingerbread, some corn muffins, a five gallon jug of buttermilk, and a juicy Camembert cheese.

On one side of the tomb would be a solid wall of letters, twelve feet high and three feet thick. The letters of the Red-haired Division

would be arranged above to give the effect of a colored fresco border, and a tiny mummified mule would be on guard over the tiers of Missouri missives.

By the time my tomb would be opened, Rubye, our League would have grown, of course, to several millions of Cousins and there would have been several dynasties of Uncles reaching down from the dim days of Uncle Lisha the First. How the committee of excavating cousins would crowd about to see the relics of my reign! How the graphics and movies of that time would feature the splendors of my resting place and the beauty of my high-nosed peaceful self—an Uncle unwithered by the touch of Time! It is all delightful to think about, Rubye, but there is one adamant obstacle that must leave it all but a dream: Billy, of course, would have to be entombed with me, and no power of man could convert Bill into a Mummy Goat. And then think of me locked up with him in a tomb for three thousand years. O Rubye, Rubye!

HEGINS, PENN.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: Hello, everybody! Look who's here—Cousin "Billy"! Oh, I know it's nothing to make a fuss about, but I simply can't help it. When Billy saw my name he became tickled all over, and—well, here I am to relieve the monotony. Tai Tai! Billy, you be-whiskered rascal, au revoir! Check? Well, perhaps.

My description? Well, an artist's description would be inadvisable since many of the fair Cousins would most assuredly be injured in the rush—I am so handsome and magnetic—maybe! However, a brief outline may prove interesting. My age is just over the teens, height sixty-eight inches, features clean-cut, complexion light, and hair very dark. Now what have we—a paragon? Hardly. Why an ordinary fellow of course. I'll tell you a secret; but don't dare to breathe a word. According to repute I'm not the least bashful or shy—when no girls are near! Sh! not a peep! But on the contrary, I really love to associate with girls who are vivacious, but retain the sense of propriety—like Cousin Ruth for instance. Ha! Ha!

Hegins is a town of approximately 800 population situated in a beautiful valley in western Schuylkill county. It is about twenty miles east of the Susquehanna river, and the scenery is said to be as beautiful as any in the state. The numerous towns and villages scattered throughout the valley are attractive; the people active and prosperous; and there are ample means of recreation. The girls naturally cater to such styles and fads as bobbed hair, dresses that display their shapely er, ah—limbs, too much make-up, etc. Yes, Lykens valley is a great place in which to live.

Now for a few words with a disturber of the masculine peace of mind. Ruth, you certainly are breezy—is it due to your exalted position? I presume so. I'll admit your defense of the use of cosmetics was worthy credit—but wasn't the argument presented by Gus rather sweeping? I think it was. One cannot condemn a cosmetic simply because a few girls use it so as to make themselves look like fools—those using it to advantage must also be considered. So you're all set for an argument on abbreviated hair? Good! I've a paragraph on that subject, and I don't expect to recant either. Goodness! Ruth, your passes at Jack convince us that Cleopatra must have seemed like a spurious cent in comparison. You must be some girl, I'll say. But why not vamp Gus when he calls on you during his wanderings? Eh—what? Jack is absolutely hopeless—he likes you—not! How provoking. Ruth, ma chérie, you may be a terrible flirt—but we like you just the same—don't we fellows?

Bobbed hair—how stylish, how beautiful, "and oh! the blessed freedom of it"—no combing, no fussing required. It sounds fine, doesn't it? Wonderful! Ah, but consider the other side of the question. After the war, parents dropped all restraint, and the flapper needed something unusual to celebrate the new freedom—consequently bobbed hair, etc. Now it's become a mania. Style? Doubtful! When several millions of our leading club women, and millions of other oppose the new fad, we may consider it a doubtful style—temporary at its best. Oh, I know there are many who favor bobbed hair, but they form only a very small minority. Beautiful? In some cases—yes; but as a general rule—no! One girl has hair sleek as that of a diver; another fluffy or tousled like a ball of down which it resembles not a little. Beautiful—indeed! It's too bad many girls have spoiled one of their finest charms. Bobbed hair may be all right for the girl athlete, or for thin scraggly hair when there is nothing else to do with it; but it is wrong most of the time. And as to freedom, why not clip the pretty locks, or better still shave them off? I am positive this would result in absolute freedom. It would not even be necessary to run one's fingers through it. I realize that long hair requires considerable attention and work, but results more than recompense the time and energy expended. Finally, bobbed hair seems to be the flappers' chief means of advertising, and a loudly proclaimed ambition to lead their own lives. How foolish!

Now Cousins—although I should like to write a great deal more—I must close and leave you to your varied emotions.

It is quite likely that some of you may wish to express your thoughts. Go to it! You cannot make me angry.

My best regards to all the cousins, Uncle Lisha, and Billy.

COUSIN "BILLY"

(WILLIAM MYLER)

Well, Billy of Hegins, Pa., you seem to be a cheerful person—much more full of cheer than your Brooklyn namesake who, I assure you, was not at all "tickled" by your letter. It was like your optimistic disposition to feel this way about it, but if letters could tickle Billy he would dwell in a state of perpetual ticklement. I need hardly state that this is far from being his condition of disposition. "Picklement" would more aptly describe it. Billy's "sweetness and light" are more often eatness and blight! And your letter tried to tickle him in the latest part of the late Spring. That it survived at all was due to the blackness of your typewriter ribbon, I imagine. And speaking of this, if you are not the paragon you modestly deny being, Bill, your letter was surely a paragon of correct typing. If I could tease a typewriter like that, I'd be a Happier Uncle than I am—and I keep fairly cheerful around the edges as it is! Your sentences, Cousin Namesake, were as neatly made as your clean-cut and described features!

It's too bad, Billy, that when Lykens valley is so nice, all the girls seem to be just as un-nice as in less lovely living places. I certainly never thought so many critics of young femininity existed! Yet I have a shrewd notion this criticism is always delivered at long range. Just try telling some Lykens valley girl her hair is tousled, thin and scraggly Bill! Believe me, Old Namesake, your own head-covering is likely to be much thinner and more scragged a few minutes after. It is just as well, perhaps, that Pennsylvania and Minnesota are separated by many miles and post offices.

DE QUEEN, R. 3. ARKANSAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: Will you let an Arkansaser join your happy band? Please, Uncle, I hope you'll print this. I want to fool my other uncle with whom I live. He thinks I can't spell well enough to write to the League of Cousins. He says he used to take COMFORT when Uncle Charlie was head of the League, back in the early nineties and before I was born.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Simple Hair Dressing

THE question of what to do with our hair is always an important one, as we have all discovered. Beautiful hair or abundant hair may be dressed in such an unbecoming way as to lose all its value as a beauty asset. And scanty locks, on the other hand, may be so cleverly disposed as to give the impression of beautiful hair.

Elaborate coiffures, stiff marcelles, and all other forms of hairdressing which look as if one had spent a great amount of time in bedecking one's self, are never attractive. A marcelle

water. Scrub behind the ears, in the folds of the neck, everywhere, until you are spotlessly clean. Then, rinse the face with the brush and warm clear water, then with cool water, and finally dash cold water on the skin to bring the blood to the surface and stimulate the pores to action. In the morning, bathe the face in tepid water, which as you know is water which is just a little warmer than cool. If you use any powder at all, and I wish you would not, rub a little cold cream all over the face before applying. Wipe off the cold cream thoroughly with a bit of cotton or a soft cloth, then dust on just the tiniest bit of powder, smoothing it with a puff of cotton or a soft cloth. Do not use any rouge. You don't want to be unfashionable do you, but more like the girls of the big and wealthy families who live in the large cities? They are not allowed to use rouge or cosmetics until they are old enough to "come out", and even then very sparingly. Cosmetics of this kind are reserved for the older woman who may reasonably be supposed to need some additions to her complexion. The secret of a good complexion is keeping the skin of the face, and the body as well, scrupulously clean. Do not eat between meals, eat sparingly of sweets, as too many sweets would tend to make your complexion yellow. Drink plenty of water, and you know that means at least eight glasses a day. Eat fruits. Keep the bowels regular and open, by exercise, proper food, plenty of fruit, but not by cathartics. Don't forget that exercise is essential to bodily beauty as well as bodily health. You need exercise. You might increase your height by constant daily exercises, persisted in and practiced vigorously. Do all the outdoor things you can, as well.

M. K.—At your age it is unlikely that you can increase your height, but by choosing long lines in your clothes, instead of well-marked waistlines, you will make yourself look taller. You do not tell me height or weight or anything about yourself except the color of your hair, so I am somewhat at sea as to how to advise you. To gain in weight, however, you must eat the fat-building foods, which are potatoes, rice, cream, milk, butter, white bread, macaroni, fat meats, etc. But to get fat-building materials out of your food, you must chew your food thoroughly and digest it. Hot breads, griddle cakes, etc., pork, veal, are difficult of digestion. It is better to eat foods that do not require so much of our stomachs. We get more nourishment out of them. So if you will eat fruit, first, for breakfast—an orange, grapefruit, apple baked or raw, stewed prunes soaked over night and stewed gently for an hour or more, etc.; next, a big bowl of cereal with cream, and some thin, hot buttered toast, then one or two soft-boiled eggs, you will not only have plenty of nourishment but you will have fat-building as well as strength-building elements given to the body. For dinner eat baked potatoes, rather than boiled. Fried potatoes are hard to digest, and do not give you the same nourishment, and we must think of that if we are trying to gain in weight or health. Eat any kind of fish, fowl, rare roasted, broiled beef, mutton and lamb. Round steak put through the grinder, made into balls and broiled, is good food for you, though not fattening. Your potato, white bread and butter, adds the fattening element. For desserts, custards, ice-cream, blanc mange, boiled rice with sugar and cream, berries with cream and sugar, rice pudding, cornmeal pudding, with cream or milk, tapioca pudding, are all good. Pies are not good for you, and cake should be eaten in moderation, and only at meals. Before going to bed, if you do not retire for two or more hours after supper, eat a dish of rice, sugar and cream. Of course the milk diet is a very desirable way of gaining weight. One must for the first week, cut out all solid food except a six o'clock supper of simple foods, and drink a glass of milk every hour from about seven-thirty until three-thirty. This is assuming that you rise at seven, drink two glasses of hot water on rising, and that you do not swallow your milk rapidly but sip it. For the following weeks, all solid food must be given up, and a glass and a half of milk taken every hour from seven-thirty until six-thirty. Weigh on the afternoon of each week, of course weighing on the morning of the day you begin your milk diet. The bowels should be perfectly free, and if you will put to soak half-a-dozen prunes at night in a tumbler of warm water, and eat them in the morning, chewing them until liquid and drinking the water as well, this will help. But before starting on the treatment, you should live for one day on fruit and water, to give the bowels a chance to clear themselves. The "small lumps" you speak of are caused, I judge, by imperfect action of the pores, showing that you need daily exercises night and morning, or by foods that do not agree with you. In either case, you should at once start simple exercises daily, night and morning.



FIRST STEP! LEFT HALF WITH ENDS TUCKED UNDER.

rarely looks its best when first put in. The hair is most attractive and most natural after the third day, for then it begins to take on some of the personality of the wearer. Huge bunches of hair over the ears are unattractive because unnatural, if for no other reason. The woman whose hair is well-dressed is she who sees that it is immaculately shampooed, carefully brushed, simply put up, but great attention paid to becoming lines.

Most women look best with a slight wave in the hair, though there are exceptions. Study your own face and head, and find out if smooth hair, burnished by much brushing, and disposed with a wavy line on the forehead is more becoming to you than waved hair. If the waved hair is most attractive, then plan to have it waved about once in two weeks. Enough of the wave stays in to be effective.

A simple and becoming way to do the hair is accomplished by parting the hair a little to the left of the middle of the forehead. The hair should first be waved, or should have a slight wave left in it from previous wavings.

While the forehead part leaves most of the hair on the right side, the back hair should be separated in two sections by parting it at about the middle of the back. The left section of the hair should then be gathered loosely down over the tip of the ear and back in a curve to the back of the head, where the ends should be tucked under in a mass extending from the crown of the head to the neck. Do not draw the hair tight, yet pin the back hair securely.

The next step is equally simple. Gather the right section of the hair and draw it back, not down, holding it loosely enough so that it will still cover the tip of the right ear. Grasping the hair at the nape of the neck in such a way as to fluff the hair out loosely from the head, twist the ends firmly and turn them under just at the nape of the neck, fastening the hair securely.

As the left section of the hair has formed a pad down the middle of the back of the head, the right section comes back over this pad and covers it, and there is no part visible anywhere except a very short one at the forehead line and running back a few inches.

This sounds more complicated than it is. The hair can really be put up with about seven motions: exclusive of putting in the hairpins, first, the part, then the separating of the back hair, the drawing down and back of the left section, the tucking under of the ends, the drawing back of the right section, the twisting of the ends, the tucking under.

This is a most attractive way of dressing the hair, but depends for its success upon the hair being frequently shampooed, and wavy, so that it will be fluffy and never oily. In fact, hair is never attractive if it is not carefully shampooed at regular intervals, for it begins to "slink" to look oily, to refuse to obey the coaxing of our fingers as we try to fluff it out at the sides of the head or where it touches the forehead line. So, Pretty Girls, pin your faith to the shampoo once in two weeks—three if the hair is inclined to be dry, not oily—and the first essential of attractive hairdressing will be yours.

Questions and Answers

SOUTH CAROLINA.—My dear, at your age, you should not use "so much powder" and rouge. No wonder your skin looks "yellow and funny" when you go without it. What you are doing is to give no real attention to your skin but to cover it up. The result will be that before you are twenty you will look like an old hag. Now, let's stop this unwise treatment of what would otherwise be, no doubt, a perfectly good skin. It is now clogged with impurities, and prevented from clearing itself through its pores, as it should. Will you take my advice for a month, as one who knows something about what makes a pretty face, and who wants you to look pretty just as much as you can? First, take a good body bath each day, even if it can only consist of rubbing off the body vigorously with a wet towel. Friction the skin gently as you do this to stimulate it to act. Every night before going to bed, wash the face thoroughly in warm water. You can buy a camel's-hair complexion brush at your drugstore, for about 25 cents. Don't take anything but camel's hair, as stiffer brushes injure the skin. With this scrub the face gently with plenty of the warm soapy water. Do not rub soap on the face but dissolve it in the

while in your nightclothes, with fresh air in the room, practicing them for ten or fifteen minutes, changing from one kind of exercise to another before it tires you; and you should use the wisest judgment about your diet. As I said earlier in this answer to your questions, dresses of long lines are most suitable to your figure. For colors, with medium brown hair, assuming that your eyes are brown or hazel, good colors are olive green, mahogany, wine color, seal brown, with touches of yellow or turquoise blue with the green, of dark moss green with the wine color, or old rose or sage green with the mahogany, and of orange with the brown. You can also wear a dark pinkish tan, mousegray, dark bronze, navy blue, black, maltese gray.

Kewpie.—You have lots of troubles, haven't you? Well, let us see what we can do for them. Read my answer to "M. K." about increasing weight. A good exercise for the flat chest and prominent collar bone is as follows:

To Develop a Flat Chest

Stand with heels together, toes slightly pointed out, drop the shoulders and elevate the chest as much as possible, letting the arms hang loosely at the sides. Now stretch them out on a level with the shoulders, at each side. Tense the body, and



SECOND STEP! TWISTING THE ENDS OF RIGHT HALF.

Any Woman May Now Be Beautiful

By Madame Marie



For Promoting Hair Growth

The open secret of really forcing hair to grow is the proper stimulation, not merely of the scalp, but of the hair roots. This is done scientifically, and in a really wonderful way, too, by a mixture which you can easily make up yourself at home, consisting of one ounce of beta-quinol, one ounce of glycerine and one pint of water. This makes up a full pint of hair should be washed at least every week with the very best shampoo one can get in a drug store. A teaspoonful of egg in a cup of hot water.

To Have a Spotless Complexion

You will find that the sallowness, red spots, freckles and other blemishes of the face, when appear, and in their place you will promptly desire a complexion as you could ever hope to obtain by simply mixing together one ounce of glycerine and half pint of water. Apply frequently and liberally as a cream.

You May Look Years Younger

Remarkable success has been obtained in removing crows' feet, deep and shallow wrinkles, lines of age and sagging cheeks by the use of the following formula. It makes the skin more elastic and plump and the change to youthfulness is striking. Simply mix two ounces of glycerine and half pint of water, with one pint of water and two tablespoonfuls of glycerine. Use this every day.

Removes Muddiness in Few Minutes

It sounds very remarkable to say that one may get rid of blackheads, big ones and little ones in only a few minutes, but such is the case if the following method is used. Sprinkle some norexin powder on a sponge moist with water and rub this on the blackheads. The result is surprising, every blackhead and skin impurity is dissolved away instantly.

Best Way to Treat Superfluous Hair

Superfluous hair should be dissolved away, instead of burned off, as is now so commonly done. The only thing I have ever known that would "dissolve" superfluous hair is simple saline solution. By applying this, even the thickest hair on very tender portions of the body are removed without leaving the slightest mark, red spots or irritation. It is ideal.

If your druggist should be out of any of these famous beautifiers you can get them by writing to Cooper Pharmacy Co., 650 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Select the beautifier you feel is most needed, enclose \$1.00 and they will send a regular 50 cent box of their wonderful face powder. But try the druggist first.

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YOU, too, can do exactly what over 50,000 other men and women have done safely: reduce where you want—when you want—by my improved method. Used and endorsed by many doctors. No medicines, no exercises, no starving. The ugly fat comes off at the rate of several pounds a week in the spots you yourself want to reduce.

Write today for my book for men and women, which is thoroughly illustrated. It reveals my guaranteed fat reducing secret. So positive am I that I can help you that, in a limited time, I will mail postpaid, absolutely free and without any obligation, a copy to those who write.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON

Dept. 314, 120 West 70th Street, New York, N.Y.

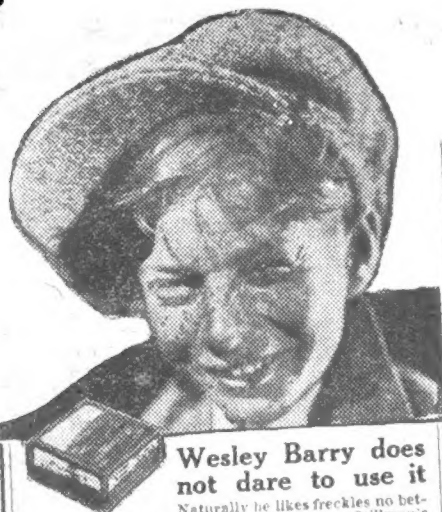
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Would You Like Such Improvement as This?

Do you want FREE, a trial box of Koskott, that has proved so successful in so many cases? If so, you need only to answer this ad, by mail card or letter, asking for FREE BOX. This famous preparation has several forms of BALDNESS. In many cases a new hair growth has been reported when all else had failed. So why not see for yourself? Enclose two or three FREE hairs. Koskott is used by men and women; is perfectly harmless and starts renewed hair growth in a few days. Address: Koskott Laboratory, E-124, Station F, New York.

force the hands toward each other as if something were holding back the arms from doing this. Keep the arms always on the shoulder level and the elbows rigid. Bring the hands together in this position in front of the body. Now throw the hands forcibly as far as possible, still on shoulder level. Inhale as you do this, and as you force the hands together in front of you. You can develop your chest the best by breathing, so all exercises must be accompanied by inhaling and exhaling. For a breathing exercise, stand erect and breathe through the nose slowly counting six. When six; then exhale very slowly counting six. When six; then increase the count to seven, then to eight, you can, increase the count to ten, then to twelve, then to fifteen. If your chest is inactive. If you will do this if your chest is inactive. If you will practice breathing exercises ten minutes at a time.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



Wesley Barry does not dare to use it

Naturally he likes freckles no better than anyone else. But he is afraid to use Stillman's Freckle Cream for fear the public won't know him without them!

Stillman's Freckle Cream

This famous cream causes freckles to fade gently away while you sleep, giving you a clear white complexion. Used the world over for 31 years. Cannot grow hair. Obtainable in 50c and \$1 sizes at drug stores. Look for the purple and gold package. Write for free booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets." The Stillman Company, 59 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and free perfume offer



Free Trial

Forget

Gray Hair

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair stringy or sticky, nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color even and perfectly natural in all lights, no danger of streaking or discoloration. Faded hair or hair discolored by unsatisfactory dyes restored just as safely and surely as naturally gray hair.

My Restorer is a time-tested preparation, which I perfected many years ago to bring back the original color to my own prematurely gray hair. I ask all who are gray haired to prove its worth by sending for my special patented Free Trial package.

Mail Coupon Today

Send today for the special patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, inclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Please print your name and address—

Mary T. Goldman, 247 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

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Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug-gist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

GRAY HAIR BANISHED

USE this wonderful new liquid preparation that is highly praised by foremost Fifth Avenue Beauty Salons.

RENALFA RAPIDE

Guaranteed to tint gray or faded hair any shade. Only one application needed. Takes less than five minutes to apply. No previous washing necessary. Will not stain the scalp nor rub off. Leaves hair soft and glossy. Not affected by washing. Every shade. Jet Black to Golden Brown. Sent anywhere for \$2 postpaid.

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Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers' Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. Write today for my FREE Booklet, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for 15 years.

\$1000 Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.

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Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.

D. J. MANLER, 116-A, Mahler Park, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FRECKLES "MURILLO" SUPREME FRECKLE CREAM

A sure remedy. Let us prove it. Send 10c for trial package and three other beauty preparations.

MURILLO CHEM. CO., Dept. 10, Aurora, Ill.

Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap.—Cuticura

Cuticura Soap is the favorite for safety shaving.

Then No Meant Yes

by John R. Robertson



Light, 1923, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

FATHER would never forgive me should I disobey him," protested Stella Cassidy, suspended between the wild desire to break loose from the rigid paternal shackles and the fear of consequence; that would follow such a rash act. "I'm as much as I would like to stay on dance I feel it is my duty to go home 'noon as I promised."

about an hour before sundown on a day of Melena Bradshaw's house. Everything was in readiness for the all which was to terminate the week-making at the Bradshaw country

my sake," pleaded Billy Woodward, s in love with Stella, "please stay! nit your father is away from home, ll never know—"

"ell you what—I'll take you home in after the dance, and we'll get there ight," suggested Billy eagerly. The t he would have to motor over thirty unknown road did not daunt him. er isn't home, it's true," mused Stella; haps we could—"

face brightened, hopefully. "Then ou stay—for my sake?" he implored. your sake!" sighed Stella with a sad- ck of adolescent mooniness. music of a waltz was sounding rhyth- when Stella Cassidy and Billy Wood- rolled into the garden that evening. andered around the graveled paths rows of flowers and shrubbery, present- z down on a small, rustic bench whose ns were obscured by dense banks of roses. ns were lit with myriads of stars, off in the southwest were continual f lightning.

"dear," said Stella tenderly, after a 'you've given me such a wonderful s week—the happiest week I've ever nd I'm so glad it fell your lot to be f companion to me. Perhaps that is f me, and no doubt you have had a e, but I never could have stood some 'boppers' with all their silly flirting e-making. I don't se how any girl hat stuff. You and I have been jolly vent we, and had so much more fun ug, playing tennis, and all those things, 'ould have, had we sat around and 'all the time?"

bet, we have had the best sort of agreed Billy, not so sure now that he ave the courage to tell her what he lved to, earlier in the evening.

"you have been so—so wonderful— ow I've never been allowed friendships ung men; and Father would have a e knew about you. He has always unreasonably strict—especially since died. You know most of the older s are strict with their children's morals. her is certainly a preacher of the 'old "

"you're getting old enough—Maybe change hi mind," said Billy. never! I doubt if he will ever let me here after this!" There was a touch ing in her soft voice as she continued: isobeyed him by staying tonight, and is out, he will never forgive me. When d to let me visit Melena I had to tell I told him that there would be no men arty. Also I had to promise faithfully me on the seven o'clock train this . So it looks as if I were doomed— e had one happy week in spite of every- and I owe it to you, Billy. You've —so good!"

spoke in a soft, pensive tone, that traight to Billy's heart. With his habit of accurate observation, he had d during the week that his charming ion was just awakening to all the s and joys of youth, from which her ad always tried to suppress her. Now at listening to her speech—half-musing it a sort of longing, a need, such as he t even thought of before.

"sorry about your father," he said to oughtfully. "He just doesn't under- Do you suppose he would allow me on you at your home?"

"no! Never!" she exclaimed, as though ne suggestion frightened her. "ow I'm to take you home tonight—" —yes!" Her voice sounded more cheer- Tonight. Our last night together, t Father isn't home tonight—he is at yville, where he preaches tomorrow— 're safe this one time."

a long moment the girl sat silent, as thing were weighing on her mind. Billy se by her side, thinking a great deal

"You know," she said presently, "I'll never be contented again to be shut in at home, and deprived of all the pleasures other girls my age have. Why can't I dance, and have parties, and have young men call on me, like other girls? Oh, I get so blue at times that I begin to think that nobody loves me—"

Her eyes suddenly drooped with tears, the discovery of which affected Billy deeply. He leaned close to her.

"Stella, I love you!" he whispered.

"Why, not? Of course not! You haven't known me long enough—"

"I've known you a thousand years!" he declared boldly.

This brought a sigh to her lips, so irresistible that Billy caught her in his arms and, before she could have realized what was happening, kissed her.

"How dare you!" she cried indignantly. Her lips began to tremble, and tears flowed freely from her eyes. "I thought you were a friend."

This brought compunction to Billy; he drew away guiltily, and tried to apologize. "I—I'm sorry," he murmured; "I couldn't help it. I am sincere when I say I love you. I have wanted to tell you all the week, but you wouldn't let me. And when a fellow loves a girl he can't help wanting to kiss her—especially when she is as sweet and pretty as you are."

Her indignation melted away at this, and with a winsome little laugh she leaned shyly to him. "I'm not angry, Billy," she confessed; "but you frightened me. It is the very first time in all my life I've ever been kissed—"

"Then, dear, won't you tell me you love me?" "I don't know," she faltered, "I've never had a lover."

"But you have one now! Won't you say—"

She snuggled her red head against Billy's shoulder and murmured: "Kiss me again!"

It was a quarter past eleven when Billy and Stella started on their thirty-mile journey to Stella's home. Billy was blissfully unaware of what lay ahead of him. A little spin of thirty miles was not unusual, even at 11:15 P. M. The unusual part of it all was the girl at his side. He was wrapped in ecstatic thought about her; and the night air, or something, had produced quietness in her. They were several miles out of town before either spoke.

"Oh, was that lightning?" Stella gave a little cry at sight of a flash in the far distance.

"It's just heat-lightning," explained Billy.

"Before they had gone much farther, however, the lightning became more distinct; a heavy thunder cloud came rolling out of the southwest with a fury and a suddenness more suggestive of a cyclone than of a summer rain.

The girl was plainly frightened. Billy's little car had no top, or protection, and he began to speed up in an effort to reach shelter before the storm began. They had not gotten far when the good road came abruptly to an end. The car plunged into a stretch of impassable mud and the engine went dead.

"We're stuck," announced Billy with a groan, stepping out into the deep slush.

"Oh, surely not!" Stella exclaimed disconcertedly.

And then the heavens opened and the rain descended. Lightning wrought havoc without warning. The thunder boomed overhead with a tremendous roar, trees snapped and fell with a crash, and the two young people huddled together, driven into distraction with fright, and drenched. The rain continued to come down in torrents for what seemed to be an eternity. When finally it ceased the couple was almost insensible with cold and fear.

"It's over," Billy managed to murmur between clattering teeth; "but we'll never get away from here."

And Stella regained sensibility sufficient to cry.

By and by Billy heard a low, rumbling sound and he perked up his ears. It was a wagon approaching.

"Hey there!" called Billy as loudly as he could to the traveler.

"Whoa!" he heard a voice. "Halloa! Wall, I'll be—What in thunderation's this!"

"We're stuck in the mud, and most drowned," explained Billy through the darkness. "Can you give us a lift?"

"Ho, ho, ho-ho," came a harsh, vulgar laugh that made the young man want to wring the owner's neck. "Yer some of them autumobilists, I take it," jeered the voice.

"Can you help us?" persisted Billy.

"Autumobilists,—wall, I reckon not! Gid-dap!"

"Wait, wait!" cried Billy. "There's a lady—"

"Whoa! A lady, eh? Wall, if it's help fer yer autumobile, I can't see ye, sonny; but the lady—I reckon I c'n take her on to Crumleyville. That's fer as I go."

"Both of us?" implored Billy.

"Wall, I reckon," drawled the countryman. Come on an' crawl in behind."

Billy and Stella groped their way through the mud to the one-horse wagon and managed to find room in the back.

Soaked, cold, numb, and terrified, they rambled on through the pit-black night to the country village.

Presently they heard their benefactor say, "Whoa!" and they saw that he was stopping in front of a house.

"I reckon ye'd better put up here fer the rest of the night," he said. "This is 'bout as fer as I go."

"Yes, yes," assented Billy.

"H'lo!" called the man in a stentorian voice, and they saw a door open and a lantern appear.

"Seth Howton, I got some custom fer ye," explained the man. "A couple e-lopers, I take it, who got stuck with their autumobile. I reckon they'll be wantin' ye to hunt up the parson in th' mornin' maybe."

"I'll take care of 'em," said the innkeeper.

They followed him into the crude country inn. He turned to Billy and said, winking one eye: "E-lopers, eh?"

Billy was too weary to resent insults or make explanations, so he merely muttered, "Show us our rooms."

The night of horror finally passed on into a beautiful Sabbath morning. The couple that met in the upstairs corridor that morning presented a ludicrous contrast to the summer glory outside. That their clothes had been dried during the night was their only solace. Disheveled, disheartened, despaired, they marched down the stairs, facing frantically the coming catastrophe.

"Wall, here's the e-lopers!" greeted the innkeeper. "An' I've got a parson on hand—he spent the night here—"

As their eyes followed his indication they saw a tall, lanky, old gentleman standing in the doorway, his eyes sternly fixed on the girl.

"It's Father!" she whispered, taking a reluctant step toward him.

The clergyman approached his unlucky daughter, his face fixed, his eyes fiery.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"They want to git married," chirped in the innkeeper.

"No, no," faltered Stella.

"Who is this man?" her father asked, nodding his head toward Billy.

"This—is Billy—Mr. Woodward—a friend of Melena's," stammered Stella, pink and trembling.

Billy met the minister, offering him his hand, and trying to appear calm. The old man ignored his approach, however, "Are you really attempting to marry this man?" he snapped at his daughter. "But surely there can be no other reason—"

"Father, let me explain—"

"No use to try to explain. You—my daughter!—broke her promise. My own daughter! A disgrace! What can I do? What have I done? My own daughter here, spending the night in a public inn—with a strange man! O Lord!" he cried, lifting his eyes. "why hast Thou forsaken me!" He stopped suddenly, lowered his voice and said, "I know! I must save my own child! Let him that is without sin cast the first stone!"

"Father, please!" supplicated Stella. "Don't take on like that! I don't understand any. Everything is all right. Let me explain!"

The old man turned his eyes, half-closed, to Billy. "Young man," he said slowly; "do you wish to marry my daughter?"

"No sir."

"I thought not! Well, you will! This day—understand?"

"Yes sir."

"But Father!" protested Stella, highly excited.

"Be calm, daughter! It is the only way to save the honor of the family."

And Stella was calm.

The minister went out in search of the proper official to issue a marriage license, leaving the astounded couple under the guardianship of the innkeeper.

They mechanically drew together at the window.

"Stella," said Billy softly. "Last night you told me you loved me—and I kissed you. We can escape while he is gone—or, do you love me enough to marry me like this?"

"Oh, Billy!" she whispered, her eyes beaming. "Don't you dare interfere! This is the happiest moment of my life."

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You may not be able to do this to begin with, but make the effort. Practice every day, night and morning, and in time you will be able to touch the floor. Remember the knees must be kept stiff. Another exercise is to place the left foot about eighteen inches ahead of the right foot, throw the arms above the head, then down and attempt to touch the floor just in front of the right toe. The right knee should be stiff, but the left one may be slightly bent. Now for your last question. Here is a good recipe for a hand-whitening lotion:

To Whiten the Hands

Orange-flower water two ounces; Rosewater two ounces; borax one-quarter of a dram; spirits of benzoin one-half dram; bruised almonds one-half ounce. Add the almonds to the orange-flower water and the rosewater, let stand for twenty-four hours, add the borax, shake until dissolved, then drop by drop add the benzoin, while constantly stirring or shaking. Before using this, wash the hands thoroughly, then apply the lotion and a tiny bit of strained honey, massaging the mixture into the skin. Do this several times in one evening, then coat the hands with lanolin, draw on a pair of very loose cotton gloves and go to bed with the assurance that your hands will be much improved before morning.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.



Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers.

Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

Feeding Baby

FOR this month's talk we hope to be able to offer some helpful suggestions in regard to feeding baby. We shall not try to tell you about the calories, or heat units in the different foods, or use any scientific terms, but use terms that can be understood by everyone. In the first place every healthy mother should nurse her baby, as there is something in the mother's milk that no chemist has been able to imitate.

Mother's milk first and always is the proper food for a baby, and the cemeteries and the statistics with the high death rate of young babies bear witness to the truth of this statement.

There is no doubt that infants nursed at the breast have a lower death rate, and resist sickness better than bottle fed babies.

One can hardly believe that a mother who is healthy and able to nurse her offspring would refuse to do so, yet it is true now and has been for centuries.

Cesar reproached the Roman women for not nursing their babies and moralists of all epochs have taken the same stand.

Unfortunately many women can not nurse their babies on account of undeveloped breasts, or a gland that does not secrete anything, or nipples that a baby cannot grasp, or the condition of the mother's health, tuberculosis for example. These things, of course, make nursing impossible, and in these cases artificial feeding must be substituted.

The contraindications to a mother's nursing baby are, general poor health from tuberculosis, severe anemia, advanced Bright's disease, diabetes, diseases of breast, as an abscess or severe inflammation, absence of nipples, inverted nipples, and when you are positive that the mother's milk does not agree with baby.

We say when you are positive that the mother's milk does not agree with baby, and we mean by this when the nursing mother uses good judgment about her own diet and keeps her own bowels and digestion in a normal condition, and yet her milk does not agree with her baby.

If the mother eats anything and everything at all times, has gas and indigestion, of course her milk will not agree with baby.

A mistake has been made in a great many cases of giving up nursing baby, thinking the milk did not agree with baby, when the milk or baby were not at fault at all, but the mother's poor judgment about her own digestion.

The newborn baby should be put to the breast as soon as the mother is rested, in ordinary cases in about eight hours, then every four hours until the milk comes, then every two hours during the day and every four hours during the night.

Once a day baby's mouth should be washed out with boric acid solution or Glycothymoline, teaspoonful to tablespoonful of warm water, also the nipples should be washed.

At first you may have to give baby a little warm water, but do not give over six ounces in a day in a bottle with nipple. Do not allow baby to lie all night with the nipple in its mouth or you will have started a bad habit, and with babies it is far easier to start a bad habit than it is to stop the same.

You may have trouble at first getting baby to nurse, and if you do, put some hot wet compresses on the breasts, which brings the milk to the surface, then squeeze a little of the milk into its mouth. The first few days the baby does not get anything but colostrum, which acts as a laxative on the bowels.

You can give baby a tablespoonful of warm water, and if this does not seem to satisfy and baby acts hungry, put a teaspoonful of cream

in an ounce of water, or an ounce of cow's milk diluted one half with warm water.

If the mother does not seem to have milk enough she should drink lots of liquids, milk, cocoa, broths, gruels, and oyster stews.

Cow's milk is the next best food if mother can not nurse baby, but it has to be modified a little to make it more like mother's milk.

To do this you must dilute it, as the curd of cow's milk can not be digested by baby, also add a little sugar to milk as mother's milk contains more sugar than cow's milk.

Of course, when you dilute the cow's milk you lessen the amount of fat and must add cream to bring this up to the proper percentage.

This is called modifying milk, which is simply diluting cow's milk and adding the things needed to make it as near mother's milk as possible.

Would suggest the following to feed baby during the first two weeks, cream 2½ ounces, water 17 ounces, lime water one ounce, sugar of milk one-half teaspoonful, this gives ten feedings of two ounces at a feeding. For 3rd and 4th weeks cream 5 ounces, sugar of milk one-half teaspoonful, lime water two ounces, water 24, this gives ten feedings of three ounces at a feeding.

The daily amount of food required by a baby is as follows: 3rd to 7th day 10 ounces, 2nd to 5th week 15 to 30 ounces, 6th week to 3rd month 28 to 36 ounces, 3rd to 6th month 30 to 38 ounces, 9th to 12th month 32 to 45 ounces.

A small baby will not require as much as the above and a large baby will need more. A baby should be fed as much as it can digest properly, but the mother must use good judgment in regard to this as a baby may be crying from colic, and the mother, thinking it is hungry, gives it more food, which it takes quickly as if hungry, when as a matter of fact it has already taken too much food, and you are adding to its trouble. The mother can not depend on the baby being hungry when it cries, as there are many things besides hunger that makes baby cry.

The subject for our next month's talk will be, Feeding Baby, CONTINUED.

Questions and Answers

WEANING BABY.—My baby girl is two years old and I am writing to ask if I had better wean her now or wait until Fall, after green vegetable are gone? What can I give her to eat and what shall I give her for constipation?

Mrs. H. M. Tawes City, Mich.

A.—Wean baby on one day as a rule babies should be weaned when they are eleven months. Her diet should consist of milk, one quart per day, codded eggs, baked potato, oatmeal, cream of wheat, molasses cookies, orange juice, prune juice.

I think her diet will relieve the constipation, but if it does not, give her teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia often enough to keep bowels regular.

WORMS OR ADENOID.—My three-year-old boy has enlarged tonsils and adenoids, is nervous, fretful, picks his nose, screams in his sleep, is sometimes constipated, but will feel well all day until just before supper when he will vomit, then have fever all night. Sometimes he will have cramps in his stomach. Are these conditions due to the tonsils and adenoids, or has he worms?

Mrs. L. P. M. Everett, Wash.

A.—Your boy certainly has indigestion, which may be caused by errors in diet, eating too fast or too often, or eating things his stomach is not strong enough to digest. Keep his bowels regular with teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia, given in milk, and give him simple foods like cooked cereals, codded eggs, custards, broths and a little baked potato once a day.

Get some tablets containing one-half grain each of calomel and antacid, and give him one every three hours until bowels move freely, and examine the stools for worms.

In regard to enlarged tonsils and adenoids, they affect a child to just the extent they impose on its breathing and swallowing, and sooner or later should have them removed.

FEEDING BABY.—Tell me what to feed my eleven-month-old baby; can not get fresh milk but can get condensed milk, or malted milk. Baby is constipated.

Mrs. J. M. Cheat Bridge, W. Va.

A.—The cow's milk is better, but you can use either the condensed milk or malted milk, cooked cereals, codded eggs, baked potato, custards, molasses cookies, stale wheat bread toasted; give teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia often to keep bowels free.

COLD.—What can I do for my three-year-old baby who has had a cold in her chest all winter? Her hands and feet are cold most of the time.

Mrs. C. I. New Leipzig, N. Dak.

A.—Build up her general health with good, nourishing food; also give her Maltine with Cod Liver Oil, keep chest protected with flannels, rubbing on a little camphorated oil. Get her out of doors all you can, well protected with clothes. Give her three drop doses of Tincture of Chloride of Iron, in syrup, three times a day.

CONSTIPATED BABY.—What can I do for my four-month-old nursing baby, as her bowels move only every second or third day?

Her navel never healed properly, and when she cries out it bleeds. Mrs. F. W. Eaton, Colo.

A.—Get your own bowels regular and your nursing baby's will be the same. Eat lots of fruit, apples, oranges, prunes, and if needed take two teaspoonful doses of Fluid Extract of Cascara Sagrada once a day.

For the sore navel would suggest that you touch up the raw surface with Nitrate of Silver stick, then dusting on a little powdered sulphur. If this does not heal it up, take your baby to a surgeon for an examination, as a bleeding navel should not be allowed to go untreated.

IRRITATING URINE.—What can I do for my four-year-old girl, as her urine has a bad odor, and she is so irritated that she can hardly stand it?

Mrs. J. M. Taylorsville, Ky.

A.—I think you would find on examination that she had a highly acid urine, which causes the irritation.

Put her on a milk diet, adding tablespoonful of lime water to every four ounces.

Dissolve teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar in glass of water, and get her to take two glasses of this every day.

Have her sit in Sitz bath while urinating, you can do this by small bath tub, or large wash bowl nearly filled with warm water.

Oxide of Zinc Ointment will heal up the irritated surface, but you must remove the cause.

WORMS.—How can I find out if my six-year-old boy has worms? Mrs. E. S. Bullard, Oregon.

A.—Get a tablet or powder from your druggist containing one-half grain each of Calomel and Santonin, and give him one of them every three hours, until bowels move freely, and examine stools for worms. If worms are found, repeat two or three times allowing two days between treatments.

DIET DURING PREGNANCY.—BABY'S CLOTHES.—What should I eat during pregnancy, and what clothes does a baby born in September or October need?

Mrs. W. M. M. Crescent, Okla.

A.—Eat anything you wish during pregnancy, keeping bowels and kidneys in normal condition. An Autumn baby should have the following: One flannel receiving blanket; three flannel abdominal bands, 18 inches long and five inches wide, pinked not hemmed; three shirts; pinning blanket; of outing flannel; three night dresses of outing flannel; three dozen diapers made out of cheese-cloth or cotton diaper cloth.

A baby's wardrobe varies of course, like an adult's,

depending on the amount of money one can afford to invest, but these things mentioned are the needed things.

SORE NAVEL.—My baby is three months old and the navel has not healed. Is there any danger of hemorrhage? Mrs. H. E. M. Tarkio, Mo.

A.—Yes there is danger of hemorrhage, also danger of an umbilical rupture. Touch up the raw surface with Nitrate of Silver stick, and then dust on a little powdered sulphur, or boric acid powder. Do this two or three times a week, or dust on powder every day, but use the Nitrate of Silver two or three times a week until it heals up.

If you are not successful in this treatment, consult a surgeon, do not wait for baby to outgrow this condition.

DECAYED TEETH.—What causes my thirteen-month-old baby girl's teeth to decay? They begin to crumble and decay as soon as they come through the gums. Mrs. C. W. A. Oneonta, Ala.

A.—This is caused by a hyperacidity of the secretions of the mouth.

Give baby two or three ounces of lime water a day in her milk, teaspoonful doses once a day of milk of magnesia.

Rinse out mouth with Glycothymoline, teaspoonful to tablespoonful of warm water.

BIRTHMARK.—My sixteen-month-old baby girl has a birthmark on her left hip, that has increased from the size of a dime to the size of a fifty-cent piece; seems sore and is swollen as if it would bleed. If she is cold the spot turns purple.

Mrs. C. H. McComb, Miss.

A.—While we do not believe in birthmarks, there are many marks on babies that are unpleasant, but without much doubt are caused by pressure in utero interfering with normal cell growth, and development.

If unsightly, or annoys in any way, have it removed, which is a simple operation.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

think of my ideal husband. All I knew was that I was hopelessly in love with him and that he reciprocated. After more than five years of married life, such happiness of which I never dreamed, we are more in love than ever, being blessed with two sweet children. So I know that love and happiness can come with someone far from your ideal. My husband is thirteen years older than I am, five feet, eight inches in height, blond hair and blue eyes and a cigarette fiend. Claims to be a Baptist, but has been to church less than a half-a-dozen times since we were married, but really is a true gentleman, lives clean and upright morally and loves the Lord. When we were married we had less than one hundred dollars between us and the world. Have known poverty too well, but we are gradually paying for our home and it is furnished nicely. But the greatest thing in both our lives was our great love for each other, our home and our babies. So Ruby, when Mr. Right comes along you may be sure that you will do just as I did,—love and marry without thinking of your ideal. Hence the laugh!

May you all be as happy as I am.

Mrs. JIM.

ILLINOIS.

DEAR SISTERS AND EVERYBODY: I will describe my ideal husband,—not the one I have but the one I would like to have. The one I have never did suit me because I never liked his disposition.

First of all, my husband should love me. Second, he should be kind to me when I am sick, willing to wait on me and give me something for a sick person to eat and never leave me alone for a whole day at a time when I am sick in bed. Third, he must be a Christian and have a clean character. He should not swear or use tobacco. Fourth, he should not mistreat me in any way, choke, kick, or hit me on the head. I should like my husband to take me out in public with him, to church and other places. He must be a home-loving man and do his part toward making the living. I believe in both sharing alike and helping one another. He should not



RICHARD NEWTON LINGER.

quarrel with me all the time. He should protect and stand by me, never siding in with his relations if they should not like or mistreat me. Love is the great essential. Oh yes, my ideal husband should be willing to take a bath once in a while and never go to bed with dirty feet, and with his dirty shirt on. I wonder if I will ever have an ideal husband?

Mrs. IDA.

"Our Ideal Man"

Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight. Give us a man with shoes not so tight; With toes made for pencils if one wished to write. Give us the man with a coat that just fits. Mince your pinch backs and up-the-back splits. Oh give us the man who is liberal with pennies. Who can talk for an hour and not mention himself. Oh, give us the man though his shirt's like a rag. Yet does not resemble a Bolshevik flag. Yes give us a man with a tie not so loud. That he looks like a comic as he walks through the crowd.

Oh, give us the man who's impartial to drink. Who don't use "hooch" whiskey to muddle his think.

Yes, give us the man with untainted breath, Minus filthy tobacco which brings on his death. Pray give us the man no matter what age; Who would submit his past unashamed to the stage. Yes give us the man who can act a man's part. The man long departed with honor and heart. Oh, where is the honor which men once did boast? It expired with knighthood and left not its ghost. Oh, send us a man who will women protect. And not stare at them to find some defect. In their dress, ways, or manners so he may jeer The down-trodden sex with some cruel sneer. Give us the man wherever he roams. He can think of his mother and sisters at home. And when he would sneer at some wayward defect He remembers all women are sisters in sex. Give us the man without a defect. Yet can see the mistakes of his own wayward sex; And remedy them and there'll be fewer groans. Yes backward turn backward O Time if you can. Efface all these blackguards and send us a man.

[Sent by E. H. Anderson, Birchleaf, Va.]

INDIANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: I have been a reader of COMFORT for several years and have wished to write for some time but the article on the Ideal Husband has put that wish into action so here I am.

This is my ideal. He must be clean and neat, not necessarily handsome. He must be free from the habits of smoking, drinking, gambling and using profane language. He must be patient and cheerful, optimistic and



This book has saved thousands of little lives.

Hundreds of thousands of women have been saved by this famous baby book and so have brought up their own children. It has been translated as the work to be had. It is a most Dr. Holt and always contains the best methods.

DR. HOLT ON THE CARE AND FEEDING OF CHILDREN.

The foremost authority on baby care in this book covers every point which is apt to confront a mother. The hundreds of little things that every day in connection with baby, diet, clothing, exercise, all are carefully explained. Doctors' prescriptions and present the most sound advice in their daily care.

Through a special arrangement to offer to the readers of COMFORT, 10th revised and enlarged edition, containing his remarks on four one-year options to each. If you prefer to pay for you Dr. Holt's book for \$1.25, send No. 8294.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Me.

courteous. He must be as pure as the snow or whom he hopes will be his wife.

He must love his home and children and be a Christian. Last, but not least, he must be a comic.

Do I hear you say, "there ain't no such thing." Come down in the southern part of Indiana and I will introduce you to a real headed specimen of humanity who fits the requirement I have set forth.

Sisters, if we, as pure women, would demand some moral qualities in men that the world would have cleaner husbands today. We should bring up our boys to be as our girls.

I am 34 years old, five feet, four inches, weigh 130 pounds. Have hazel eyes, blue eyes and a fair complexion. I am the mother of six children, four boys and two girls. My girl has gone to her home in Indiana trying to live a good life.

I have been married twelve years and my men in the world have an ideal wife.

Happy Wife.

BURKHARDT'S Dear Mrs. Linger: I have taken many, many times my first visit to me my little child, that his mother back at me from the Corner of Comfort is Richard Newton Linger, five months old.

I do so much for letters and notes that I am great to read to me "making good" and things they have in the mind. When I came homekeeping alone for years ago, most of the time I was in our little house.

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Happy Wife.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Here it is, Mother
—just what Baby needs!

At last, a safe and sensible nurse with a pure-gum nipple. Soft as a natural breast. A godsend to mothers and to nursing babies.



Mizpah Nurse
Non-Colic
Number 76

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Nipple, complete, 35c. Nipple or bottle, separately, 20c each. At druggists' or by mail, postage paid by us. Write also for FREE booklet containing valuable information on baby-feeding.

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Learn in spare time at home. Earn \$30-\$35 a week. Every woman should learn. We train Beginner, Practical Nurses, Mothers and Religious Workers by our fascinating Home-study Method, Leading Chicago System, Endorsed by physicians. Established 22 years.

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A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"Her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes glittering with the fire that scorched her heart. The memory of each tender, lying word he had ever said to her rose up and added fuel to that flame of eager vengeance. He had ruined Gillian's life; he had killed all mercy and forgiveness in her; he stood clear while they two must suffer and hide, going in terror of their lives."

"Oh, no!" said the girl who hated him, with quick clenching of her tender hands. "Oh, no, he shan't!"

Her lips were set as no woman's ever should be as she opened the door of her poor lodging and stole in gently, not to waken Gillian.

Her caution was wasted. Gillian, fully aroused, pale, half-frantic, sat on the edge of her bed.

"Come here," she whispered, and clutched Jacky passionately. "Oh! where have you been? Why did you leave me like that? I've led a hundred deaths!" Great tears slipped down her anguished face.

"I've been—" Gillian's hand was on her sister's burning lips.

"Hush! Don't speak above your breath. We've been mad ever to talk aloud in this house. Tell me, did any one see you go out?"

"No one. It wouldn't matter if they did," she said.

"Everything matters—when you're hunted!" with a sharp catch of her breath.

"But we're not—not yet."

Gillian, her tears on her white cheeks, drew closer and began to speak so softly that Jacky had to watch her lips not to lose the words.

"I was asleep. I woke up and listened to see if you were sleeping in your chair and I heard talking. Hush, don't answer! It was in the next room—the man and his wife—I heard them say 'Hamilton,' and that it 'looked as if we might be the girls in the paper.'"

Jacky's hands were clasped hard on her knee. Not a sound of reproach escaped her, though it had been Gillian's carelessness that had let slip their real name when they took their room and might ruin them now.

"He's going to tell the police we're here; she didn't want him to, but he talked her round."

"Why?" breathed Jacky, and at Gillian's answer her face contracted.

"Because there's a reward offered for whoever killed Marchmont!"

"We didn't do it. It can't matter to us!" Jacky said, in a queer, strangled voice.

But Gillian only shook her head hopelessly. They could not prove their innocence. Marchmont was dead, and they need not look to Lesard for comfort.

She sat on the bed watching Jacky stuff their pitiful few belongings into their bag.

She dared not rise and help her, for fear of the added stir waking the sleepers whose snores came through the thin wall of the attic room. But the same unspoken thought was in her mind that was in Jacky's; they must be far away from this by the morning.

Today was Thursday; the woman was paid in advance till the end of the week! It was they who would lose, not she, by their flight. But Gillian would have liked to leave all her small store of money on the table in gratitude. If it had not been for his wife, the man of the house would have told the police about them by this time. But six shillings was six shillings, and she dared not spare a penny. She bowed her head on her hands and did not see that Jacky was writing something on some paper and envelopes found among Tom Hamilton's old papers that they had not dared to leave behind, and had had no chance to destroy. She had bought two stamps on her way home, and she put them on the letters, that she thrust into her pocket.

Toward one o'clock, when there was no passing in the street except for an occasional hansom, the two stole down-stairs in their stocking-feet and plunged into the darkness to a side street. As Gillian stooped to put on her shoes, Jacky leaned against a pillar post and lifted her hand. Something fell into the box with a dull flat sound, but Gillian noticed neither that nor the covert action. Furtive, cautious, glancing from side to side like hunted things, they slipped from one shadow to the next. Skirting dark houses, slinking swiftly past each gas-lamp, Tom Hamilton's daughters went out into the nightstreets of London.

Had father as he had been, he must have turned in his grave had he seen them now, hurrying in the friendly darkness they knew not where.

When they had put a mile of winding streets between them and the house they had left, Jacky drew Gillian aside to where some half-built houses stood a little off the street.

"Gill, where are we going?" she said. "We can't go this way. We're getting into a suburb, and suburban people notice everything."

"I don't know where it would be any better." The flat, indifferent voice told Gillian's despair.

"Wait, sit down! We must think," said Jacky. And oh, if she had known where their thinking was to lead them!

The two sank down on a pile of bricks behind a boarding, scarcely daring to whisper lest a stray policeman might come around the corner, or a night watchman flash his lantern on their weary huddled figures. If they had known it they were safer on their pile of bricks than they had been for a week, for the street was up for repairs and absolutely deserted.

It had begun to rain, though, and the chill which comes before night verges to morning pierced their thin clothing. Jacky felt Gillian shiver.

"Come," she said authoritatively, "there's only one place for us to go. It mayn't be safe to stay there, but it's all we can do tonight."

"Where? We can't try to get a lodging at this time of night. No one would take us in."

"No one will know anything about us," Jacky said, "except one girl, and she's a good soul. She can make her do anything. Get up, Gill; we'll catch our deaths here! And it's idiotic when I have the latch-key of my old rooms in my pocket."

"Oh, Jacky! Dare we go there? They—they may be watching it."

"I don't see how they—if you mean the police—could know anything about it," thoughtfully. "No one at Hamilton Place knew where I lived, no chance policeman would think of a girl with smooth, red hair when he saw me going out and in. I believe we were fools not to go there at once. We needn't show up in the day, and six shillings will buy us food for a fortnight, if I go out after dark, when things are cheap. Come on. There's no sense in sitting here. If we're going to figure in the police reports—with a bitter little smile Gillian could not see—it can't be avoided by having pneumonia."

"If they do know anything about the rooms being yours," Gillian said almost joyfully, for Jacky's mood was catching, "by this time they must be pretty sure you aren't in them."

"They can't know any such thing. Oh, I wish my legs weren't so tired!"

"You were out before. I forgot that! Where did you go?"

"I went—" she stopped, afraid to go on. The less Gillian heard of Lesard the better.

"I don't know exactly where I went," she finished lamely. "I wanted air. I couldn't breathe in that dirty garret. Hurry, Gill! We're miles out in West Kensington, and we've got to get to Bloomsbury."

Through the quiet streets, back to the deserted thoroughfares where the only passers-by were men going home to comfortable beds, or ragged human wolves who had no beds to go to, the two girls hurried in silence; hand in hand, sometimes, when the terror of the streets, that is like no other terror, came on them.

A man spoke to them, and laughed as they ran by in silence. A dreadful old woman stopped their way and whined for money—cursing them when they did not answer. Gillian, to get the sound of that hoarse voice out of her ears, flung sixpence into the dirty hand.

"She was so old, and she was a woman," she said to excuse herself. Already the horror of London she had dreaded was upon her. Would Jacky and she ever turn into things like that just for want of a helping hand, a few beggarly coins? Better to die, than live a thing to shudder at! She held Jacky's hand for courage and hurried on.

Jacky trudged in silence, absorbed in fierce exultation at what she had done without telling Gillian. Surely God would help them, and not let them pay for Lesard's sins; and yet it seemed as if even in heaven there was neither thought nor pity for Tom Hamilton's daughters.

"Jacky, aren't we nearly there?" Gillian spoke for the second time, for Jacky was dead to outside things, and her impatient voice was loud in the quiet street.

Jacky looked round her searchingly. They were crossing the foot of the street where the Red Mouse lived, and a church clock somewhere was striking four. Startled, she quickened her pace.

"No, almost two miles," she returned. "I'm afraid the daylight will catch us."

The sweet, high voices that were so much alike, were clearly audible. A man, who had stopped just around the corner of the street they were crossing to turn up his trousers clear of the London mud, stood motionless at the sound. As the light steps passed on he stood up, careless that one immaculate trouser hem had not been rolled up like the other.

For one instant he listened to the quick fall of those girlish steps, and then dropped a newly lit cigar into the gutter before he went noiselessly, delicately in their wake.

Only a girl's voice in a silent street; and girls' voices were as like as two peas often enough. He might well be mistaken, and yet he knew he was not.

With easy, noiseless strides he kept drawing nearer to his unconscious quarry ahead. He was not Canadian born for nothing, had not spent years of his youth in the wilderness without learning how to track things he meant to kill. Under a street-lamp he saw those two fleeing figures, clearly, and knew one was Gillian and the other certain to be her sister; he quickened his pace, yet not enough to come up with them. Even he could not manage two girls in the open street.

And so he dogged them to the end of their journey, till they reached the door of the shabby old house in Blake Street that was all let out in rooms, of which the only caretaker was a slipshod old woman who cared nothing how her lodgers went and came so that their rent was paid. Most of her tenants were girls, and did their own cooking on oil-stoves; often their landlady did not know if they were there or not. Whether a locked door hid an empty room was nothing to her so long as her months' money clinked in her pocket.

The unseen watcher saw Jacky Hamilton fit her long-disused latch-key into the door and push her sister in. He had run them to earth, the only witnesses of what must never be told, and he moved close to the door to make sure of the number.

He could make his secret safe now, and he paused a moment gloating over it, then stepped back into the shadow of the next house quickly.

The door had opened again.

Jacky Hamilton had come out with sixpence in her hand to buy hot potatoes from a stall at the corner of the next street. For her rooms were empty, and a note left for her by her roommate said the latter was gone to do some work in the country. And breakfast Jacky must procure.

The man let her pass him, took a quick stride, and had her in his arms with one hand heavy on her mouth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Dale's Commencement Gown

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

Milton Youngfoot, whom everyone was angling for, should come to her thus unsolicited. He sat for a moment silent, sincere and earnest. Then he spoke, extending his hand: "May I, Miss Treadwell?"

The shapely hand was hers to take or disregard as she chose. He bound her by no promise, but he bound himself. It was very fair. She thrilled with his worthiness.

How could one resist such a man? "I don't think a girl ever more sincerely said, 'This is so sudden,'" Mr. Youngfoot said. Dale turned to him and looked straight into his honest eyes, then placed her hand in his. "Melita has always given you the very highest rating, and a true gentleman is never displeasing to a girl. I think I may give you the permission you crave."

More than one-third of the total area of Holland lies below the level of the sea which is kept back by means of dikes.



Have RESINOL ready to stop that itching torment

Don't spend another sleepless night tossing about—tortured by the burning itch of eczema. Insure restful sleep by the application of soothing, healing Resinol Ointment. Its comforting medication cools the inflamed surfaces and stops the itching almost instantly.

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap contain nothing that could injure or irritate the tenderest skin. In addition to being so effective for itching skin troubles, they help to clear away blotches, redness, roughness and other complexion defects. Write today for free sample.

Dept. 7-L, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

but not least, he should love me as I should love him.

Do I hear someone say, "There is no one so near perfection as you describe." I believe there is and I don't believe I could ever be content with anything less. I prefer to live my life in single blessedness rather than marry the average man of today.

BROWNIE.

JET, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a wife and the mother of three children, a girl six, a boy eight and a foster daughter of sixteen. I have been a reader of COMFORT for a great many years and enjoy the Sisters' Corner immensely. I am looking forward with interest to a lively discussion on our ideal husband. But sisters, let us remember and not expect our ideals to reach a higher standard than we ourselves are willing to measure up to. Now for my ideal. He should be a Christian, of good habits. He should have a good disposition and easy to get along with, willing to come half way if in so doing he need not sacrifice principle. He should be sympathetic when sympathy is needed also possess a certain sense of humor. My ideal should be a well read man and not lazy. And he must love children, and respect motherhood. Then, too, he should not be ashamed to be seen with his wife in public or become so negligent of her that he does not think of her pleasure and recreation as well as his own. He should not go off to lectures, shows, summer resorts, etc., by himself while she stays at home and cares for the kiddies. If both can't go at the same time, turn about is fair play. I also believe there is more agreement when the ages are nearly alike, though there are many ideal couples whose ages differ greatly.

MRS. ELLA MADELYN MILLER.

ANTHON, IOWA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Ruby Nelson has told about her ideal husband. I will tell of mine. I think I married my ideal man. My man is good natured, a good provider, a good father and an ideal husband. I think this talking about being near the same age is just in the way a person thinks. My husband is fourteen years older than I am but he doesn't show his age. When a person is cross and scolding all the time, that is what makes them old.

FATTIE.

LOGAN, OKLA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I was interested in Ruby Nelson's letter giving her qualifications for an ideal husband. I have a sort of mania for ideals, Ruby, and your ideal would pass my examination but in addition to these qualifications he must be large and strong, have regular features, beautiful auburn hair and velvety brown eyes. Also he must be an affectionate husband and father. And this wonderful man must be able to provide for me an ideal home, a modern bungalow somewhere in a beautiful mountainous country where I could have flower gardens, vegetables, a few pure-bred chickens, a Jersey cow, and anything I'd want for pets. But I'm wandering and had better come back to earth. But say, life would be one grand sweet song if I could have just such an earthly Paradise.

Of course there are many such ideal husbands who can and do furnish their wives with just what they desire but it has not been my good fortune to possess one. I've never met the man who would measure up to my standard of ideal, nor do I ever expect to.

No, good people, I shall not be a bachelor girl until I meet my ideal,—for I have a wonderfully good husband, even though he hasn't auburn hair and brown eyes and he just will smoke and say cuss words sometimes. But he has so many virtues I am very fond of him in spite of these facts. Our married life is almost equal to the domestic felicity of Mr. and Mrs. McVey, I say "almost" because judging from her letter, they never even so much as disagree, while I admit we do occasionally. I don't mean that we quarrel, we both hate that, we merely disagree. We've been married several years and are just as good friends and pals as ever and always shall be.

Lina Beck asks that the subject of dancing be discussed. A girl friend of mine who strayed from the straight and narrow way told me that she owed her downfall to the fact that her mother insisted she learn to dance. If one girl fails below the moral standard through dancing, is it not possible that many others will?

In my opinion, modern dances are degrading. I am twenty-one and a half years of age, five feet, two inches tall, weigh about 110 pounds. Have an abbreviated crop of brown hair, grey eyes and a fair complexion.

MRS. C. W. RIDGEWAY.

AVERY, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I expect Ruby Nelson has started something that will keep you busy, yet I feel sure you'll get lots of enjoyment from it too. And to swell the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

MAKE GAS IN ANY STOVE

Cook in a Cool Kitchen
The Instant-Gas Make Oil Burner summer cooking pleasure. Gives you gas anywhere, everywhere, in any stove or range. Everybody knows gas means cleaner, cheaper cooking and a cooler kitchen. Saves hours of time and loads of dirt. Start your stove with a turn of the wrist, turn high or low to suit and stop with another turn of the wrist.

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30-Day Trial The Instant-gas Oil Burner makes its own gas from coal oil (kerosene) at one-sixth the cost of city gas. Much cheaper than coal or wood. Because it can be regulated the Instant-gas Oil Burner Cooks and Bakes Better than coal or wood in the same stove. No coal or wood to carry, no ashes, no chopping, shoveling or starting of fires. Greatest woman-saver in the world.

Write for 30-day trial offer and free book telling how Uncle Sam burns oil.

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Do you want Mary Ann?

She is just a big, blue, darling doll every girl would love. In fact, for Mary Ann was made to give you without asking one cent. She wants a play companion to walk with her, sing to her, and do everything you like to do. Write me today and I will tell you how to get her without cost. Send name and address and say "I want Mary Ann."

Mary Ann Can Walk—Cry Sleep—Wink

She is YOURS for doing me a little favor. I will send a Mary Ann doll just as described above to you. Write me today and I will tell you how to get her without cost. Send name and address and say "I want Mary Ann."

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Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or New Hose Free

Often take orders for chosen pairs in one family. Repeat orders make you steady income. No experience necessary. Get started at once. Best season of the year.

If you can't devote all of your time you can work two hours or six a day and make from \$2 to \$6 for every day you work. Don't delay. This will bring you a big income. Write for samples.

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Pay salary or commission. Men and women easily make \$10 to \$15 a day. Sell at night. Burns 10 hours for 2 cents. Every lady a prospective buyer. Money Back Guarantee. Write today for particulars.

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All Given

This stylish Wrist Watch guaranteed 5 years or this Big Real Eastman Camera given for selling two lots of 20 beautiful colored Arts and Religions Pictures at 10c each. Order pictures today. This Gem Set Ring with fiery brilliance of costly Diamond also given as special extra prize for promptness.

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sample lessons in Dress

Designing, Dress Making and

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ADDRESS

ne 1923

Club for Nimble Fingered Folks

By Mrs. Wheeler
Wilkinson, Ed.

On No. 4 needles cast on 65 sts, k plain for 27 ridges (about 5 inches).

In the next row k 2 sts, o, * k 3 sts, o, k 3 sts, repeat from * until 20 sts have been added. K back having 85 sts on the needles.

Sweater is now knitted to match skirt. K 1 row, p 1 row for 17 inches. K plain for 1 1/2 inches for yoke. K 32 sts, slip on holder, bind off 21 sts for the neck. K 32 sts for 15 ridges. Then cast on 15 sts at neck end for front, k 8 rows.

In next row k 5 sts, bind off 5 sts for buttonhole. K to end, turn. K, cast 5 sts to correspond with cast off sts. K 5 sts. K 2 1/2 inches. Next row from center edge 9 sts, p 3 sts, o, p 3 sts, o, repeat until 5 sts have been added. K 1 row, turn. K 9 sts, to end of row.

TAIL OF WOOL-DARNED BLOUSE.

Continue to alternate k and p rows for 3 inches, keeping the 9 sts at center edge knit in for border. Work the other front to match, to this point, join. Work for 1 inch ways knitting the 18 center sts, with alternate k and p rows on balance of sts on either side of the center. This completes yoke. and p front from this point, adding 1 st at the end of each row, until 5 sts have been added for each arm-size.

When front equals length of the back, fold at the neck line, k 1 row, decreasing 20, by knitting every 3rd and 4th sts together, with plain knit band. Bind off.

Sleeves

Pick up 60 sts work for 2 inches, decrease 1 st each end of needle for 10 sts, then increase 1 st every inch until 36 sts remain. Work k and p rows until sleeve measures or more inches in length.

Cuffs

Knit plain for 3 inches. Bind off. Crochet covering for two buttons and join back with short chain. Sew button on right-hand side of the yoke in place.

Crocheted Bertha

An open work collar which follows the popular bertha lines is sketched, and the pattern is



LITTLE GIRL'S KNITTED COAT.

shown in detail in diagram on opposite page. Using No. 50 white or ecru mercerized crochet cotton and No. 13 steel crochet hook, ch 8 sts.

One works on the width of the collar and from the top to the bottom.

1st row—1 d c in 6th st from the hook, 6 tc in next 6 sts, * ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, ch 2, skip 2, 7 d c, repeat from * alternating 2 blks and 2 sps and ending with 2 sps, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks over the 2 sps, 2 sps over the 2 blks, repeat, ending with 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 8, turn.

3rd row—1 tr c on 4th double in last row, ch 5, 1 tr c on first double of 2 blocks in last row, this makes 1 large space, 12 more large spaces, worked over every 2 blks or sps as shown in diagram. Ch 8, 1 d c on last double of 2 corner sps, 3 more d c making 1 blk over 1 sp in lower corner. Then work 1 sp, ch 5, turn. 1 blk over blk, 1 st into 5th ch of large sp, ch 5, turn. Now work to edge again, make 1 blk over sp, ch 3, turn.

4th row—1 blk over blk, 1 sp, ch 5, 1 tr c

on tr c, 13 more large sps, ch 3, 1 tr c making one-half a large sp, ch 8, turn.

5th row—Same as the 3rd row. Work edge as directed in reversing the blks and sps as shown.

Repeat until collar measures 38 to 40 inches. Finish the opposite end same as the first.

Work around the fllet bordered sides with one row of singles.

Diamond Open Work Sweater

Gage—5 stitches to inch.

Materials required. Five balls white Shetland floss, one ball colored, one pair amber needles No. 4.

Cast on 85 sts, using colored, k 9 ridges for border.

19th row—K 9 sts, k 2 tog, * wool over needle, k 2 tog, k 17 sts, k 2 tog. Repeat from * twice, ending with wool o, k 2 tog, k 9 sts. K next row and every even row.

21st row—K 8 sts, k 2 tog, * o, k 1 st, repeat from * ending with thread o, k 1, o, k 2 tog, k 8 sts.

23rd row—K 7 sts, k 2 tog, * o, k 3 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 13 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from * ending with thread o, k 3 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 7 sts.

25th row—K 6 sts, k 2 tog, * o, k 5 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 11 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from * ending as usual, then k 5 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 6 sts.

27th row—K 5 sts, k 2 tog, * o, k 7 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 9 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from * as usual, k 7 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 5 sts.

29th row—K 4 sts, k 2 tog, * o, k 9 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 7 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from * as usual, k 9 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 4 sts.

31st row—K 3 sts, k 2 tog, * o, k 11 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 5 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from * as usual, k 11 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 3 sts.

33rd row—K 2 sts, k 2 tog, * o, k 13 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 3 sts, k 2 tog, repeat from * as usual, k 13 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 2 sts.

35th row—K 1 st, k 2 tog, * o, k 15 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 1, k 2 tog, repeat from * as usual, k 15 sts, o, k 2 tog, k 1 st.

37th row—K 2 tog, * o, k 17 sts, o, k 3 tog, repeat from * as usual, k 17 sts, o, k 2 tog.

39th row—K 1 st, * o, k 2 tog, k 15 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 1 st, repeat from * as usual, k 2 tog, k 15 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 1 st.

41st row—K 2 sts, * o, k 2 tog, k 13 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 3 sts, repeat from * as usual, k 2 tog, k 13 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 3 sts.

43rd row—K 3 sts, * o, k 2 tog, k 11 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 5 sts, repeat from * as usual, k 2 tog, k 11 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 5 sts.

45th row—K 4 sts, * o, k 2 tog, k 9 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 7 sts, repeat from * as usual, k 2 tog, k 9 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 7 sts.

47th row—K 5 sts, * k 2 tog, k 7 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 9 sts, repeat from * as usual, k 2 tog, k 7 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 9 sts.

49th row—K 6 sts, * o, k 2 tog, k 5 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 11 sts, repeat from * as usual, k 2 tog, k 5 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 11 sts.

51st row—K 7 sts, * o, k 2 tog, k 3 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 13 sts, repeat from * as usual, k 2 tog, k 3 sts, k 2 tog, o, k 13 sts.

53rd row—K 8 sts, * o, k 2 tog, k 1, k 2 tog, o, k 15 sts. Repeat from * as usual, k 2 tog, k 1, k 2 tog, o, k 15 sts.

55th row—K 9 sts, * o, k 3 tog, o, k 17 sts. Repeat from * as usual, k 3 tog, o, k 17 sts.

The pattern is now complete. Repeat from the 21st row until the back is from 12 to 14 inches according to length desired. Cast on 30 sts on each side from short, or 60 for long sleeves.

Knit one and one-half diamonds for width of sleeve.

Shoulder

Fold and mark center of the back. From bottom of a sleeve work to within 17 sts of center, slip these sts, the center st and 17 sts more (35) on a pin. Knit the remaining, work back, cast on 35 sts, work to end of row. Knit one and one-half diamonds to complete sleeves. Bind off the number of stitches cast on for sleeves.

Knit front to correspond with back, finishing with border of color in plain knitting. Bind off neck. Slip stitches on back at neck on needles, bind off 1, on 34 sts, k 2 sts, p 2 sts for 6 rows. Bind off easily. Pick up 38 sts on front of neck, p 2 sts, k 2 sts for six rows, bind off, join at either side to ribbing of the back.

Wool-Darned Blouse

For this novel little slip-on one will need two yards of white point de-esprit, which is a finely dotted net, one ball of blue, pink or canary Shetland floss, a darning needle and bone crochet hook.

To avoid unnecessary darning, lay a blouse pattern on the net and indicate the outline with a colored baste thread, then just the portion to be used need be worked.

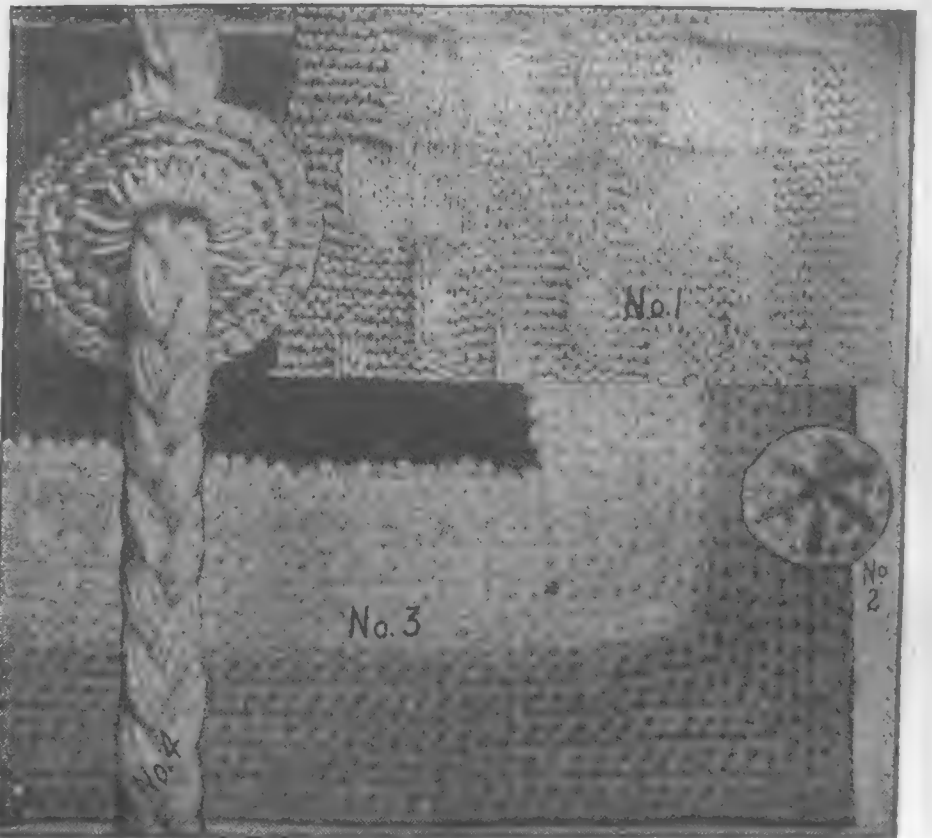
The net is dotted in rows with the dots alternating rather than opposite each other. To make the method of work clear, consider these in the first row numbered 1, 3, 5, and in the second row 2, 4, 6 etc.

Using a couple of yards of wool, start darning by working under dot No. 1 in first row, cross diagonally and work under dots 4 and 6 in second row, then back and under dots 3 and 5 in first row, under dots 6 and 8 in second row, back and under dots 7 and 9 in first row. Repeat working in this way which results in a row of diagonal stitches of wool on the right side of the net.

Be very careful in darning not to pull the wool too tight and neither should it be loose, but just of easy tension which will lie flatly on the material.

In the second row as will be seen in detail in diagram, notice that the stitches are run in at an angle to those in the first row.

Beginning to work as in the first row, run under dot No. 1 in third row of dots, cross



NO. 1. DETAIL OF BLOCK PATTERN USED IN MODEL NO. 2 ON OPPOSITE PAGE. NOS. 2 AND 3 CORNER OF BORDER AND BUTTON IN MODEL NO. 1. NO. 4. GIRDLE ON MODEL NO. 2.

and work under dots 4 and 6 in second row, then back and under dots 3 and 5 in third row. Repeat. The third row is the same as the first row, working under dots in the third and fourth rows on the net.

After the darning is completed, pull the net evenly and pin edge out, right side up, on a sheet.

See that the wool stitches are not too loose or tight in place. Turn net over and press under a damp cloth.

Make up, full bottom of blouse, bind with net. Work a wool band for the bottom as follows: Ch 28 sts, turn. 1 d c in 8th st from hook, ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, 5 more sps, ch 5, turn. Repeat making sps over sps until band is of sufficient length. Join ends together

knitting, one pair No. 5 needles, one pair No. 12 steel needles.

Size—Length of coat about 18 inches, length of sleeves, 8 1/2 inches.

Cast on 70 to 75 sts for bottom of back which should measure without stretching about 18 inches. K 3 rows plain.

4th row—K 9 sts, p 4 sts, k 4 sts, p 4 sts, k 33 sts, p 4 sts, k 4 sts, p 4 sts, k 9 sts.

5th row—K plain.

Repeat these 2 rows decreasing 1 st at the end of each needle in every 20th row, until 65 sts remain on needles. Work until back measures 18 inches.

Shoulder

K 22 sts. Bind off 21 sts for the neck, k 22 sts, turn. K 4 sts, p 4 sts, k 4 sts, p 4 sts, k 6 sts.

Alternate knit purled and plain rows for one inch, then increase 1 st at the end of each row on the front or center edge of the coat until 15 sts have been added. Knit all stitches excepting the two purled strips of 4 sts each. Work until front measures 4 inches from the neck line, then on the seam edge of the front, casting on 1 st at the end of every other row until 6 stitches have been added for the arm-hole.

Make front one-half inch longer than back and bind off loosely.

Work the second side to correspond.

Sleeves

Holding the right side of the back towards one, 4 inches below the shoulder, pick up 1 st between each ridge, along the edge, to the under-arm edge of the right front. K plain for 2 inches, then decrease 1 st every 3rd ridge until 32 sts remain.

Cuffs

With steel needles rib for 5 inches by k 2, p 2, bind off easily.

Collar

Holding wrong side of coat toward you, pick up 22 sts across back of the neck, k 2 rows, pick up 4 sts on the front, k across, pick up 4 sts on opposite front. Turn. Knit back, pick up 2 sts, k across, pick up 2 sts.

Continue to pick up 2 sts, or more sts, on each side if the collar is growing too wide until the edge of the front is reached. Bind off very loosely so edge of collar will not pull.

Plan to finish on the edge of the right-hand front, then without breaking wool, with crochet hook, ch 5, 1 s c in edge, turn, fill ch with singles, fasten off securely.

Five inches below make a second button-hole loop.

Buttons

Crochet over button-molds or make knitted square of k 1 row, p 1 row large enough to cover molds, as preferred.

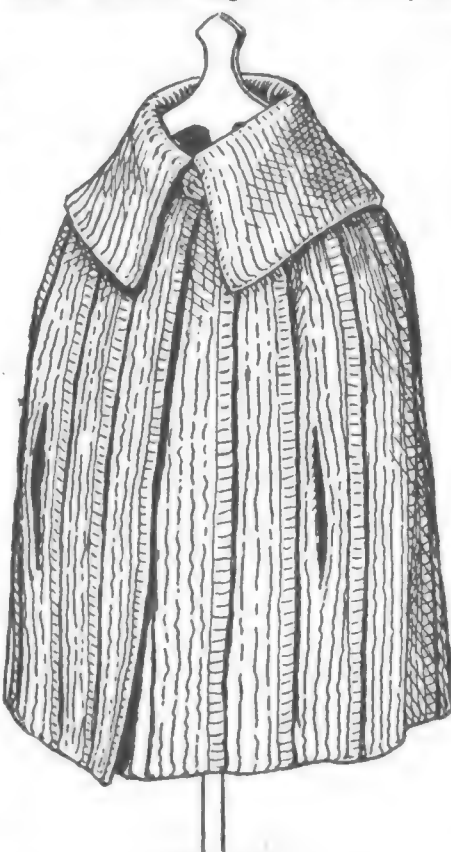
Collar rolls back and cuffs turn up half way, after coat has been sewed up on the sides.

Daffodil Cape

Four to five years' size

Materials required. Ten balls yellow Shetland floss.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



DAFFODIL CAPE.

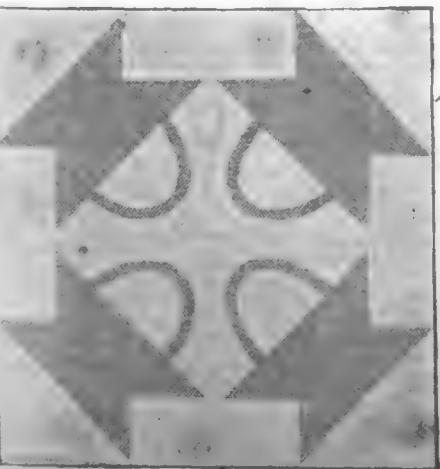
and sew in place. Finish the bottom with 1 row of singles with ch 3 picot in every other space.

The handkerchief collar which is half of a 24-inch square of the net, undarned, and the up turning ruffles on the sleeves, having a finish of the wool. Crochet one row of spaces into the net, after first turning the edges and whipping with wool. Follow spaces with one row of singles and ch 3 picot in every other space.

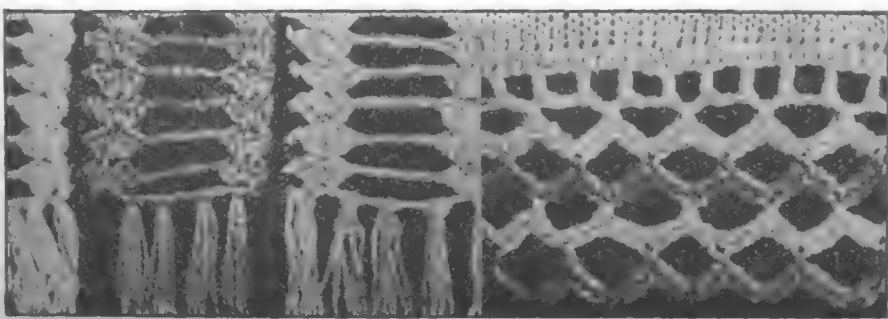
Little Girl's Knitted Coat

Three-year size

Materials required. Five to six balls Scotch

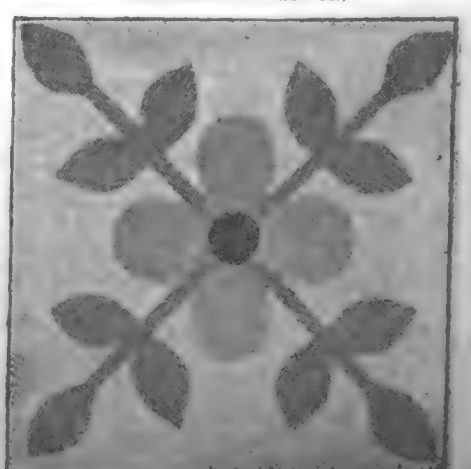


BASKET DESIGN BY IDA L. SOUTHWARD.



DETAIL OF CROCHETED OPEN-WORK SCARF.

FINISH ON SPORT DRESS NO. 2 ON OPPOSITE PAGE. WILD ROSE APPLIQUE BY EDNA R. NUNZBAUGH.



Tribulations of Tourists in Europe

By Eugene Crowther

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ARE you going to Europe? If you are, here are a few notes from my own recent experiences: The main thing is the passport. It is the best friend and the biggest nuisance in the world. It has to be guarded as the most valuable possession. With it one can wade through the maize of red tape of the big and petty governments that infest the Continent; without it, one is stuck. In the latter case, our old friend (?), the American Consul, may prove a friend in need. If, after using the tactics of a Philadelphia lawyer, one succeeds in convincing him that the passport was actually lost, one may be favored with an emergency passport. Another combination of friend and nuisance is baggage. The less, the better. If it were not for being called a tramp, I should be tempted to travel on the Continent baggage-free, that is, without any at all, except perhaps what my pockets would hold. Two favorite pastimes of the high and mighty petty officials whose duty it is to carefully scrutinize every victim who has the temerity to go from one country to another consists in seeing if they cannot have the thrill of detecting something wrong with a passport, or finding some forbidden article. (If they find several things of this character, their elation baffles description.) I often wonder what they do with the big, fat Havana cigars which they confiscate. There is such a gleam of delight in their eyes on such occasions, that I am tempted to believe that the cigars go the same route as those of a father who has several boys in high school. The supreme delight of these minor dignitaries consists in keeping a train standing a couple of hours on each side of the border, while the harassed tourists wait for their passports to get decorated with more rubber stamps, and wonder if they are ever going to get the precious documents back again.

And how they expect people to travel without money is beyond me. Ever since I saw them take five hundred good American dollars from a fat individual without giving him a signed receipt, I have been glad I brought traveler's checks along, even if it is a nuisance to find someone with brains enough to accept them. I saw the fat individual about three weeks later.

"Have you recovered your money yet?" I inquired. "Not a penny," he replied. "Our Legation told me they thought they could recover it in a few weeks; that the ordinary routine in foreign governments required about six months for anything to get through; but they hoped to get it done quicker through direct channels." I should be gorgeously decorated for having slain so many European bedbugs. The hotel owners are very ungrateful. I had to bribe them for the privilege. They can afford to be independent. For every room there are a dozen applicants. Elegant people are often found in third-rate hotels, because it is either that or the park-bench.

Pocketbooks will soon go out of fashion in several countries. They have only paper money in circulation and it is becoming so worthless that it may become necessary to carry it around in baskets. I heard of a Swiss brewer who economized by dispensing with the usual printed labels for his bottles and substituting Austrian one-crown notes. I am not a pessimist, but it does make one feel "fed-up" after having stood in line for a train-seat, standing room in a street-car, and a theater ticket, to have to wait an hour in a restaurant before the man in dress-suit finally succeeds in getting the cook to understand what them "furriners" want, and ventures in with a bowl of dishwater which he calls soup.

Please don't take me for a confirmed grouch, for I am planning to take another trip when my nerves get soothed sufficiently.

Note.—Mr. Crowther is in the Diplomatic Service of the United States, and at present is attached to the American Legation at Belgrade, capital of Jugoslavina.—EDITOR.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

We came here from Texas so we could own a home, as land was cheap here. Land that cost \$12 to \$15 an acre will grow much finer strawberries, fruit and truck than the \$200 land of Texas. We live in the foothills of the beautiful southern Ozarks and have many springs of soft water and such nice fish. If you will come down this summer, we will go fishing on Rolling Fork river, which is one of the most beautiful mountain streams in Arkansas.

We live in the adjoining county to the largest peach orchard in the world. Listen, cousins: Arkansas has the largest single spring in the world, one of the most luxurious bath houses in the world, the largest canning factory in the world, and the most beautiful state capitol in the world. This last was built in 1826 and is said to be one of the finest examples of Doric architecture in the U. S. Arkansas grows almost every conceivable fruit that can be grown in the temperate zone. Arkansas takes first place in apples, both as to quality and quantity, and has won first prize with these at all great expositions for the past twenty years. Out of the 10,000 acres of canteloupes that are grown in Arkansas, Sevier county in which we live produces almost half. Uncle, if you could eat one fresh from the vine, I know you would agree with Commissioner Ferguson who, I said: "Ripened in the sunshine of an Ozark summer, the Arkansas canteloupe needs only to be sliced in half and sprinkled with crushed ice to make a feast fit for a king—two kings! The flavor of its rich yellow meat combines the sweetness of the strawberry with the lusciousness of the peach—suggesting a dash of grape fruit and pinches of rare spices. It is both a food and a delicacy, the most pleasing, welcome and nourishing of all breakfast fruits."

No, I will not describe myself or tell my age—since I will vote in the next presidential election. Everybody be good and some one please write to me, as I get lonely.

Lovingly your niece and cousin,

MAUDE PARKER.

All right, Maude, you fooled your Other Uncle! Here's your Hymn of Arkansas plain as print. I think you are a darn good speller in spite of all your Other Uncle may say. I'll bet this Other Uncle isn't nearly as nice a relative as I am.

I wish you hadn't written so enthusiastically about Arkansas, Maude. I had just got my mind all settled as to living in Missouri, when here you come and get it all unsettled again with your alluring statistics. Think of having the largest single spring in the world on which to rest one's mattress and vertebrae! I always find the springs too narrow on most single beds. Then, after a morning tub in the finest of bath mansions, I could have for my breakfast, 365 days in the year, a big, luscious, spicy, icy,

Easter Wedding in Mid-Ocean



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Now they're calling the S. S. President Polk, of the United States Lines, "the Honeymoon Special", for two "deep-sea weddings" have taken place aboard it.

This photo shows the marriage, on Easter Sunday, 1923, of Mr. Bart Doyle, of Old Orchard, Maine, and Miss Edith Lockhart, of England, with Captain W. L. McLean, skipper of the Polk, reading the service.

After the marriage a new flag was flown by the vessel—a "honeymoon banner" consisting of two huge red hearts transfixed by a red Cupid's arrow, on a white ground.

Arkansas canteloupe. Gosh, Maude, but it looks bad for Missouri just now. Do you think you could stand two Uncles in De Queen? But perhaps I can compromise and build my house right across the state line—spending my mornings in Arkansas and my afternoons in Missouri. I would have to be in your state for breakfast, of course, or how could I sink my teeth in a juice-drowning, Ozark-ripened, Sevier county globe of lusciousness! What are the prices of building lots, with fishing rights, along the Rolling Fork river, Maude? I may want to roll in some day, and if I should read your letter over once more I'd probably start rolling at once.

SOMEWHERE IN TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS: Have just finished reading the last issue of COMFORT and it was impossible to resist answering the many interesting letters on our good old page. Especially Cousin Jeff's appeal for a chance for us brunettes readers to express our intellectual ideas, which same I have been trying to impress on Uncle Lisha for lo! how many years? Now Uncle, please don't squelch me so completely this time even if my effort is rather a sorry one, for the order was for brunettes, and, as O. Roy Cohen says, "among which I am whom." This is about my seventh letter, so you see I am nothing if not persistent. Cousin Ruth is all right! When I read her letter I felt like saying, "Them's my sentiments, sister." Gus and Jack are not really as disgusted with the feminine population of our United States as their recent attacks would indicate. They are only misguided—only misguided. I think they were temporarily soured on girls in general as the result of the unreasonableness of some one girl in particular. True they may have had a sneaky suspicion 'way down in their hearts that all was not well with a goodly (or badly?) portion of the unfair sex, but would have kept right on saying nothing if some gentle little thing hadn't trampled all over tender feelings and caused them to hop right into a rage and flay us all so recklessly. Personally I was as amused as Cousin Ruth and didn't get the least bit angry, for, says I, if a fellow can't express his true feelings on the page its purpose will have been defeated, and besides, when one has up that much steam it has to be blown off or something is going to bust!

Uncle Lisha, when my COMFORT arrives the first place I turn to is the Cousins' Page, and the first thing I read is your editorial before I even glance at the letters. In my late lamented letter, whose tomb was Uncle Lisha's own waste-basket, I told of a 400-mile, cross-Texas trip that I made all by myself in an automobile last June, but it must have been too exciting for print, for it did not pass muster at the Desk. I had another experience that I meant to tell—about being lost all night on a lonely, strange beach; in a wet bathing suit and nothing else. This was on the Texas coast near Point Isabel where the wilderness of prairie-grass, cactus and mesquite grow down almost to the water's edge. I nearly froze to death, though it was July, but the worst was that I was frightened out of my wits. The coyotes howled entirely too close for my peace of mind, and the seabirds cried and circled and cried. Maybe I cried a little myself, but I'm not telling. The moon helped out all she could by shining her brightest, but it was the dear old sun I longed most to see. When dawn came I wasn't nearly so badly lost as I thought. A searching party in a Ford found me, alive and whole, when the best they expected was my mangled remains. Then someone wanted to know how come that gray hair on my fair temple and I only twenty-one years old last month!

My description to prove I'm brunette before I go. Maybe I am robust enough for Cousin Jeff! I am five feet, seven inches tall; weigh a hundred and thirty-five pounds and wear size five shoes. My hair is black, of the type known as "patent-leather hair" when it is smoothly brushed; eyes, dark brown; complexion that would be called olive in fiction, but which I call just plain tan. All the olives I ever saw were green, anyhow, so I prefer some other shade, myself. I love games and outdoor sports, music and everything nice. In fact I am quite normal in most ways. Now I'll tell you what I am and what I want to be. I am a telephone operator, and—oh, hush laughing now, and let me finish, or I'll argue with you all day! My ambition is to write. Short stories and poems occupy my spare time pretty well, but I have never given an editor the chance to send me his nicely regretful rejection slip yet. For I know enough to admit what I can't do anything worth while until my education is more complete and all the other things that a successful author must have. My father says I have talent in that direction, but he may be a trifle prejudiced, seeing as how I'm the only one of his five daughters that resembles him in appearance and tastes. (We are both "book-worms").

Your niece and cousin,

GRACE CARAL.

Grace, you shake a lively typewriter and it surely is a shame you had to wiggle the keys until the lucky seventh time before I would take any notice. Now I wonder if I really have been showing partiality to blondes as Cousin Jeff boldly declared! Mebbe I have, but I know I didn't mean to; honest Injun, I didn't. Anyway hair is so variable nowadays that it is a wise man who keeps an open mind and color card. I shall try and do this in the future.

I'm deeply grieved, Grace, that you got so much lost in the frigid Texas climate that your hair turned a bit gray from wandering about and crying with the seabirds and coyotes. But by being so robust a brunette, of the true Cousin Jeff Brand, you see you survived the experience and proved yourself difficult to lose. One of those little pocket edition blondes might have been gnawed by coyotes and sand fleas long ago.

You have the correct idea, Grace. If you want to write, read and learn all that you can, so that you may have an inner well from which to draw. For your reading stick to the best that has been thought and said—the best thought said in the best way. Hold a lively, observing interest in men and things and keep a human sympathy always bubbling above your lavaliers. Gain enough of the technique of the game to express what you have to say correctly—and then go to it and write. If you have anything in your mental well worth bringing to the surface it will come out. And it will help you to be persistent enough not to mind rejection slips and to knock even to seven times—just as you have at the door behind which I have enjoyed your other letters—which Billy positively devoured with deep admiration.

PEEBLES, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA: I have been reading the interesting letters of the cousins in COMFORT—which I have been borrowing, but now I have a chance to write, and maybe read, one of my own. To be brief about it: I have joined the League.

I live on a farm just two miles from the famous Serpent Mound, one of the great works of the Mound Builders, so if some of the cousins will write to me, I'll give them all the news about the mound. For my own description: I am sixteen years old, five feet, ten inches in height; have brown hair, clear blue eyes—and am Irish from head to foot. I am a junior in high school and have spent six weeks in college.

Now, cousins, don't be backward and forget about me away down here in the jungle. Just write me a letter and see if I will not answer it!

Your new nephew,

JACK MARON.

Jack, we are glad to be joined by one of the original Mound Builders—even if you refuse to tell us anything about that old Earth Serpent which was shovelled together so many centuries ago. Science doesn't seem to know just why the big mound was built, but, shucks! there are lots of things we are building now that scientists of a few thousand years ahead will have to puzzle over. So that makes it square Some Professor Adolphus Doodlebury, in the year 4689, perhaps, will dig up some well-preserved Ford and decide that it may be the skeleton of a mammoth Armored Land Crab.

For your father's sake, Jack, I'm glad you only spent six weeks in college. Many fellows have spent six or seven thousand dollars there. Why did you go back to your mound building after only a month and a half of academic life? I trust you did not disagree with your professors so that they restored you to the jungle and the Serpent of your Ohio Eden! The next time you write, Jack, tell us how many mounds should be arranged in an acre of well-hilled potatoes.

League Shut-In and Mercy Work for June

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me." Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)



16 Latest Fox Trots and Waltzes

- FOX TROTS
1. You Know You Belong to Somebody Else.
 2. Carolina in the Morning.
 3. I Gave You Up Before You Threw Me Down.
 4. Parade of the Wooden Soldiers.
 5. You're Gotta See Mama Every Night.
 6. Dearest.
 7. Lovin' Sam.
 8. Mr. Gallagher and Mr. McGraw.
 9. Accusatin' Papa (Shim Sham).
 10. Tomorrow.
 11. Let's A Wonderful Girl!
 12. My Buddy.

- WALTZES
13. Three O'Clock in the Morning.
 14. Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses.
 15. Red Moon.
 16. Mellow Moon.

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Here is the greatest phonograph-record bargain ever offered! All brand new records, right straight from factory to you! The very latest Broadway hits—the most popular dance music of today. All New York is dancing to these wonderful, catchy, swingy Fox Trots and Waltzes. Eight full size ten-inch brand new records which play on BOTH SIDES, giving you SIXTEEN complete selections. PLAYED BEAUTIFULLY by the most wonderful JAZZ ORCHESTRAS you ever heard! A wonderful collection of latest hits—ALL FOR ONLY \$2.98. Never before such a bargain in up-to-the-minute records!

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Please send me for 10 days' trial, your collection of 16 Fox Trots and Waltzes on eight double-face ten-inch records guaranteed equal to any records made. I will pay the postman only \$2.98 plus postage on arrival. This is not to be considered a purchase, however. If the records do not come up to my expectations, I reserve the right to return them at any time within 10 days and you will refund my money.

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The most sensational bargain of the season. Choice of two popular styles in women's rich Vaseline Satin Dress Pumps. One style has military heels with rubber top lifts, the other has low walking heels with rubber top lifts. Both styles are the popular one strap with two button closing and have good wearing soles. Sizes 2 1/2 to 8. Order Military Heel style by No. 5170, Low Walking Heel style by No. 5171. (One pair of extra quality cotton hose given with every pair.) SEND QUICK! Just give name, address, number and size. Pay nothing till goods arrive. Then only our established price, \$1.97 and postage, for either style. If not amazed at your saving, return shipment and we refund your money at once. Order today!

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Chicken Lice Vanish In Twenty-Four Hours

Amazing New Discovery Banishes Vermin
Like Magic—Makes Fowls Grow
and Lay More Eggs

Practical Poultryman Offers \$1 For Every
Louse You Can Find.

Lice, chiggers, fleas, mites, etc., probably steal one-third to one-half of the poultry raiser's profits by sucking the very life blood from the flock. But there is no longer any reason why you should suffer this loss since the perfection of a remarkable new mineral formula by science.

Not only does this wonderful method do away with the bother and trouble of greasing, dusting and spraying, but it practically assures doubling your profits because you get more eggs and fatter broilers.



The Lousy Chicken
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any louse you can find on their poultry since using Paratabs.

This wonderful mineral compound simply puts elements into the fowls' blood which the lice cannot stand, yet is warranted not to flavor the eggs or meat in any way.

Over 150,000 poultry raisers have used this formula known as Paratabs with great success. Many say they would not think of doing without it.

Simply address a post card or letter to M. B. Smith, 3309 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. Don't send any money at all. Mr. Smith will immediately send you two large \$1.00 packages (enough for a season) at a special introductory price of only \$1.00. Pay the postman only \$1.00 and postage. You can easily sell one package to a friend and thus get yours free. Try Paratabs 10 days. If the lice are not all gone, your hens laying more eggs, and strutting around full of life and pep, if for any reason you are not satisfied, simply say so and your money will be returned.

This is a special introductory offer good for only a short time and should be accepted at once, as a big bank says Mr. Smith does as he says, furthermore, your money is fully protected by ample bank deposits.



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THREE MILLION FOR 1923

Two popular breeds of best thoroughbred stock obtainable, moderately priced, also QUALITY chicks from heavy laying stock at small additional cost.

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GETS every rat where ordinary rat poisons fail. The secret is—you vary the bait by mixing it with a different food each night. Write for free booklet—"Ending Rats and Mice."

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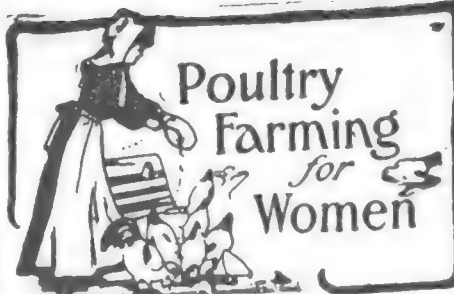
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CHICKS PEDIGREED, strong and vigorous, from 40 breeds heavy layers. Exhibition and Select grades. Postage PAID. Live arrival guaranteed. Our Hatcheries EAST AND WEST from which to ship. A month's feed FREE. Catalog free. Stamps appreciated. Nabob Hatcheries, Box B, Gambier, Ohio

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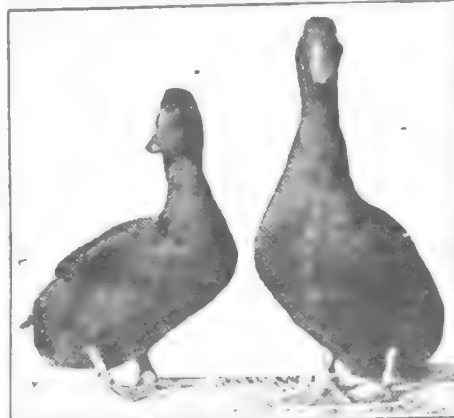


BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Raising Wild Duck and Pheasants

BREEDING game birds, such as pheasants, quail and wild duck, to sell for stocking gentlemen's large estates, has become such a profitable occupation that it is well worth attention. In the past I have gone into the subject of raising pheasants and quail, and now I am in a position to take up wild ducks, for I have had several years' experience, and know that raising them in captivity is both practicable and profitable.

A friend who stayed with us one summer, whilst wandering about on a marshy strip of land the other side of the woods, returned with a much mutilated duck in one hand, and six eggs in his hat. Of course, it was against the game laws to keep eggs, but as the mother bird was lying dead beside the nest, our friend thought it no crime to bring the eggs home. I



DOMESTICATED WILD DUCKS.

set them under a broody hen; then I drove to the game warden's, showed him the dead bird, explained how she had been found, and gained his absolution.

In twenty-three days the eggs hatched, and the ducklings were as strong and contented with the mother hen as a brood of Pekins would have been. At first, they had the same custard and rice feed as the other young game birds, supplemented by water from the marshy land. A pan was sunk in the ground near the brood coop, and filled up at each feeding time. A fresh supply being brought up night and morning, it contained innumerable water creatures and some duckweed, which the little fellows devoured eagerly.

The hen was kept imprisoned in the brood coop for two weeks, after which she was allowed to walk out on the lawn with her charges from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Being an old hen with strong maternal instincts, she continued to breed the foster family for eight weeks. After that we made a cage like enclosure of wire netting at the end of the orchard, and extended it into the river, put a rough shelter at one corner, and imprisoned one pair of birds.

In the marshy land much further from the house and buildings, another enclosure was made, six feet high, having no wire over the top, as we wanted to try the experiment of giving the birds their liberty when old enough to safely protect themselves. Before they attempted flight, a natural wild duck was found in the yard one morning. Attracted by the cry of the young ones, it had evidently flown in over the top of the wire netting, which had confused and prevented its escape, for the poor thing was lying, half stunned, in a corner. It was captured, and transferred to the enclosure in the orchard, where it soon became nearly as tame as the others.

Late in the season, the young duck was removed, leaving the farm-raised with the wild duck. They were not allowed their liberty until the next spring, and subsequently they nested in the old winter shelter, rearing their brood without any assistance from us.

The wire was entirely removed from around the shelter in the marshy land early in the fall, but one feed a day was still provided. The birds became friendly with others of their kind, and at one time we thought they had deserted us, but in the early spring they returned to their old feeding ground, accompanied by several wild birds.

Stealthy watching and hunting revealed eight nests that year. Eighteen eggs were stolen in all, and set under two hens, and sixteen young ones raised. Eight were sold for ten dollars a pair, to a gentleman who owned a large estate in Rockland County, and desired to establish a breeding ground on marshy land near a lake.

The demand for live birds has outstripped our capacity each year, so I am sure any one going into the business will find it very profitable.

Pheasants will lay in any sheltered corner on the ground rather than in any made nest, and the male birds are really cannibals. If they catch sight of an egg they devour it immediately, so it is well to sneak round the yards, locate the nests, and steal the eggs as frequently as possible. Pheasants are never very good setters or mothers, especially in captivity, so the

best plan is to use a bantam or small Leghorn hen to set the eggs under. When you have stolen nine eggs, get a box a foot square, turn it on one side, and across the bottom of the open front nail a slat, behind which place a nest of soft hay. Stand this nest box inside (at one end) of another box two and one-half feet long, with sides a foot or more deep. Make a cover of one-half inch mesh wire netting, for the large box, to open like a lid. Scatter sand on the floor, nail up a small drinking pan in one corner, and you have a safe, rat-proof coop for Biddy and the eggs. Another motive for the outer box is that baby pheasants are so very little, so wild, and so easily frightened, that they are apt to quit the nest as soon as hatched, get lost, become chilled, and die.

It takes from twenty-five to twenty-six days to incubate eggs. The brood coop to be used the first two weeks should be on the same principle as the nestboxes, and even when they are on the grass run you must exercise the greatest caution to avoid anything like cracks or crevices in or around the sides, for they are such mites, and have such capacity for getting through the eyes of needles, that special care is necessary. If some knothole or depression in the ground has escaped your vigilance, and a baby does stray off, go about two yards away and remain perfectly still. Don't be impatient.

It may be ten minutes before you hear anything. Then, unless all hope is over, you will hear a plaintive little cry. Do not move until it has been repeated three or four times, and you are quite sure where it comes from. Then make a sudden dive and secure the truant, which is usually under a tuft of grass or in some little hole. If you move about while hunting for him, there won't be a sound, and you may hunt all day with little success.

Feed for Young Pheasants

Give the usual nothing for twenty-four hours; then stale cornmeal bread, crumbled (half a cupful), one tablespoonful of silver sand, one tablespoonful of crushed mustard seed, one teaspoonful of maw seed (poppy seed), one-half boiled egg chopped fine. Mix all together and feed every two hours between 6 A. M. and 4 P. M. for three days, after which milk curds, crushed wheat, pinhead oatmeal, chopped lettuce, green onions and boiled liver can be added to the bill of fare.

A change of diet sharpens appetite, so use discretion in alternating the latter dainties. Meat, vegetables or fruit are all necessities to these birds, and when possible should be supplied in the more natural form of grubs, insects and berries. Ants' eggs are among their favorite foods, and are easily obtained by digging into the middle of an ant hill. Meal grubs can also be created by slightly moistening meal, then keeping it in a moderately warm place.

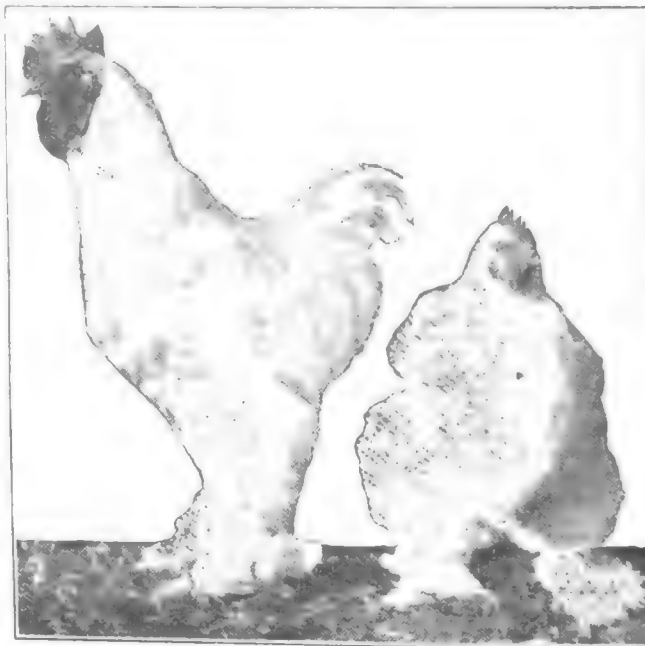
After the eighth week, cracked corn, wheat, barley, Kafir corn, rape—in fact, all the small grains, are staple food for the rest of their lives, and can always be left before them in self-feeding boxes, for they are not gluttons and never eat too much.

Once a day a crumbly mash containing meat and green stuff of some sort should be fed if the birds are to be kept in good breeding condition.

Bacillary White Diarrhea in Chickens

At least half the letters I receive at this season of the year have to do with the loss among newly hatched chicks, and majority of which have been caused by white diarrhea, so I decided on taking that disease as my text for this month's talk, instead of answering letters individually in a correspondence column, where restricted space prevents me from giving a full description of the disease. For the last few years I have kept in touch with all the research work done in Connecticut, and other experiment stations in regard to the scourge amongst newly hatched chicks, and also have given much time to studying the symptoms and sources of infection on my own farm.

The Storrs College has made a very exhaustive study, and done a great deal of experimental work testing laying hens, fresh and



PRIZE WHITE COCHIN FOWLS.

partly incubated eggs; and their work has proved conclusively that the disease is readily transferred from bird to bird and the eggs laid by the infected birds contain the germ of the disease. As in most all other diseases, the symptoms, and appearance of the intestinal organs after death vary considerably, and in very few cases are all the symptoms to be found. But I must of course enumerate all the symptoms, and, as clearly as I can, the conditions, to enable you to recognize those you may meet in different cases. But, remember, you are not likely to find each sufferer carrying all the earmarks of the disease. The earliest deaths may occur within a very short time after hatching, without any prominent symptoms, excepting, perhaps, weakness and lack of vitality. The characteristic whitish discharge from the vent, makes its appearance in the flock, the time depending without doubt, upon the virulence of the organism and the mode of infection. The discharge may be slight or profuse, in color white or creamy, sometimes mixed with brown. The voided matter has a more or less

EASY NOW TO RID YOUR PLACE OF FLIES

Widely Known Scientist Discovers Wonder
Chemical that is Fatal to Flies
Not a Poison—Harm-
less to Stock.

Flies are one of the most dangerous, annoying things with which the farmer has to contend. Now, through the discovery of E. R. Alexander, widely known scientist, you can rid your house and barns and livestock of these pests almost instantly, and with cost at all. This discovery is in the form of an organic chemical that is fatal to flies and other pests, such as chiggers, mosquitoes and



This new discovery, which is called Rid-O-Fly, is not a poison. Though it kills flies like magic, farm animals and humans are not affected by it at all. In addition, these insects, Rid-O-Fly is a strong disinfectant. Flies will not come near stock or humans. Rid-O-Fly has been used on a large scale for many years, and is a well known fact that flies do untold harm to animals.

So confident is Dr. Alexander that his new discovery will rid your house, barns and livestock of these pests that he offers to send a \$5.00 order for only \$1.25 on the guarantee that if it does not solve your fly problems it will be nothing. Two big Kansas City Banks guarantee the reliability of this offer.

SEND NO MONEY—Just your name and address to the Alexander Laboratories, 1000 Broadway Station, Kansas City, Mo., and the factory offer will be mailed at once.

sticky or glairy character. It may be streaked down below the vent, or may be the down in sufficient quantity to seal the vent. This is the condition that is designated as "pasting up behind." The condition, however, is not necessarily indicative of white diarrhea.

The chicks soon become listless and inclined to huddle together and remain in the hovey much of the time. They seem to have no appetite and do not eat much. When they attempt to take food the crop is more or less mechanical. The wings droop or project slightly from the body, the feathers ruffled. In acute cases the crop is closed, and the chicks become listless, everything that goes on about them, of the chicks peep or chirp consisting of a sound being shrill or weak according to the strength of the individual. Frequently, endeavoring to void the excreta, the chick utters a shrill twitter, apparently in pain. The breathing may be labored, the wings heaving with each breath. Occasionally, may note a certain amount of gasping.

During the progress of the disease, the chick may die suddenly, while still in the nest. When the disease is prolonged, the chick gradually wastes away, becoming weaker until scarcely able to support its weight. In this stage they will sometimes rest against foreign objects for support, with legs braced apart, squaring their bodies, utterly helpless.

Frequently the chicks take on a stunted appearance which poultrymen call "stilty." The back seems to shorten and the wings protrude out of proportion, causing the chick to look "stilty" as compared with normal development. This condition is accurately described as follows:

"The weakling is almost big bellied, the dome protruding to the rear so that it hangs out behind, well out of line with the rest of the result that the chick looks as if the tail piece and backbone had been pushed forward and in just above the vent."

With few exceptions, the deaths from bacillary white diarrhea occur while the chicks are under one month of age. After this time straggling deaths may be expected, and if the conditions set in, a high mortality may be served. The chicks which have had the bacillary white diarrhea seem to be greatly weakened in constitution, and fall an easy prey to predators which would be resisted easily by normal chicks.

Those which survive remain more or less stunted in their development. Frequently they are misshapen, with long beaks, "crow heads," and with imperfect feathers. In every way they impress one as being weak and lacking in vitality. This condition may persist indefinitely, or the bird may gain vigor and vitality, and finally make satisfactory development.

The usual method of autopsy has been followed, the bird being placed on its back on a board, the outstretched wings and legs held in position, the skin covering the breast and abdomen removed, and the internal organs exposed to view by the removal of the breastbone. In typical cases the following conditions are found:

Crop—Empty, or partially filled with fluid or with food.

Lungs—Apparently normal.

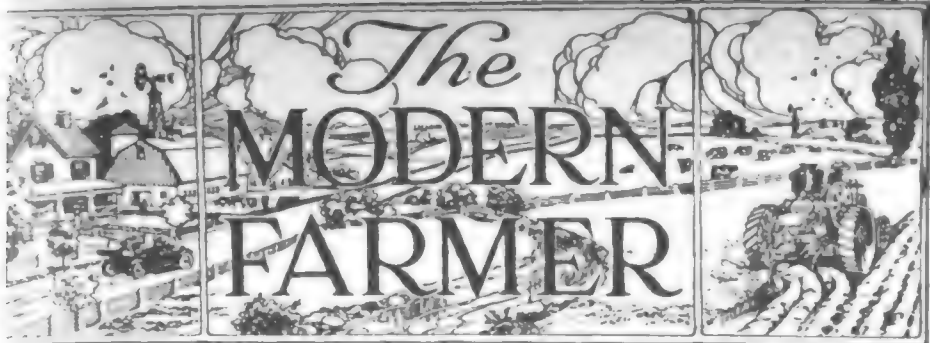
Liver—Pale, with streaks and patches. The congested areas are usually large. Occasionally epidemics will be met with in which the liver is more or less congested throughout. In such cases, the portion of the liver lying in contact with the liver is inflamed.

Kidney and Spleen—Apparently normal.

Intestines—Pale, and for the greater part empty. A small amount of dark grayish brownish matter frequently present.

Oeca—With but few exceptions, the crop is filled with a grayish soft material, occasionally cheesy or firm contents.

Unabsorbed Yolk—Usually present, in size from a pea to a full-sized yolk. Color may vary from a yellow to a brownish green or nearly black. In consistency it is also much variation. It may appear very normal, distinctly gelatinous, or more or less dry and firm. Unless the bird has been dead some time the yolk is not but merely stale.



June—Month of Perfection The Gardener's Busiest Season

JUNE is the serene month of all the year; the month of birds and flowers and verdant foliage; the month of smiling skies and smiling brides. Truly "God's in his Heaven; all's right with the world" June, but she lavishes the bounties of Nature for only a short time, then becomes only fond memory. The gardener must follow advice of Robert Herrick, if he is to enjoy to the fullest extent, given in the lines:

"Gather ye rose buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And the same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying."

Good advice, that, whether it be applied the time spent in the flower garden or with or sprinkling can or trowel among the etables. Early and late in the garden is rule in June, but we will not call the long work; after the long winter that is past, before the arrival of the hot days of toil come, garden work now is play, a pleasure be enjoyed to the fullest.

Keep the garden working by planting a cession of the vegetables you like best, is the very best way to lengthen the season of productiveness. Plant spinach, beans, peas, corn, radishes, beets, lettuce kohlrabi at intervals of two to three weeks. In dry regions radishes and late peas may not give summer drought, so others must be seen. The main thing is to see that no seed is allowed to remain idle. Beans may alternated with cucumbers in the row, then bean plants pulled up after they have shed bearing, making ample room for the umbers to spread.

Do not forget squash and pumpkins. They live best if planted when the ground is warm, they must be given room to spread. In shade of the sweet corn rows is a fine place both, if the corn is cut and removed after as produced. Two new varieties of dwarf ash are worthy of the attention of garden-

These are suited to any location where larger squashes will thrive, but are more irable because of their smaller size and rection of waste when prepared for the table. is a small edition of the well-known Hubbard, developed by inbreeding by the Minnesota Experiment Station. On the market it is known as "Kitchenette", is dark green color and fully equal to the larger Hubbards flavor. Average size is less than 5 pounds. s uniform in size, attractive in appearance, keeps perfectly in storage. The fact that matures one to two weeks earlier than the er kinds is an added inducement. The er new dwarf squash is especially adapted Minnesota and Iowa, where it originated, should do well in other regions when it gives a trial. It is even earlier than the uf Hubbard, and averages even smaller size. It is dark green and smooth, or free n the "warts" common to Hubbards, but n stored it ripens to a bright golden color. Pumpkins need little or no care after plant- and are doubly deserving of garden space, we have yet to find anyone who does not pumpkin pie—and the children just can't brate Halloween without Jack o' lanterns. e small pie pumpkins have the call over big, coarse varieties, as any housewife ows. They store better, have thinner skins, sker and better flavored flesh. Plant a hills of pumpkins, then leave their care Nature.

Dust Mulch Is Valuable

Good advice for the gardener is contained the lines "Who would have a fine garden ist look well to the soil thereof, that it be t cumbered with tares and other greedy eds that do rob the worthy flowers or fruit." e of the most important factors in the suc- s of a vegetable garden is the maintenance what experienced gardeners know as the ust mulch." This is nothing more nor less in a coating of dry, very fine earth covering soil of the planted area to a depth of one wo inches. It is created and maintained frequent cultivation with a common hoe, illie-hoe, wheel hoe or rake, the work being ne as soon as the water has soaked into the und after a shower or the use of hose or inkling can.

The principles of the dust mulch are sim- city itself. Normally there is constant aporation of soil moisture during dry weath- the moisture working up through to the face. This is brought about by what is led "capillary attraction"; each grain of htly packed soil is surrounded by a very in film of moisture, and the soil particles ing in close contact enables the water film move upwards as if "drawn by the sun". is constant evaporation from the soil, of urse, exhausts the moisture supply around e roots of plants. When it is remembered at the feeding roots of plants can take food ly in liquid form, it is easily seen that unless e moisture content of the soil is maintained e food elements contained in the soil cannot utilized and the plants cannot thrive.

Now, the dust mulch checks evaporation breaking up the innumerable little columns water before they reach the surface and ke their escape into the air. Hence it acts a most effective conservator of soil moisture—ort of "insulator" that prevents evaporation. garden that is carefully dust mulched will k quite dry on the surface, but by digging wn a couple of inches it will be found to be mp and cool, even on the hottest day. Here- lies full proof that the roots are well nourish-

Another advantage of the dust mulch is at the cultivation necessary to maintain it ound to hold the weeds in check—and we ve yet to find a garden that hasn't some eds that need checking. The recipe for e truly weedless garden has not yet been

discovered, we must sadly admit, but constant care will go far in the right direction.

Nicotine Dust for Insect Control

A comparatively new method of insect control has recently been announced by the Bureau of Entomology, following extended tests in which this method has surpassed any other known method of controlling such important truck-crop pests as onion thrips, cucumber beetles, melon aphids and pea aphids. Nicotine dust has several advantages over a liquid spray of nicotine sulphate. Dusting requires much less weight of material per acre than spraying, and may be done in a much shorter time with a lighter and less expensive machine. The tiny particles of dust reach many insects that would escape the most carefully applied sprays. Dust may be applied with hand dusters, horse-drawn machines or power-operated outfits, according to the size of the farm or garden.

Nicotine dust is a nicotine sulphate solution mixed in correct proportions with a dust carrier. Lime alone is usually used for the carrier, but the addition of sulphur to the lime makes the material more effective against most insects. Several thorough applications are necessary; these should be made when the insect pests first appear, but before they have done serious damage. The dust is most effective at temperatures above 65 degrees Far., and when the air is still. It loses strength if held for any great length of time or if not put up in airtight containers. Several forms of chewing insects attacking vegetable crops can be controlled by adding 10 per cent. of powdered lead arsenate to the nicotine dust used, against aphids or thrips, and it should also be used in this combination when dusting small plants for cucumber beetles.

Be Ready for Rose Chafers

About this time of the year when grapes, roses and many garden flowers and vines are in blossom, long-legged beetles about one-third of an inch in length appear suddenly in great swarms in some parts of the country. These beetles are usually a light ochre or yellowish brown in color, and are variously known as rose chafers or "rose bugs". In northern states they make their appearance after the middle of June; in the South they come two or three weeks earlier. For some three to six weeks they remain to strip bushes and vines of blossoms and foliage, overrun the garden, vineyard, orchard and nursery, overlooking little that is green, then disappearing almost as suddenly as they came. As the pests do not confine their ravages to any one particular part of a plant, but consume blossoms, leaves, fruit and green stems with equal relish, they leave desolation behind them in regions and years of worst infestation.

The rose chaffer is not only a serious pest; it is one of the most difficult of all our insects to combat successfully. If the insects are present in great numbers no effective remedy is known.

Every insect in the garden or on the rose bushes may be killed one day; the next day the plants will again be completely covered with a new horde of hungry eaters, perhaps a new brood or perhaps insects that have migrated from elsewhere. Therefore, to be of any value whatever, spraying must be almost continuous, and this is impossible in large areas. None of the common sprays are of any value; compounds of copper, lime, kerosene, pyrethrum, hot water, tobacco, quassia, as well as solutions of alum, hellebore and the proprietary remedies prove absolutely useless. Paris green damages the flowers but unless frequently applied does little good. Arsenate of lead comes closest to being effective, both as a repellent and a poison, but it works slowly and leaves a whitish deposit on leaves and stems of plants. However, if applied when the pests first make their appearance, it does help to some extent, and is here advised for the want of anything better. Hand picking, the good old-fashioned remedy, is of service when the pests infest rose bushes, grapes and other low growing plants, but in years of heavy infestation this method does little good. The best time to hand pick is in the early morning or the evening every day. Occasional picking is useless.

Transplanting Suggestions

Hot weather often arrives before transplanting is completed, and when this is the case results are likely to be unsatisfactory unless the work is carefully done. Earlier in the season wilting seldom causes damage; in the hot days of June it often proves fatal. Therefore, to assure satisfactory results, wilting should be reduced to a minimum in both extent and duration. To prevent it entirely is out of the question. Plants will wilt despite all that can be done; but if wilting is slight, and is not allowed to last so long that drying and shriveling results, the chances of recovery are good.

When young plants are dug from starting beds preparatory to transplanting, have handy sized boxes or trays ready to receive them. These trays should be partly filled with loose earth, not clay but loam, for clay will pack and "puddle" when soaked with water. As the plants are dug and placed in the tray, soak the soil with water and press it down around the roots. Do not dig plants, place them in a basket without earth, then take them to the garden and expect them to thrive. This probably may work in earlier and cooler times, but not when the sun is hot and the soil dry.

Many market gardeners do this: They use a large umbrella with a sharpened handle. This is kept over the trays as they are carried or hauled to the garden. It is then stuck into the ground and moved along the row as transplanting progresses. This plan is particularly useful when sunshades or screens are to be left to protect each plant.

Young plants wilt mainly because they

need water—and do not get it. If it is supplied liberally the death rate is greatly reduced. Keep a sprinkling can (from which the perforated nozzle has been removed) handy throughout the transplanting operation. As the hole for each plant is made with a dibble, pour it full of water. This will quickly be absorbed, if the soil is dry; repeat the filling until the soil for three inches on all sides is thoroughly saturated. This may sound like a rather slow and tedious operation, and one that will require a deal of water carrying, but it will guarantee better results—and that makes it well worth while. After the soil has been saturated in three or four holes, quickly set the plants with the root well covered. Shallow planting is unsatisfactory. Press the earth firmly down all around, using a small handful of dry soil to finish with. This helps to reduce evaporation by preserving a dust mulch.

If sunshades are to be used, they should be set out now; to delay the placing of shades, where they are needed, is little better than to go without them. For handiness and cheapness, old shingles serve nicely. Stick them into the ground on the south side of each plant, letting each shingle slant so that the top comes directly above the plant. This will give good shade during the hottest and brightest time of the day.

Making Alfalfa Hay

June usually finds hay-making well under way in every region where alfalfa is grown. Though the number of cuttings may vary from one or two in the north, or in semi-arid districts, to six or even eight in irrigated sections of the southwest, and though soil, climate and variety of other conditions have a direct bearing on the crop wherever grown, June everywhere is "alfalfa month". It is then that most of the hay is made; it is then, too, that mistakes in hay-making occur, and they are by no means uncommon.

Alfalfa should be cut when the plants are well in bloom. Cutting at an earlier state of growth gives hay of a higher protein content, but the strands are maintained in better condition if cut when nearer full bloom. In the east, alfalfa sometimes blooms very sparingly when the season is too wet or too dry, so it is very difficult to determine the stage of maturity, by the number of blossoms. When this is the case it becomes necessary to watch the basal shoots and cut when they are well started. As the leaves contain about two-thirds of the feeding value of the plant, an effort should be made to get the hay into the stack or mow with as little loss of leaves as possible. This can be accomplished only by handling as little and as carefully as possible after the hay begins to dry. The hay should be raked before it becomes brittle, and most of the curing should be done in the cock; in this respect the process differs from that employed for timothy hay. In humid sections hay caps, each consisting of a piece of canvas about a yard square, help greatly in making hay of good quality but they increase the cost and labor. Where the weather is uncertain the farmer may be justified in hastening the process by doing more curing in the swath and finishing in the windrow. By this method the hay is exposed for a shorter time between cutting and storing, and while some leaves are lost the actual loss in feeding value may be less than would result from unfavorable weather even if the hay were put up in cocks.

Sudan Grass and Soy Beans for Hay

Sudan grass grown alone, or in combination with soy beans, has been discussed briefly in these columns in the past, but we take the chance of repeating here because of the importance of the subject. Experimental work and farm reports both bear out the fact that broadcasting or drilling sudan grass, when alone, at the rate of 20 to 25 pounds to the acre gives best results. This rate of seeding seems to be best for hay production, giving a close stand of finer stemmed grass. Sudan grass has the special advantage of making a fine stand of hay when seeded as late as the first of July, and as a "smother crop" it has never been excelled when employed to choke out quack grass or other noxious weeds.

Sudan grass grown in combination with soy beans has plainly demonstrated in many trials its fitness as an emergency hay crop, slightly outyielding any other plant in hay crop, such as peas and oats, or soy beans alone, when grown under favorable conditions. Seeding at a rate of 10 pounds of sudan grass and 1½ to 2 bushels of soy beans per acre gives most satisfactory results.

Tests made by the Wisconsin Experiment Station in various parts of the state under widely different conditions of soil, climate and rainfall gave the following yields of peas and oats, soy beans alone, and sudan grass sown with soy beans. Under all conditions, as the records show, the sudan grass soy bean combination proved the heaviest yielding emergency hay crop.

1½ bu. Canada peas with 1½ bu. oats.....	3.69 tons
2 bu. Canada peas with 1½ bu. oats.....	3.34 "
2 bu. Marrowfat peas with 1½ bu. oats.....	3.11 "
1½ bu. Scotch peas with 1½ bu. oats.....	3.10 "
1½ bu. Wis. peas with 1½ bu. oats.....	3.32 "
1½ bu. Black Eyebrow soy beans seeded alone.....	4.00 tons
2 bu. Black Eyebrow soy beans seeded alone.....	3.91 tons
2½ bu. Black Eyebrow soy beans seeded alone.....	3.85 tons
10 lbs. Sudan grass with 1½ bu. Black Eyebrows.....	3.46 tons
10 lbs. Sudan grass with 2 bu. Black Eyebrows.....	4.04 tons
10 lbs. Sudan grass with 2½ bu. Black Eyebrows.....	4.00 tons

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)



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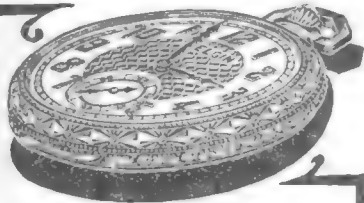
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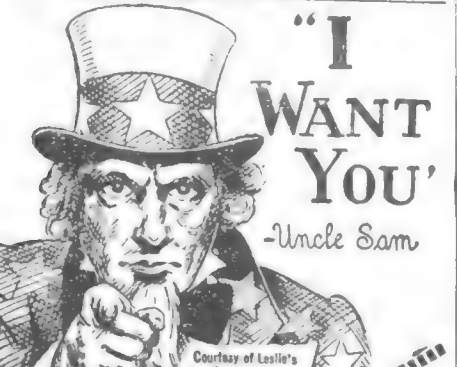
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A Simply Constructed "Flivver" Set

THE following is a description of a set of the "flivver" variety which the author recently constructed with very gratifying results. The feedback effect is obtained in the same way as the familiar DeForest Ultra-audion circuit and does not require a separate tickler coil as in all the other sets previously described in this column. It will be found that the set regenerates very well on practically any wavelength adjustment and, as there is but one control, after the filament and switch are set the outfit will be

The Antenna and Ground binding posts are located on a line five-eighths of an inch from the left-hand edge of panel and five-eighths of an inch from the lower and upper edges respectively. The extreme outer binding posts on the opposite side of panel are located in an exactly similar manner and the balance are measured from them. The two top posts are for the phones and are one inch between centers. The same is true of the two lower posts which are for the A Battery connections, while the middle pair are located from the center line of panel and are also one inch apart. These are for the B Battery.

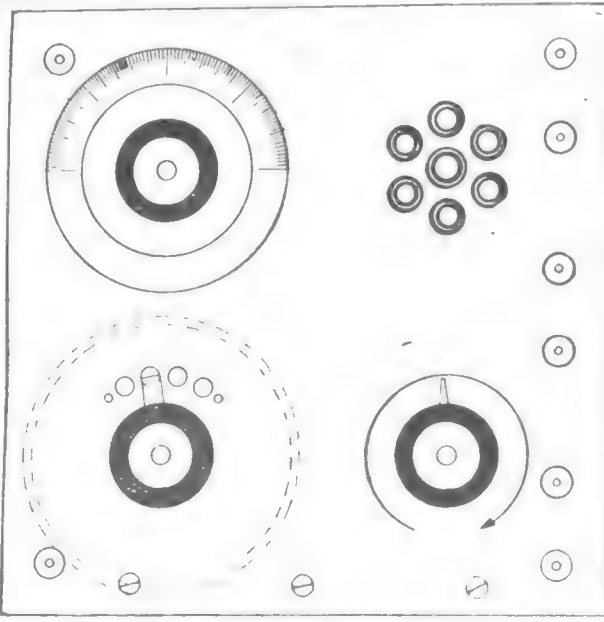


Fig. 1. Baseboard not shown in this drawing.

very easy to tune. The list of parts necessary in constructing set are listed below:

- 1 Panel of wood, Bakelite, hard rubber, asbestos board etc., 7 1/2 inches by 7 1/2, by three sixteenths of an inch.
- 1 .00025 M. F. variable condenser must be small size. Vernier attachment preferred.
- 1 Switcharm 1 inch radius
- 4 Switch Points.
- 2 Switch stops
- 1 dial 3 inches diameter.
- 1 Rheostat with vernier attachment.
- 1 cardboard tube 3 1/2 inches diameter 4 inches long, one-eighth of an inch thick.
- 1 V. T. socket for UV200 bulb or WD11 as desired
- 1 2 lb spool No. 22 wire.
- 8 binding posts
- 1 Baseboard, 7 1/2 inches by 6, by five-eighths inch.

The layout of the panel is shown in Fig. 1 which also shows the various controls in their proper places. The set consists of but one variable condenser, a tapped inductance with the necessary switch, and the audion controlling unit.

The centers for the switch, variable condenser, audion sight holes and rheostat are each located at a distance of 2 inches from all edges and are to be prickpunched first. The holes for mounting screws for the condenser and rheostat can not be shown as these instruments will vary in make according to the discretion of the builder; therefore centers only can be given. This will be found to be a very simple matter and need not be gone into at length. The switch arm may be conveniently of 1 inch radius and the four points are spaced off on the large circle about five sixteenths of

The panel is now ready for drilling and we start with the smallest sizes first which will be the holes for the switch points. These should be made with a one-eighth inch drill and care should be taken that they exactly split the line or the switch will present a very poor appearance. It would be well to use this same drill to start all the other holes on the panel and "chase" it with larger sizes as a more accurate job will result. Bakelite, particularly, is peculiar material to drill and the drill is all too liable to "creep".

All shaft holes should be made 1/4 inch, also the audion sight holes. The latter will also look more businesslike if they are deeply countersunk and possibly a further improvement may be made by making the center hole a little larger than the others. This is largely a matter of taste and may be safely left to the builder.

When all holes are drilled the next procedure is to lightly touch the edges of all the holes with a counter-sink or drill of large diameter in order to remove all burrs.

If desired the panel may then be rubbed down with a piece of medium sandpaper and given a satin finish which is preferred by many experimenters. The panel is then laid, face down, on a table and the capacity screen is applied before any of the various instruments are mounted. This consists of a large piece

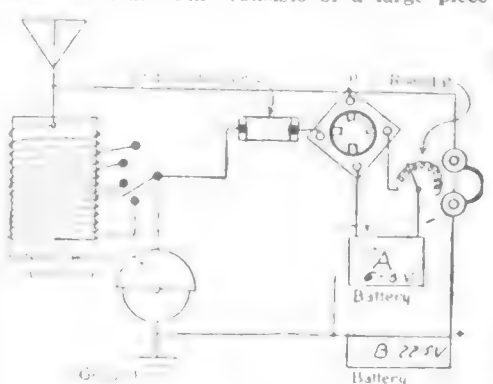


Figure 3.

of tin or copper foil which has previously been rolled out perfectly flat and free from wrinkles. The panel is given a good coat of shellac and a match is immediately touched to it in order to burn off all the excess alcohol and water. This leaves the remaining shellac in a very sticky state and before it has a chance to dry further the foil is applied and rolled down hard and even with a smooth roller.

The foil is then rubbed hard until all the holes which have been drilled show up in sharp relief through the foil which is then cut away neatly in such a way that no metallic contact may be made with any of the instruments or wires. The foil immediately surrounding the ground binding post, however, is left untouched and serves to ground the screen effectively.

Winding the Inductance

The inductance is wound on a cardboard tube 3 1/2 inches in diameter and about 4 inches long. The winding should be of No. 22 single covered copper wire and, if made exactly as described, should tune to the following wave-lengths.

- Point 1. Tapped at 22nd turn, Wavelength 150 to 240 meters.
- Point 2. Tapped at 35th turn, Wavelength 212 to 359 meters.
- Point 3. Tapped at 61st turn, Wavelength 315 to 506 meters.
- Point 4. Tapped at 99th turn, Wavelength 446 to 715 meters.

The method of winding is as follows: Starting 1/2 inch from one end of tube, 22 turns are wound tightly and evenly together and in order to give the correct wavelength range as shown above the actual length of coil thus far wound should be exactly 7 inches. If wire used is double covered probably it will

be necessary to use about one turn. The wire is now given a single loose turn, the coil thus far wound and the wire is turned back to the point where it was wound. Winding is then continued until exactly at the 35th turn. A tape is placed over the already wound section of the coil. The remaining taps are taken off at 1 and 3 1/2 inches as shown above and the winding is finished. It should be noted that there are many sets being advertised in the market for advertising switch points. These sets have been built with little or no efficient tuning and can hardly be expected to deliver the same results as can a series antenna condenser will give over a considerable range.

The baseboard is next in line to be attended and may be a piece of hard oak or other wood which will take a good soft wood such as pine or boxwood may be used. The coil is mounted on the board in such a position as to be in rear of the switch and directly under the variable condenser. The leads from the which were left as loops around the cut and the two ends twisted and soldered together in each case leaving four leads. The panel is fastened to the board by means of a 5 inch length of angle brass and six screws. These are flat head eight-thirtysecond screws and the others small wood screws. An audion socket is next mounted in baseboard directly in line with the panel, and set is ready to wire. The diagram, Fig. 3, will doubtless be self-explanatory and we believe that no one should have the smallest difficulty in making the connections. The grid condenser may be .00025 M. F. .0005 M. F. according to the tube used. If WD11 tube is used the only difference connecting up set will be the A Battery should be 1.5 Volts instead of 6 Volts. UV200 tubes. We shall be very glad to hear from any of our readers who make up the set and to learn what results they get. A later article will describe a two star set to be used in connection with this set.

Questions and Answers

- Q.—What wave length does N.A.A. send on?
A.—N.A.A. sends on a wave length of 1000 meters.
- Q.—Can I use a dry cell instead of a vacuum tube?
A.—It is not necessary to use any tubes on a crystal set if Galena crystal is used. This is the best type of crystal for music reception. Need not worry over a battery.
- Q.—Could I use a vacuum tube or a vacuum mounting to improve my set? If used, which would give the best results?
A.—A vacuum tube would certainly improve your set but it is hard to tell whether a vacuum mounting would benefit you or not as we do not know what you are using now.
- Q.—Which gives the best service, bare wire for an aerial? How much does a vacuum tube cost?
A.—It makes no difference whether bare wire is bare or covered. A vacuum tube costs \$5.00 and for an amplifier set \$10.00.
- Q.—Can a WD-11 tube be used in the set described in the *Compost*?
A.—Yes. In case this type of tube is used, best to use the WD-11 tube socket.
- Q.—Is it possible to use a loud speaker in the set if the sounding station is located near?
A.—No. It requires a vacuum tube of amplification and there should be a vacuum tube of amplification.
- NOTE.—We are informed by the *Compost* magazine that the March, 1922 issue, which contained the improved *Compost* article, is completely sold out. To obtain the Reinartz article was reproduced in the October, 1922 issue of the *Compost* magazine, 120 Liberty St., New York City, where it can be obtained for 10 cents.—Editor.

Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

"You have not yet told me, nor did I tell you tonight, how you happened to see London so suddenly. Wilbur (Carter) told me that I should find you at the 'Wasp' he said, as he drew near the door.

"Yes, I did tell him that I should be there for a few days, but an accident prevented my ever going to the hotel at all. I stayed with Lady Ruxley, at her cottage near Ham Hall."

"Zounds! She has got right back into the Coolidge nest again, poor thing! I wonder if she knows it, or has seen them yet?"

Adrian's inward comment; then he said: "If you remain here a few days I shall probably see you again."

Then, as he clasped her hand, he continued with a smile: "Now, good-night; and, Miss Douglas, do not go wandering off by yourself again at night to places you know nothing of."

Again she thrilled at his touch, and she leaped into her cheeks at his words.

"I will not," she promised, with a smiling answer smile, though he saw the tears dropping from her eyes, as she added: "Mr. Dredmond, I have not been able to do words adequate to express my feelings at what you have done for me tonight. I am sure you will not deem me ungrateful."

"No, no, dear," he nearly said it as he exclaimed: "Great Heaven! how it came even now to think of it; but I must go to rest, and try to forget it if you can."

He led her up the steps to a side door where she could enter unseen, let her wander away by herself again into the park, his soul stirred to its very depths by the events of the last half hour.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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30x3 1/2	8.25	13.95	32x4 1/2	13.95	22.95
32x3 1/2	9.45	15.95	34x4 1/2	14.45	23.45
34x4	10.65	17.45	35x4 1/2	14.95	23.95
34x4 1/2	11.85	19.45	36x4 1/2	15.95	24.95
36x4	12.45	20.95	37x4 1/2	16.45	25.45

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32x3 1/2	6.50	1.50	34x4 1/2	9.15	2.50
32x4	7.00	1.60	34x4 1/2	9.25	2.55
32x4 1/2	7.80	1.65	36x4 1/2	9.45	2.70
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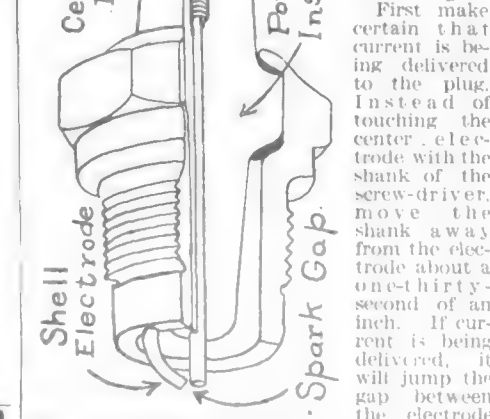
Spark Plug

THE spark plug is placed in the cylinder to ignite the charge of gasoline and air. The plug consists of two electrodes. One of these electrodes is a part of the metal shell which screws into the cylinder. The other, or center electrode, is insulated, usually in porcelain, and connects to the high tension cable through which the current for ignition purposes is furnished. The electrical current travels down the insulated center electrode and in order to obtain a ground or return is compelled to jump the gap which exists between the center and shell electrode. As above stated, the latter electrode is a part of the shell which screws into the cylinder and after jumping the gap the current finds a return through the engine and frame to the coil.

To obtain the best results from a spark plug, the proper space must exist between the two electrodes. If the spark is too great, the engine will have a tendency to miss on heavy pulls and if the setting is too close the engine will miss under light loads. In the absence of the manufacturer's gauge for setting the gap, adjust for a space of about the thickness of a smooth dime. When setting the gap, never bend the center electrode as it is insulated and a strain may cause the porcelain to crack. Always make the adjustment by bending the electrode attached to the shell, which screws into the cylinder.

When a cylinder is not firing, first determine the cylinder by short circuiting the spark plug. Use a screw-driver so that the hand comes in contact with the wooden handle only. Place the screw-driver so that the end contacts with the cylinder or some other metal part which fastens to the cylinder. With the metal shank of the screw-driver touch the top of the center electrode of the plug. If, when testing the plug action in this manner, the operation of the engine changes, it indicates that this plug is in proper firing condition. Should, however, you short a plug and not change the engine operation, it indicates that you have found the cylinder that has not been firing.

First make certain that current is being delivered to the plug. Instead of touching the center electrode with the shank of the screw-driver, move the shank away from the electrode about a one-thirtieth of an inch. If current is being delivered, it will jump the gap between the electrode and the screw-driver shank.



Do not move the point of the screw-driver away from contact with the cylinder or other metal part.

Remove the plug that is not firing and note if there is an accumulation of oil or soot on the electrodes. Wipe off the soot or oil and clean the electrodes with fine emery cloth or sandpaper.

Some plugs are so constructed that the center electrode can be removed. When the plug is of this construction, it should be taken apart and cleaned thoroughly. If the examination discloses that the porcelain insulator is cracked, the plug should be discarded and a new one installed.

However, when it cannot be determined if the insulator is cracked or otherwise defective, the plug should be shorted on the outside of the cylinder. After being cleaned as thoroughly as possible, it should be connected to the high tension cable and the engine started. If the current jumps the gap between the two electrodes, one can be reasonably sure that the plug will fire when installed. A good way to clean a dirty plug is to wash it in alcohol.

Healthful Pointers

Adjusting Brakes

It is the usual practice for the manufacturer to provide means for adjusting the car brakes. The owner should read the instruction book provided so as to gain an understanding of the working principle of the brake and the manner in which they are adjusted. Too often the owner will shorten the pull rods or cables to obtain better brake action. This is sometimes necessary for internal expanding brakes but for the external contracting type, in the majority of cases, the adjustment should not be made by shortening the cables. Usually the proper procedure is to adjust the band so that it has the proper clearance from the brake drum. One or more adjustments are usually provided for this purpose. Shortening the pull cables changes the position of the lever which operates the brakes and limits the brake action. The proper method is to compensate for the brake lining wear and not to shorten the brake action.

Straightening Parts

The highest grades of alloy steels are used in the construction of the modern automobile. These steels, after being shaped into useful parts, are oftentimes scientifically heat treated to give the greatest amount of strength and durability. By careful tests, the manufacturer has determined the kind of treatment to give the different parts to insure the maximum

service. Should an accident cause a treated part to become bent, the safe plan is to replace it with a new one obtained from the manufacturer. Should an attempt be made to straighten the part by heating and bending it is almost impossible to heat treat the part so that it will have its original strength. There is a chance of the part being under treated and soft or treated too hard so that it becomes brittle. Likewise, it is not safe to purchase parts from firms which manufacture parts for certain makes of cars. The manufacturer makes and treats the parts, using formulae which were made after exhaustive experimental work. As a rule, the outside parts manufacturer does not know the manufacturer's formulae and usually an inferior product is purchased, the inducement being a few cents saved on the purchase price. The one safe way is to purchase parts direct from the car manufacturer or from an authorized service station.

Adjusting Bearings

Taper roller bearings such as used for front wheels, rear axles, etc., should not be adjusted too tightly. These bearings will run even when adjusted in that manner but with an injurious result. If after making an adjustment it is found that the locking device cannot be set in place without tightening on the adjustment a trifle more, slack off on the adjustment rather than tighten it. These bearings should have running clearance and a slight amount of play is more desirable than a tight fit.

Springs

The car springs are so located that they receive water, dirt, mud, etc., depending on the condition of the road. These foreign matters gradually work in between the spring leaves forming rust and resistance to the spring action. About every 500 miles it is a good plan to scrub the dirt and other foreign matter from the sides of the spring and with a brush coat the edges of the leaves with a light cylinder oil. Lubricant that has been drained from the motor crankcase is excellent for this purpose. The natural action of the spring, when the car is in motion, will allow a certain portion of the oil to work in between the leaves and provide the needed lubrication for the leaves to slide.

Headlight Reflectors

A great many headlight reflectors are silvered and much care must be exercised not to scratch them when cleaning. Frequent cleaning is not recommended. However, when it becomes necessary to do so it is well to use powdered dry rouge and a clean soft chamois skin. Polish lightly and avoid hard rubbing.

Carbon Monoxide

At this season of the year, the owner is apt to spend considerable time tuning the engine. At least once a year, these columns contain the warning against the running of the engine in a garage or room that is not amply ventilated. The exhaust of a gasoline engine contains a deadly poisonous gas known as carbon monoxide. It has been claimed by some that the presence of the gas to an injurious extent is manifested by the workman experiencing a nauseous sensation. However, there are cases where it would appear that the workman experienced no personal discomfort until it was too late for him to help himself or summon aid. Unless the garage doors and windows are thrown wide open so as to completely ventilate the room, the one safe plan, if the engine is to run for a length of time, is to first run the car outside and make the adjustments in the open.

Starter Trouble

Many cars are equipped with a starting arrangement which includes a pinion which slides along a spiral into engagement with teeth on the flywheel. Should the pinion become stuck on the spiral and refuse to mesh with the teeth on the flywheel, it should be cleaned thoroughly with kerosene and then lubricated well.

Vacuum Tank Care

Should you be tinkering around the car and in the course of events your attention become focused on the vacuum tank, pass on. Do not allow your imagination to lead you to believe that some adjustment or cleaning will give better operation. Unless gasoline is not being delivered to the carburetor leave the tank absolutely alone. The tank is of durable construction and ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, when gasoline does not flow to the carburetor, the trouble is due to a loose connection, clogged or broken pipe, rather than in the tank.

Easing a Jolt

When driving across a raised track or cross walk, the jolt can be reduced to the minimum if the car is driven diagonally across rather than to allow both wheels to strike the track or walk at the same time.

Cleaning Upholstery

The upholstery of the car can be brightened by wiping with a chamois wrung out of clear water. Do not use gasoline for this purpose.

Cleaning Commutator

When necessary to clean the commutator of a generator or starting motor use a very fine sand paper. Never use emery cloth.

Washing Car

When washing the car, use an abundance of water. Remove the nozzle from the hose and use a gently flowing stream. Direct the water on the body until it softens the dust and dirt. With the water constantly directed in front of a clean sponge, proceed to gently wash the car. Do not rub with the sponge as there is danger of scratching the finish. After the body has been cleaned in this manner, again shower the car with water after which polish with a clean chamois wrung out of clear water. Do not use

the same sponge on the chassis as used on the body. Usually the chassis is spotted at points with oil and grease and for this reason it is well to keep a separate sponge for chassis cleaning.

Answers to Questions

VACUUM TANK BALKS.—My Elgin six, 1919 model, touring car, which is equipped with a Stromberg carburetor and Steward vacuum tank, is in fine condition otherwise than that the vacuum tank will not pump any gas. Yet there seems to be nothing wrong with the vacuum tank or carburetor. Where should I look for the trouble?
Can a 12-volt switch from a Dodge car be used successfully on a light Overland four which is equipped with a 6-volt system?

Mrs. R. K. B., Flasher, N. Dak.
A.—If the vacuum tank has been allowed to stand without gasoline in it for a long time, the tank should be primed by removing the plug in top of the tank and pouring in a supply of gasoline. If, however, you have been driving the car and the trouble but recently appeared, you should look for loose or broken connections. Make certain that the suction pipe connection is tight at the intake manifold. Examine the connection where the pipe line enters the gasoline tank. The connection may be loose or the pipe line broken. Cases have been known where the short pipe in the gasoline tank has been broken off. A careful check of the pipe lines and connections should readily disclose your trouble. Voltage does not enter into the selection of a switch. If the switch you have in mind can be installed and connected, it should operate satisfactorily.

SLIPPING CLUTCH.—The engine of my 1922 Ford roadster runs fine, but when I shift from low into high the engine will run a long time before it takes hold. What is the trouble?—A. L. J., Decatur, Ind.
A.—The trouble is undoubtedly due to a slipping clutch. Remove the plate on the transmission cover under the floor boards at the driver's feet. Remove the cotter key on the first clutch finger and move the set screw from one-half to a complete turn to the right. Adjust the remaining clutch fingers in like manner, being certain to turn each set screw the same distance. Do not fail to replace the cotter keys. Be careful you do not drop small tools or other articles into the transmission case as it is almost impossible to recover them without taking off the transmission cover.

Ford Runs 57 Miles on Gallon of Gasoline

A new automatic Vaporizer and Decarbonizer, which in actual test has increased the power and mileage of Fords from 25 to 50 per cent and at the same time removed every particle of carbon from the cylinders is the proud achievement of John A. Stransky, 3831 South Main Street, Pukwana, South Dakota. A remarkable feature of this simple and inexpensive device is that its action is governed entirely by the motor. It is slipped between the carburetor and intake manifold and can be installed by anyone in five minutes without drilling or tapping. With it attached, Ford cars have made from 40 to 57 miles on one gallon of gasoline. Mr. Stransky wants to place a few of these devices on cars in this territory and has a very liberal offer to make to anyone who is able to handle the business which is sure to be created wherever this marvelous little device is demonstrated. If you want to try one entirely at his risk send him your name and address today.—Adv.

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Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address: Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. E. M. T., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a husband can be compelled to support his wife unless she abandons him without good cause, or unless she has sufficient means to provide for her own support; we think the wife's right of support can be enforced against any property the husband may own in case he leaves the state and a court order cannot be enforced against him personally.

Mrs. A. M., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that no woman while married may by will bequeath more than two-thirds of her property away from her husband, that all except noncupative wills must be subscribed at the end thereof by the testator or testatrix, and must be signed in the presence of the attesting witnesses or acknowledged by the testator to them, and that the testator must at the time acknowledge such instrument to be his last will and testament, and that there must be two attesting witnesses who should sign the will as such witnesses in the presence of the testator and in the presence of each other. We think you should employ a local lawyer to attend to the drawing of the will and to see that the same is properly signed.

Mrs. R. S., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and having no child nor descendant, his surviving widow, in addition to certain allowances, would receive one-half of the estate, the balance going to his parents, brothers and sisters depending upon who is left, if he leaves no kindred within the degrees capable of inheriting the whole estate would go to the surviving widow.

Miss K. A. M., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that detail brought to enforce the payment of a promissory note, not under seal, must be brought within three years after the last payment thereon, or other evidence of indebtedness, except in cases where the holder thereof is under legal disability, or in cases where the debtor absents himself from the state.

E. H. J., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no child nor descendant, and leaving no will, her surviving husband would receive one-half of the real and personal estate belonging to her at her death absolutely, subject to the payment of her debts; if she desires him to receive the whole estate, she should make a will.

Z. P., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of either husband or wife, survivor takes one-half of the community property, and that in the absence of a will, in addition thereto one-half of the decedent's separate property if decedent leaves but one child, but if there is more than one child then the children take two-thirds of each separate estate. The children or descendants of a deceased child taking by representation, and step-children having no interest in their step-parent's estate, unless some provision is made for them by will, and except that in turn they may inherit from their own parent such portion as he or she may receive from decedent's estate.

Mrs. I. L., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his whole estate, subject to the payments of debts and expenses, would go to his surviving widow.

M. T., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his surviving widow would, in addition to certain small allowances receive one-third of the real and personal estate, subject to the payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going to his child or children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share; the appointment of an administrator would be necessary for the settlement of the estate, and the widow would be entitled to such appointment.

Mrs. J. W. L., Texas.—Under the laws of Alabama, we do not think you can now recover any portion of your property in that state sold by your father 30 years ago.

Mrs. G. W. D., Texas.—We do not think a child born to a bigamous marriage would have any inheritance rights from the father's estate, unless some provision was made for such child by will. We think the marriage of the man you mention during the lifetime of his wife, from whom he was not divorced, was a bigamous and illegal marriage and that he could be punished for contracting such a marriage.

Miss C. W., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the taxes upon the property left by your father is assessed against the property and in default of payment your local tax authorities have power to sell the property for such non-payment of taxes; we think if you pay your brother and sisters' share of these taxes you will be entitled to recover from them their share of such taxes.

A. S., Wisconsin.—If the stories your husband's relatives tell about you constitute slander you would, of course, have a legal right to proceed against them, but if the matter is just a family quarrel it might be better to pay no attention to their stories, as if your conduct is beyond reproach you may be sure your neighbors will sympathize with you, and their stories will do you no real harm.

Mrs. B. W., Kansas.—If the Company from whom you purchased the chickens you mention refuse to either send you the chickens or return your money, we think it will be necessary for you to bring an action against them to enforce your rights in the matter.

J. F., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children, the widow in addition to certain allowances, would receive dower of one-third of the personal estate, absolutely subject to the payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going in equal shares to the children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share; we think the widow can dispose of her share of the estate in any manner she may see fit, but that as above stated her dower in the real estate is only a life estate.

Miss A. B., Illinois.—If as you state your grandfather has sufficient means to provide for his support, we think it proper if you take care of him and support him that you should be paid; we think you should have a definite agreement as to the amount of your pay.

Mrs. B. S., Washington.—If you wish to adopt your deceased sister's children now living with your parents, we think you should make your application to the court setting up all the facts in your petition, and procuring the consent of the children's father, and the consent of your parents if the children now reside with them.

Mrs. M. R., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his surviving widow is entitled to dower of one-third of the real estate and one-third of the personal

estate, absolutely, and if there be no child nor descendant she would receive dower of one-half of the real estate and one-third of the personal estate, absolutely, and against creditors one-third; if the estate be ancestral, to one-third of the personal estate absolutely, and a one-third life estate in lands.

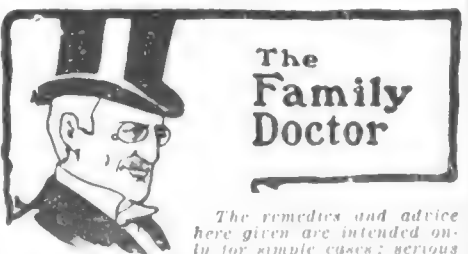
Mrs. M. A. J., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the real and personal property of a married woman shall, so long as she may choose, be and remain her separate property and under her control, and not subject to the debts of her husband; from your statements we think you would be very foolish to turn any of your property over to your husband.

Mrs. P. W. S., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of Kentucky, we are of the opinion that actions for the recovery of real estate must be brought within fifteen years, except that in cases of existing disabilities this time is extended for various periods depending upon the nature and extent of such disabilities, but in no case is such time extended beyond thirty years; in the case, however, of land which has been abandoned by its record owner a valid title can be acquired in much less time through tax sales of the same.

Mrs. T. S., North Dakota.—It is not the policy of this magazine to answer questions on divorce matters.

Mrs. E. S., Kentucky.—If, as we understand from your communication, the title of the real estate you mention stands in the name of the widow you mention, she can dispose of same as she may see fit without the consent of her children as the use of the words "heirs" in the deed to her only extends to such heirs a right to inherit the land from her in case they survive her and she does not dispose of the property during her lifetime, and dies without a will disposing of same.

H. E., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of either husband or wife, without a will, and leaving no child nor descendant the whole of the community property, and the whole of the separate personal estate goes to the survivor, but that such survivor would inherit only one-half of the separate real estate, the balance of such real estate going to decedent's parents, brothers, sisters or other heirs depending upon who is left.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address: The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. E. L. P., Marshville, N. C.—Have the birthmark removed by use of carbon dioxide snow. Of course your local doctor must apply the snow. The result will be all that you can desire.

Mrs. E. C. S., Needville, Texas.—Probably both you and your husband are suffering from malaria. Both of you take after meals two teaspoonsful of Warburg's tincture well diluted. Also keep your bowels free and avoid sweets of all kinds.

Mrs. L. W., Upland, Ind.—The swelling of breasts at the period or a few days before is physiological a harmless expression of Nature, and needs no treatment.

Miss G. L., Bristow, Okla.—One of the most frequent symptoms of high blood pressure is vertigo. Also fullness in the head with a feeling of pressure. If you have any doubt of your having a high blood pressure have your blood-pressure taken, by your local doctor.

Miss V. Y., Green Ridge, Mo.—Apply Sloan's liniment to the shoulder. It is a neuritis. You can also use a hot flannel applied over several thicknesses of flannel wrung out of hot mustard-water.

Miss D. B., Blue Rapids, Kansas.—Ulcer of the womb may be due to a chronic discharge. Better be treated locally and be cured.

Mrs. B. A., Aberdeen, South Dak.—For your rheumatic condition, take after meals a five-grain tablet of salicylate of sodium. Avoid sweets of all kinds, drink plenty of water.

Miss M. J., Brilliant, Ohio.—Asthma is a spasmodic trouble, and resembles the symptoms you give. You can take after meals a teaspoonful of pertussin well diluted.

Mrs. A. P. S., Wasco, Oregon.—You better take ten drops of syrup of iodine of iron well diluted after meals. This remedy will act favorably on the goitre that you seem to have.

Mrs. F. M., Spring, W. Va.—Roaring in the ears is due as a rule to beginning catarrhal deafness. Have your mother consult some good aurist and be treated both for the catarrh and the head-noises.

Mrs. F. S., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—Of course a change to a dry climate will aid your catarrhal condition and indirectly help cure your ear trouble, which is undoubtedly due to catarrh of the nasal passages.

Miss H. M., Connersville, Ind.—The bladder condition has no relation to the hemorrhoidal condition. For the former take after meals a five-grain tablet of urotropin and drink plenty of water.

Mr. F. M., Spokane, Wash.—Have the prostate gland massaged. You can also take after meals a five-grain tablet of urotropin. If the prostate gland has become too large and there is constantly retention of urine an operation is indicated as the only way of obtaining permanent relief.

Mrs. C. W. M., Marion, N. Y.—You may have been torn during confinement. In this case you should consult some good surgeon and have the parts restored to normal. In the meantime you can take a tablespoonful of the following remedy: Basham's mixture well diluted after meals.

Mrs. J. L. P., Sparenburg, Texas.—A not uncommon accident during a difficult labor is a fracture of the coccyx-tip bone of the spine. This may be the case in your case. Have the coccyx examined and find out. If this is so, a small operation will help you. In the meantime have the spine and legs massaged as you have been doing.

Mrs. E. S., Altoona, Kansas.—Cure your catarrh condition by using a spray of Dobell's solution three or four times a day. You can also use the same solution on the child's tongue and mouth.

Mr. A. E. K., Atkins, Texas.—If your wife has hemorrhoids that still trouble her have them removed by operation. If the lump in the breast is hard it should also be treated surgically.

Mrs. N. M. H., Petersburg, Va.—There is no sure cure for rheumatism of joints or other forms of rheumatism. You can apply to the joints a saturated solution of Epsom salts, and take after meals ten drops of a saturated solution of the iodide of potassium well diluted. Of course you must avoid sweets of all kinds and pastries as well.

For your constipation take two teaspoonfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada well diluted. You should also drink plenty of water, not less than two quarts a day.

Mrs. C. D., Lenox, Mass.—For the massage use cocoa butter and continue the supports as you have been doing. Size of the child causes laceration of the parts at birth, both external and internal. Operation is the only remedy for lacerations of the womb at confinement, or other parts. You can go of any use, if there is a laceration. You can continue the tonic; but you should consult some good surgeon with a view of having the parts restored to normal—the sooner the better. Probably you have only symptoms due to laceration and not be secondary.



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A thrilling novel of the West, with love and hate, greed and revenge and courageous manliness.

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To make her realize that he possessed her, he branded his wife as he would his cattle. A dramatic story, written in vivid and fascinating style.

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A splendid Western story, made up of stirring exploits and exciting events, based upon the bitter enmity existing between the cattlemen and the sheep-herders on the Arizona frontier.

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A brilliant study of married life. Mrs. Rinehart has written nothing that is more powerful in its appeal.

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Mrs. Porter has lavished upon this unique romance all the wealth of nature lore and nature love from her years of enthusiastic study.

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A very beautiful woman, married to a drunken rascal, has an experience in an affair of the heart that carries her through joy, misery, the censure of friends and the reproach of her little world.

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Zane Grey has a grip upon the hearts and imaginations of his fellow countrymen such as few authors have ever attained. He has caught and immortalized the glory and romance of our pioneer days; and the spirit of the pioneer, living on in the hearts of Americans today, thrills to his epic tales. He is the supreme interpreter of the West to its own people and to the East—the West of the glorious days, of romance, of adventure. And not only the interpreter of the West to America, but to the outside world as well.

G 45—The Mysterious Rider

The great writer of Western romance at his best! Lovers of a splendid Western story will revel in its pages.

G 46—Man of the Forest

It is a tale of the glory of the mountains—of love and daring—and finally of a great joy, told only as Zane Grey could tell it.

G 47—The Desert of Wheat

A vigorous story of a man's fight to purge his blood of a tainted taint. How he wins to victory, encouraged by a great love, makes a thrilling story.

G 48—The Border Legion

The heroine hears her fate is decided in a drinking and gambling orgy—and you'll hold your breath when you hear what it is.

G 49—Desert Gold

The ever fascinating and mysterious desert in the background; the story is full of stirring and dramatic incident.

G 50—The Light of Western Stars

Out under the wonderful Western stars, near the turbulent Mexican border, most of the action takes place.

G 51—The Lone Star Ranger

A breathless story of free border life—a picture of modern chivalry.

G 52—Riders of the Purple Sage

A romance of men who dared greatly and women who could both ride and love. A story of Utah when Mormon authority ruled unquestioned.

G 53—P. P. Trail, The

This book is the epic of a mighty episode in the history of this country, a tale of human passions at their best and basest.

G 54—Wildfire

The story of a wonderful horse. Like all of Zane Grey's novels, this one is straight, clean and exciting.

G 55—River's End

A story of the Royal Mounted Police—a story of adventure and a story of wonderful love.

Novels of Great Romance

By Ethel M. Dell

There is "something" about Ethel M. Dell's style of writing which acts on her readers like a magnet. When they have read one of her stories they are sure—like Oliver Twist—to want more; in fact much more.

G 16—The Lamp in the Desert

One of the author's most intense and irresistible stories of great romance—in which the lamp of love shines throughout the darkness of pain and sorrow.

G 17—The Top of the World

Sylvia Ingleton travels to South Africa expecting protection from her fiancé, Guy Ranger, whom she has not seen for five years. Upon her arrival, she finds her lover has failed her.

G 18—Greatheart

Diana Bathurst escapes from her cruel, unloving mother for a time and lives in an enchanting whirl of social pleasures, in Switzerland. Then comes her great romance.

G 57—When Knighthood Was in Flower

A great romance of the days of chivalry.

G 58—Manslaughter

Through her successful novels, magazine stories, screen and stage productions, Alice Duer Miller has won a great following. Her breezy, animated style captivates the reader.

G 59—Kindred of the Dust

This gripping romance is a tale of a woman's struggle for a better life.

G 60—Tess of the D'Urbervilles

Tess, a girl of the West, whose love is a universal theme, is the aristocratic's greatest masterpiece. In her screen portrait, "Tess," she is a masterpiece.

Any Book Given To You

For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at \$3.00 we will send you any one book free. For a club of five one-year subscriptions at \$15.00 we will send you any five books free. Be sure to order the books by number and give your address and your name. Suggest one extra title which we may substitute if necessary.

Address: COMFORT Book Department, Augusta, Maine.



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

Writing this department always sign your name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

WE hear and read about June brides but there is never a word about June bridegrooms and I'm sure there must be just as many of them as there are brides. Apropos of bridegrooms here is a little nonsense-poem I shamelessly borrowed from the Ladies' Home Journal just because it amused me and because I thought it might amuse someone else.

"Said a bridegroom, a trifle blase,
"I wonder if marriage will pay."
"Well," he thought with a smile,
"As he walked up the aisle,
"Twill break in my new shoes anyway."
—Carolyn Wells.

G., KENTUCKY.—I can't advise you to act trary to your mother's wishes but neither could I advise you if you did. She promised her consent to your marriage if you would wait one year and months, and she should keep her promise. You have antagonized (much nicer word than riled) by talking too much about it. Let the matter rest until the end of that time and see if she doesn't gracefully provide you are still of the same mind. But don't get married if you are only six or seventeen years old. You didn't give your

OFFERING WIFE, NEW JERSEY.—My dear woman, haven't you ever heard that "there is no fool so big as one who calls himself a fool"? No, I'm not calling your husband a fool; I'd get myself disliked if I did, but I'd like to tell you that he has fallen for flattery in a young woman. Middle and old age has a peculiar effect upon some people. Perhaps if I were a psychologist I might explain it, but I'm not, I know that it does. A permanent wave or a petticoat suffices for some women while others a step further and indulge in a wild love affair, ally with a young man, all depending upon the time and circumstances of each individual. Men hate to admit, even to themselves, that they are growing old and their vanity is so great that even a little attention from a young woman conceals them they are regular young fellows, one the boys, when all the time their rheumatism ps telling them differently, but what's rheumatism to a final fling at youth? Of course your husband loves you, the years together of your married proves that. Don't take him so seriously but sh at him and with him over his flirtation and thankful that it is no worse. Remember, "men only boys grown tall," and you wouldn't have ded if your little boy, or any little boy, made eve he was a soldier or anything else, would ? Your husband was just making believe he young and fascinating. Any woman could e flattered him while he was in that frame of id, and he wasn't a bit in love with this particular woman but just in love with himself. Don't it worry you any more? Be glad that he has it out of his system and can settle down to a sible old age.

ANNIE, NORTH CAROLINA.—Are you the "Gen-Annie" of springtime fame? So glad to know it. It is unfortunate that you told this girl so y of your secrets and now that she isn't your and any more, she should tell them to others, an't be helped, only to teach you a lesson. Re-ber this:

"Never get too intimate
With your friends,
They may some day
Be your enemies;
Never be too hard
On your enemies,
They may some day
Be your friends."

R., ARKANSAS.—If you are five feet tall and gh 125 pounds, you weigh enough and shouldn't any fatter unless you are ambitious to be a fat y in a circus. You really weigh too much now, wever, I can send you a list of fattening foods ou insist. (2). It is customary to wait until you receive a reply before writing again but if you e reason to believe your first letter was never eived, it would be proper to write again. A boy e be a Christian without being a goody-good, you dislike that kind why do you write to him?

MARJORIE, TENNESSEE.—It is impossible for to fathom the workings of this boy's mind but m of the opinion that if he cared very much for e he would call again and not be content to get information second hand. A warmed over love st be something like a warmed over popover, it may be that he has never ceased to love you, ither or not you receive the attentions of an-er man during the absence of your fiancé is nothing you and he will have to decide for your-ves. I'm a firm believer in equal rights myself es he go around with other girls when is away on you?

BLUE AND BROWN EYES, WYOMING.—Most as-uredly it isn't worth while trying to regain the love of a man who deserts you two months before your marriage to him. Be thankful it happened two months before and not two months after.

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Wanted the address of any of the Henry Doyle family last heard of in Colorado. Please notify Mrs. John W. Doyle, Ray, Indiana.

Will someone who knows the whereabouts of my brother Arnold Dertinger, please write to his sister Anna. Mrs. Mike Dominick, Pukwana, S. D.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Samuel Packingham, aged 76, from Celina, Ohio, please notify his sister Elizabeth Packingham White, Eugene, 593 West 8th Ave., Oregon.

Would like to find my father Ned Halson, or any of my mother's people. She was Sullivan and was adopted in 1882 or 1883 by F. C. Farnam of Chicago. Please notify Mrs. Lizzie Susson, Los Angeles, 1308 W. 74th Street, Calif.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of George Gann last heard of during the Civil War, please notify his daughter Mrs. Sarah Daffron, Huntington, Ark.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Lou DeLancey, who left Greensboro, or proximity Dec. 1921, please notify his mother Mrs. W. P. DeLancey, Greensboro, N. C.

James O. Smith disappeared from Plain City, Ohio, before the Civil War. Information of him or his descendants will be appreciated. Kindly notify Montie Hood, Hendersonville, Box 736, N. C.

Big trouble with a lot of fellows is that they go through life on the cafeteria plan—they're interested first, last, always and only in serving themselves. —The Pathfinder.

Three Sauce Pans of Pure Aluminum
COMFORT's host of housewives and cooks who like a clean, silver-bright appearance of aluminum will delight in preparing their meals with this handsome piece set of pure aluminum sauce or cooking pans. No housewife ever seems to have too many sauce pans around the kitchen and with such useful sizes as 1 1/2 and 2 quart—she will hardly get a meal which she does not use one or more of them. Everyone knows how light in weight pure aluminum but how obstinately it resists wear. The aluminum in this three-piece set which we illustrate weighs less than a pound but it is heavy enough and thick enough to give years of steady service. They are seamless, sanitary, and easy to keep clean, and will not crackle, chip, or peel.

Given To You! For one year's subscription to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you free by parcel post prepaid, three Aluminum Sauce Pans. Reward No. 9183.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Argument, Pa.—Since he worries you by being untruthful you had better put him out of your mind. Worry means ill health and wrinkles, and no man is worth either. (2). There are ways of changing the shape of noses—so the advertisements say—but I can't vouch for them personally. I'm not so keen about the shape of my own nose but so long as it continues to smell for me and doesn't sneeze too often, I'll let it remain as it is. Better leave yours alone. I like turned up noses; they are so religious, always looking toward Heaven.

SWEET WILLIAM, GEORGIA.—Thanks for the kind wishes, but I don't want a nice bachelor or widower to bring me a box of candy Sunday or any other day. I might consider a string of pearls, or an automobile or a diamond ring or some trifle like that, but no man is going to waste my time talking about himself and expect to make it right with a box of candy. I can get all the candy I want in the five and ten cent stores and besides, it makes me fat and I don't eat it anyway. You are too anxious to get a man and thus frighten him away. Try being indifferent, a little diffident, retiring, and see if the men will follow you; they like to chase. It won't drive them away as quickly as being too sweet to them. It is the man that counts, not how near or how far away he is. I hope there isn't any chance of a man from a matrimonial agency coming to see you. You'll get yourself in a fine mess if you fool around with matrimonial agencies.

MILDRED, WISCONSIN.—Bashfulness may be an obstacle, as you say, but it is one you are not likely to encounter. I don't know what you mean by "stepping" but whatever it is I don't approve of it if you have to meet a boy secretly in order to "step." Why all the secrecy? your mother has no objection to you having boy callers at your home? You are years too young, but if she thinks it is all right I don't suppose I can say anything. Don't fool yourself into thinking that "mother" will like you because "son" does. When mother's heart is set on another girl for son, and you take her place, she isn't going to receive you with open arms, take you to her heart and all that sort of thing that we read about but seldom see. She may grow to like you. If you were older I would say have nothing more to do with him until he was willing to brave his mother's displeasure and meet you openly, but because of your extreme youth the affair is likely to be a thing of the past by the time this is printed.

BLACKIE AND BROWNIE, NEW MEXICO.—I wish girls would give the nationality of the man involved when they ask about marrying foreigners. There are foreigners and foreigners. The men you mention seem all right, on paper, but I'd want to know more about them before advising you further. At any rate don't act hastily. Better to wait a year or two and be sure than to marry soon and be sorry ever after.

PAT, N. CAROLINA.—I realize that, living in a small town, you will get yourself talked about if you go around with more than one fellow, but that is to be preferred rather than marrying the wrong man just because he got to be a habit. You needn't overdo the matter by having a different one every night, but just enough to keep you from settling down to one until you find the right one.

DADDY'S PET, VIRGINIA.—You asked seven questions, too many, so I'll answer the one that interested me most. "Is it proper for a girl to love her fellow's neck while he is driving the car or let him love her while she drives?" I can understand loving a fellow's eyes or his wavy hair or his collar or chin, but his neck—ugh—with a horrid Adam's Apple playing tag with itself all up and down it! There's no accounting for tastes, and if you do show such poor judgment as to love his neck, why not be constant in your misplaced affections and love it when he isn't driving or can't you see it so well when the car is in motion? As for the girl driving while the fellow makes love to her, it is dangerous. Better stop the car, get out and be dangerous too, but it doesn't involve the lives of pedestrians and other automobilists. By the way, the accent is on the "mo" and not the "bil" as so many people say it. (2) A boy sits beside a girl, not beside of her. Be more careful of your grammar as well as of your morals.

LUCY, ARK; L. C. W., KY; FRICKLES, MO; BLUE BIRD, KY, AND BARBARA, VIVIAN AND SHIRLEY, TEXAS.—Your questions have been forwarded to the Etiquette Department for answer. That's where they belong. I'm long on morals but short on some of the finer points of etiquette. I always remember to say, "Thank You" though.

ETHEL, ILLINOIS.—Three moves in three weeks would mean a delay in mail, unless you were most careful about giving forwarding addresses. It would be proper to write a short letter explaining the situation.

1, NORTH CAROLINA.—You are too young to get married, and even if you were older you shouldn't marry a man in whom you have so little faith. A number of wives lose faith in their husbands after marriage, but think how sad it must be not to have any to lose. Think of all the pleasures you'd lose by not being able to be miserable.

MATTIE, ARK.—It is difficult to drive any man, and a husband most of all, but most of them can be led if it is gone about in the right way. If he won't go out with you, talk to him kindly, and effect a compromise. If a man is wise he will go out with his wife if he wants him to. It doesn't take long for her to get so she doesn't care whether he goes or not.

DEWDROP, HAWAII.—If you really love him and he has apologized sufficiently, don't let your foolish pride stand in the way of your happiness. Take him back and marry him if you find he is worth while. But don't get the idea that you aren't worthy of him. That's all nonsense. Imagine sending advice to Hawaii. I wish I could send myself instead. Have always wanted to go there. Maybe I shall someday. Who knows?

BLUE AND BROWN EYES, WYOMING.—Most assuredly it isn't worth while trying to regain the love of a man who deserts you two months before your marriage to him. Be thankful it happened two months before and not two months after.

Sincerely yours,
COUSIN MARION.

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The Famous WING

Founded 1868 Richest in Tone 55th Year

At Factory Price — Direct To You!

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Wing Pianos and Player Pianos sent direct on free trial till Sept. 1st in your home. Enjoy and test it to prove you save \$150 to \$300. 40 year guarantee. 25 styles of Wing Pianos and

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At once for our offer of free trial in your home till Sept. 1 1923, and The Book of Complete Information about Pianos sent you FREE. 140 pages (16 in full colors). Write now and get it free; with our reduced, bedrock, factory prices and free trial offer.

WING & SON, Dept. A-370



One of our 38 styles Also Player Pianos and Grands 5th Avenue New York and 13th St.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Mrs. W. L. G. Inman, S. C.—If sisters' children are first cousins, you will readily see that the children of these first cousins will bear to each other the relationship of second cousins. The next generation would be third cousins, and so on down the years.

L. D., Trion, Ga.—As your violin is stamped "German Manufacture," you can feel certain that it is not the work of that old master fiddle maker of Italy, Stradivarius. The inscription placed on the inside of the instrument is doubtless playfully or fraudulently inserted to give an appearance of age to the violin and delude the inexpert or credulous buyer.

Mrs. R. G., Beaumont, Texas.—You live in a large and thriving city, and we feel sure that the laboratory of one of your local high schools would be able to pass upon any stone or pebble you wish identified as to its composition and value. Ask the principal of the school about this. If your specimen is beyond the school's range in mineralogy, he will be able to tell you where to send your specimen.

Mrs. M. P. R., South Carolina.—You may address Henry Ford at Dearborn, Michigan. (2) Because of his advanced age, John D. Rockefeller spends the greater part of his time in seclusion at his country place at Pocantico Hills, N. Y. A letter so addressed will reach him, or rather the hands of his secretary.

Miss I. T., Waverly, Iowa.—Your Commissioner of Charities in your state, or other like official, would be the proper authority from whom to obtain a list of the children's homes in your section of our big country.

Mrs. C. H. T., Geddes, S. D.—As we have often stated here, there has developed a flourishing trade in the making of fraudulent "old violins." These are marked with an inscription which is calculated to make the credulous buyer believe he is obtaining an instrument which is the handiwork of one of the old masters of violin-making. As the famous Italian maker Stradivarius is the best-known of these old-time craftsmen, it is his name which most often appears. The fact is that there are only about thirty genuine Strads remaining in existence, and these are all in the hands of collectors and museums. We believe that your violin is only another of the many faked instruments concerning which we hear every month from some of COMFORT's readers.

Mrs. N. A., Melissa, Texas.—Our present method of reckoning time, known as the Gregorian Calendar, was introduced into England and her colonies in 1752. There is now a difference of thirteen days between the new way of reckoning and the old Julian Calendar. This variation was but eleven days when the change was made in 1752, and September 3 was called September 14 by the new time-fixers. We are unable to tell you where you might obtain a copy of a calendar bearing the old reckoning. These are doubtless rather scarce articles today. (2) February 22, 1790, was a Monday.

E. J. M., Okemah, Okla.—See reply to Miss I. T., Waverly, Iowa, in this column.

Mrs. G. E. J., Elva, Ky.—You could not be successful in "painting a glass" and making by this means a homemade mirror. The silvering of a mirror is a difficult job requiring expert hands and the use of expensive materials. This is why a good quality looking-glass cannot be cheaply purchased.

LITTLE BOY, Pontotoc, Miss.—Of the four states you mention, Arkansas is the only one having any vacant public land at this time. There are some 257,000 acres of this, but none of these acres are the location you wish. The U. S. Land Office controlling the land nearest your requirements is located at Harrison, Arkansas. Write to the Register there for rules governing entry of such lands by homesteaders.

A Subscriber, Broadlands, Ill. As you mailed this watch, as you say, by insured parcel post, and you still have your receipt given by the postmaster at the time of mailing, you should be able to recover on the lost package. Have you taken this matter up with your local post office in the way we state. We cannot understand how your postmaster can say he "can do nothing." If you mailed your package insured. If he will not help you, write to the Postmaster-General, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. J. L. R., Mexia, Texas.—We think your newly organized sewing club can dispense with the appointing of a chairman at meeting when the president of the club is present and could preside. In such an informal organization as your social club will really be, the president's duties would be slight. She would preside over the meetings, announce future places and times of gatherings, would offer topics affecting the club for discussion and vote, etc. The secretary's duties would amount to little more than sending out notices of meetings, and if these are arranged for at a previous gathering this will become almost superfluous. We are taking for granted that no minutes of your meeting will be kept, as your club is one of handiwork. You would need a treasurer, however, if you are to have a system of dues and fines, as your letter states. We think your initiation fee rather small, and also the sum you have decided upon as a fine for absence. Surely a treasurer's duties would be slight if you hold to these small amounts! Accumulated funds might be dispensed, we think, in some social gathering the club might give, or they could be used for charitable purposes. Your club is a good idea; you are undertaking its organization in a businesslike manner, and we wish you success.

T. L., Indian Mound, Tenn.—The small pearls often found in the eating of oysters are of little or no value. Probably the frying of your pearl accounts for its smoky hue. Any jeweler could tell

An Everpointed Pencil

For Only One Subscription



Reward No. 8851

The American public and COMFORT's million readers have waited a long time for this perfect writing pencil. Without hesitation we can pronounce the Everpointed, the newest product of the American Pencil Company, the most superior soft-pointing pencil on the market. In appearance it looks like solid gold but is not gold nor is it brass. It is "gilt nickle," the latest metallic substance. The more you carry it the brighter it gets. It cannot wear out nor can it wear off. With its delicate chasing and flaming jeweled tip it makes one of the most beautiful pencils you ever saw.

It is as useful as it is beautiful. If you carry an Everpointed your lead is always sharp. No more soiled fingers. No more whittling. The Everpointed is always ready for use. Nothing to get out of order. It writes right every time. A slight turn and a fresh lead is ever ready. Twelve perfect universal size leads—sixteen inches of lead in all—are contained in the magazine under the top—enough for a year's ordinary use. New leads are simply pushed in from the front, as illustrated. A convenient eraser is also concealed under the cap. The Everpointed comes in two lengths, one of 5 1/2 inches for men, with a safety clip; the other 4 inches for women. Specify which model you prefer.

Given To You! For one year's subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c we will send you an Everpointed pencil by parcel post prepaid. Reward No. 8851. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

We Pay \$7 a Day

taking orders for new Guaranteed Hose for men, women, children. All styles and colors. Written guarantee with each pair to wear and satisfy or new hose free. **MEN OR WOMEN** Year round position. No lay-offs. Regular customers and repeat orders make you a steady income and a big paying business. Big money for spare time. No experience necessary. Write for complete line of samples. **JENNINGS MFG. CO.** Box 136 Dayton, Ohio



WANTED—Railway Postal Clerks

\$133 to \$192 / A MONTH / Franklin Institute, Dept. T239, Rochester, N.Y. Travel—See (1) specimen Railway Postal Clerk the Country. Examination questions; (2) list of Send Coupon / Government jobs obtainable; (3) Tell Today—Sure / me how to get a position. 18 Up. / Name / Address

you if your cooked gem was of any marketable value—which we doubt.

Mrs. G. L. D., Airy, Ga.—See reply to Mrs. G. E. J., Elva, Ky., in this issue.

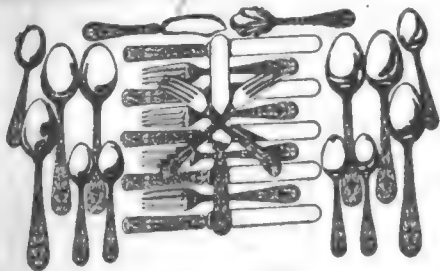
Mrs. D. Mc C., Fairport, S. Dak.—A judge of violins would have to pass upon your fifty year old instrument with inspection and test before its value and real age could be established. See reply to Mrs. C. H. T., Geddes, S. D., in this issue.

M. B., Columbus, Ind.—There is not much to choose between a St. Bernard and a Newfoundland dog as a farm pet in a home where there are two children. Both breeds are gentle. The St. Bernard runs slightly heavier and the rough-coated is preferable, we think, to the smooth-haired variety of the breed. Personally we believe the St. Bernard to be a little slower in action and not as good to look at as a Newfoundland. The latter has an inherited fondness for water and has a coat which is resistant to moisture. We think your children might be better pleased with a Newfoundland, all things considered. The Whitestar kennels, Long Branch, N. J., raise both these breeds of dogs for sale.

C. R., Aliceville, Ala.—Our old and playful enemy the bedbug, is able to stick around old houses indefinitely. Coal strikes and absence of furnace heat do not trouble the enduring *cimex lectularius*, as scientists have dignifiedly called him. Also when there is nothing to eat, the bedbug is again enduring and long suffering. He tightens up his belt end, camps beneath a bit of wall paper until a bite comes along after a year or two. We received this unwelcome guest from Europe many decades ago, a route from which other evils have reached our once happier shores. Remove the old paper from the walls of this house and burn it. Go over all walls, woodwork and floors with a liberal brushing of gasoline—being careful of fire while using this inflammable liquid. It would be helpful in the extermination of the pest if you painted your walls—leaving any papering for another year. Diluted corrosive sublimate is also useful as a remedy, and pyrethrum powder can be used locally in beds and on bedding. In cases where the infestation is a serious one, the rooms may be fumigated with sulphur, or with bisulphide of carbon. Thoroughness is of importance, as the young of the lively insect hatch in eight days. Any missed mean a new generation in a short time.

Mrs. G. W., West Bowdoin, Me.—In checkers a man can jump a king at any time the opportunity offers—it being understood, of course, that the man must make the jump in his own proper direction, and that he cannot jump backwards, as in the privilege of a king. (2) Technically A can pick up B's man when B has had the opportunity to jump and has not done so, but in actual play it's customary to call the opponent's attention to the fact that he must make the jump—44 he has failed to do so the proximity of the pieces.

26-Piece Table Set



GIFT NO. 7625

Given For A Club Of Only Five

WE have made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a white metal base; therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a reward for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have offered and we guarantee every set sent out for a period of five years.

Sterling Silver Ring!



Set With Your Own Birthstone. Your Choice For A Club Of Only Two!

Jan. 1272
Feb. 1282
Mar. 1292
April 1302
May 1312
June 1322
July 1332
Aug. 1342
Sept. 1352
Oct. 1362
Nov. 1372
Dec. 1382

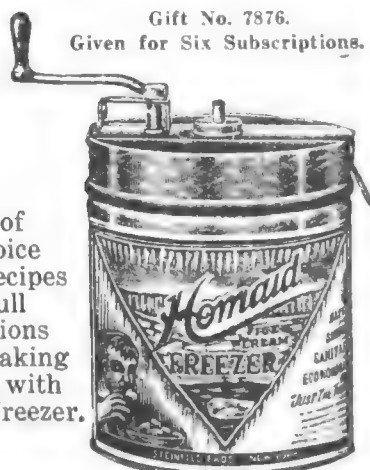
THESE handsome silver birthstone rings are the very latest. Every woman or girl who wants to be in style should wear one. Each ring is guaranteed sterling silver, with attractively designed open work, beautifully executed and finished. The gem stones are perfectly cut, unusually deep, with that rare brilliancy so seldom found except in rings of the very highest quality. The twelve different gem stones and their corresponding months are as follows:

January, Garnet; February, Amethyst; March, Bloodstone; April, Diamond; May, Emerald; June, Agate; July, Ruby; August, Sardonyx; September, Sapphire; October, Opal; November, Topaz; December, Turquoise.

Heretofore the prices of solid silver rings have been too high to permit us to make an offer of this kind and it is only by a fortunate purchase of a large quantity of them taken in one lot that we are able to make the offer now. Don't delay if you want one of these handsome and stylish rings—we may not be able to secure any more of them at a reduced price. We will send you your choice of these rings if you will send us two subscriptions.

Make Your Own Ice Cream Two Quart Freezer

Gift No. 7876.
Given for Six Subscriptions.



Book of 21 choice iced recipes and full directions for making comes with each freezer.

Ice Cream! Who in all America—summer or winter—doesn't relish a heaping dish of sweet, cool, velvety ice cream? And Sherbet! Just think of the pleasure of having all you want and whenever you want it. You can. This compact two-quart freezer will make enough cream in five or ten minutes to appease that ice cream hankering of a dozen hungry mouths. Really it's no trouble to make ices with this freezer.

Ice Pail is made of heavily galvanized iron. Cream container and dasher are of retinned steel. Capacity two quarts. Rapid. Simple. Sanitary. Economical. Send for it today. Enjoy it for years.

Sterling Silver Thimble

Gift No. 1552

Given for Two Subscriptions

Every woman who uses a needle needs one of these sterling silver thimbles. Long wear and service are wrought into every one. Comes in sizes from 5 to 11. Take a look at some old thimbles and tell us what size you want. Surely there's a place for a bright new thimble in your workbasket.



How would you like to have some of the Presents shown on this page?

Every year COMFORT sends out thousands of presents like these shown on this page to people who send in subscriptions for the magazine.

Have you ever received presents like these? Anyone can get them. It is so easy, so pleasant, so interesting! You can do it yourself. Today.

Look over the gifts pictured; pick out something you need or would like to have for your home or family and then ask a few friends to subscribe to COMFORT. Show them the magazine. Tell them what in it appeals to you. Collect 50c for each year's subscription. Subscribe for it yourself.

Send us 50c for each subscription which you take. We, in return, will send COMFORT for a full year to each subscriber and we will send you your choice of any gift to which the number of your subscriptions entitles you.

There, that is all you need to do. You too, can be one of the thousands who profit by our rewards. Why not start a club today before some one else gets ahead of you?

ADDRESS COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

P. S. We have just issued a new Gift Book containing a complete list of all our rewards for club raisers. It's free. Send for a copy.



GIFT NO. 1232

Given for Two Subscriptions.

they can also be used out of doors for identifying people, animals and objects within a reasonable distance. Farmers, motorists, Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, etc., will find these glasses to be just what they need to take with them on their trips through fields and woods. They are durably made and can be conveniently carried in the neat leatherette case which is included free.

These Glasses are made in Europe which accounts for the low price that makes this offer possible.

Opera or Field Glasses

The Latest Vanity Case

Reward No. 1152

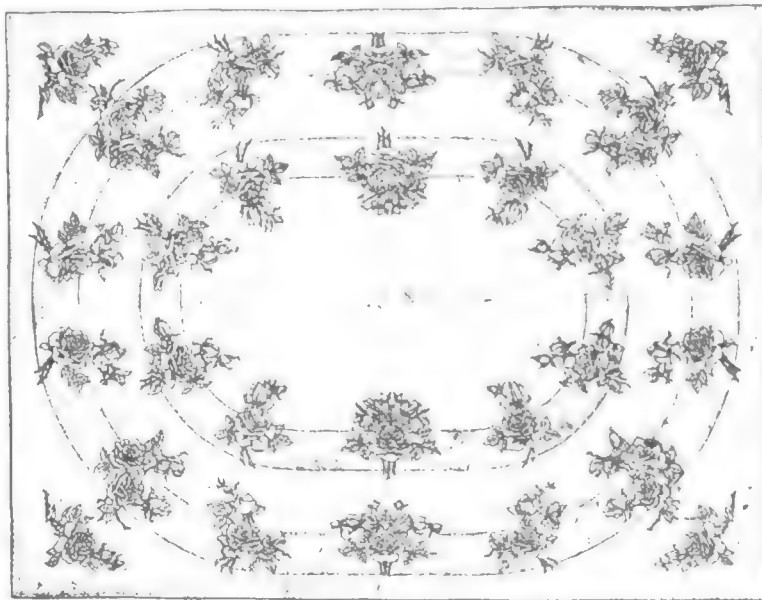
For A Club Of Two



EVERY woman and girl who likes to keep up with the styles should have one of these handsome, embossed silver finish Vanity Cases. It is the very latest design, having a thin model case like that of a thin model watch. Is very light, weighing a little over two ounces, and of good size—3 1/2 inches long and 2 1/2 inches wide. The chain is twelve inches long. Inside the case is a fine little mirror and two dainty powder puffs. This new Vanity Case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have purchased a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers.

Serviceable Linen Finish Table Cloth

Extra Large Size—72x90 inches



GIFT NO. 73712

GIVEN FOR TWELVE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

In these days when the price of cotton is jumping up 10 and 20 per cent. over night our club raisers will find great satisfaction in getting, through our generous club offer, one of these handsome rose-design table cloths. This cloth has been satin-finished so that it not only looks like linen but actually feels and hangs like linen. And this finish will last, too. The cloth is compactly woven of strong cotton yarns bleached to a snowy whiteness. Size is 72-90 inches. Can be used on square or round tables. Selvaged edges on two long sides.

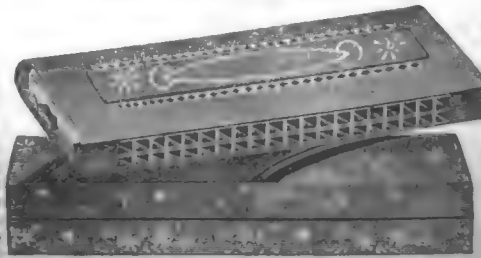
Full concert-toned HARMONICA

Gift No. 1662

GIVEN FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Every boy, and many of the men folks, too, will get pecks of fun and entertainment from this extra full-toned mouth organ. Each side has 24 double holes—18 bronze reeds. Really it is two harmonicas in one with a different key on each side. At parties, dances and in your own family circle you can have no end of enjoyment with it. Length 6 1/2 inches. Heavy nickel sides. Packed in fancy box.

TWO HARMONICAS IN ONE.
A Different Key on Either Side.



THREE ARTICLES IN BOX

3-Piece Toilet Set

Gift No. 7635

GIVEN FOR FIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS

THERE does not live a girl whose heart is not fairly jump with joy at the sight of a new, dull black finish Toilet Set. The Brush is nine inches long, 2 1/2 inches wide, set with white bristles. The Mirror is 4 1/2 inches long, 4 1/2 inches wide on back with a 1 1/2 inch clear, finely beveled glass set with an ebonized frame. The Comb is seven inches long, 1 1/2 inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. Mirror and Brush have a handsome shield on the back for monogram or initials. This fine Comb, Brush and Mirror Set is a specially fitted box and is yours absolutely if you will send us the five subscriptions.

Needleworkers' Companion

142 Needles For Every Possible Need. Arranged In A Handsome Leatherette Case

Gift No. 1132

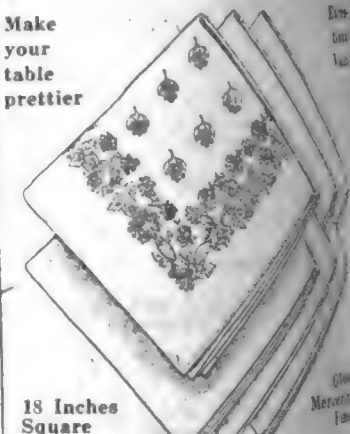
GIVEN FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS

EVERY woman wants this big-value needle assortment—a needle for every need—142 needles in all, in a handy case of leatherette. The assortment contains 15 gold-eyed sewing needles, 15 silk and cotton darners, 15 milliner's needles, 15 embroidery needles, 3 rug or tapestry needles, 3 chenille needles, 1 steel stiletto, 1 steel tape or ribbon, 1 steel crochet needles, 1 steel bodkin or tape, 1 punch, 1 work needle, 2 medium yarn darners, 2 medium and 2 fine cotton darners, 2 medium and 2 fine wool darners—142 useful needles in all, enough to last for several years.

The case is handsomely bound with leatherette. Is 5 1/2 inches in size when open and 3 1/2 inches closed. All the needles are made of the finest steel, with eyes perfectly beveled and gaged, and are far ahead of ordinary needles usually sold in stores. This is the finest needle assortment ever made. It is a rapid Needle Threader which is the finest needle quickly and easily.

Six Snowy White Napkins

Make your table prettier



18 Inches Square

Gift No. 8294

SIX GIVEN FOR FOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS

Before selecting these napkins for your table, we compared price and quality of many. We are sure to get only the best quality serviceable quality. In this gift our club members find a napkin that is good enough for the most casual occasions when they bring out the best dishes, precious silverware and the choicest food. They are made of carefully selected heavy cotton yarns compactly woven with a beautiful design. Each napkin when cut and finished will measure 18 inches square. Two edges come with the selvage. We do not know how long we can continue to offer these six napkins on such liberal terms, so recommend that you send in your order at once.

EVERYTHING GIVEN TO YOU

You can have any gift on this page. You will send us the required number of subscriptions. Look the gifts over, make your selection and then send us the number of yearly subscriptions called for. 50c a year. If a gift calls for only one subscription that subscription can be your own. Your own subscription counts one in any club of two or more. All gifts sent free and prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

New Way to Rid Poultry of Lice

Rev. G. R. Monte Tells of Amazing Discovery Which Keeps Hens and Chicks Free From All Vermin

"I have used your remarkable Lice and Mite Remedy with fine results," writes Rev. G. R. Monte, Methodist Parsonage, New Washington, Ohio. "It has put a stop to the poultry losses in this community. You are a great benefactor to poultry raisers."

Lice and Mites Go Like Magic



This amazing new discovery is Imperial Lice and Mite Remedy. Comes in condensed liquid form, to be used in fowls' drinking water, a few drops at a time. No more Dusting, Spraying or Greasing.

Makes Lice, Mites, Ticks, Fleas, Blue Bugs and other vermin positively leave fowls like magic. Renders entire flock, old and young, immune to these expensive pests. Equally good for Chickens, Ducks, Turkeys, Geese and Pigeons. Guaranteed not to affect eggs or flesh of fowls in any way. Makes Hens, Pullets and Chicks healthier, sturdier and grow faster. A splendid summer egg tonic and blood purifier. More than 100,000 Poultry Raisers now keeping their flocks free from vermin, this new easy way.

You Can Get Yours Free

(Regular \$1.00 Size Bottle)

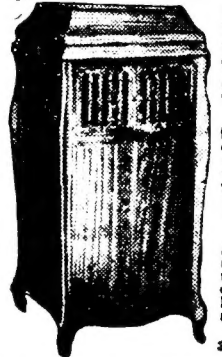
Imperial Laboratories, the manufacturers, are now making a Special Introductory Offer whereby you can obtain, absolutely free, a season's supply, for the average size flock, of this amazing new Lice and Mite Remedy.

SEND NO MONEY. Just your name and address to Imperial Laboratories, Dept. 7698, Kansas City, Mo., and they will send you by return mail, two regular \$1.00 bottles of Imperial Lice and Mite Remedy (double strength). When the package containing the regular \$2.00 quantity arrives, pay the postman only \$1.00 and a few cents postage. Use one yourself to rid your own flock of these pests, and sell the other to a neighbor—thus getting yours free. Or, a large size Trial Bottle for only 50c.

Special To Large Users

If you have a large flock, or have neighbors who wish to go in with you, this Special Introductory Offer applies on 4 of the regular \$1.00 size bottles, at an additional saving. A large size Trial Package of Imperial White Diarrhea Tablets, included Free. Just state you want the regular \$4.00 quantity, for only \$1.75. Readers risk no money, as Imperial Laboratories are fully responsible and nationally known distributors of poultry remedies. They will refund the cost on any of the above quantities ordered, promptly on request, any time within 30 days.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL \$10 Worth of Records FREE



Simply wonderful! The limit of value given! Just think! AGENT DAVIS PHONOGRAPH on 30 Days' Free Trial, and on terms as low as

\$2 A MONTH in case you decide to buy. Magnificent instruments in quartered oak or mahogany piano finished cases, equipped with the finest worm gear motors, rich toned machines—at less than half the standard price—and \$10 worth of records FREE.

Send No Money Just a postal with your name and address. Only a limited number of machines shipped on this extra-liberal offer. Better act quickly. This is a life-time opportunity. DAVIS, Dept. 622, 314 W. 43rd ST., CHICAGO

GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR

Double safety automatic, deadly accurate and of the finest blue steel, offered at a bargain to make new customers. Shoot all standard American cartridges. No. 48 \$10.00, 32 calibre, 7-shot automatic, a real \$26.00 value, special at \$7.50. No. 48 \$12.00, 32 calibre, 10-shot automatic, a real \$26.00 value, special at \$10.75. EXTRA MAGAZINE FREE WITH EACH GUN. Pay postman when delivered plus postage. MONEY BACK AT ONCE IF NOT SATISFIED. WM. WARD CO., Dept. 45, 1269 Broadway, N.Y.



ABSOLUTELY Free To everyone who sends for our big illustrated brush catalog we will send absolutely FREE a Superior Vegetable Gift Brush. The brush has dozens of household uses—it cleans vegetables, fish, meat, pots, pans, etc. Send 6c in stamps to cover postage. Brush will come by return mail—ABSOLUTELY FREE. SUPERIOR BRUSH COMPANY, Dept. 14, Hartford, Conn.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME YOU CAN earn \$1 to \$2 an hour writing show cards at home in your spare time. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple "Instructograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how, guarantee you steady work at home, no matter where you live, and pay you cash each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write to-day. AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LIMITED Authorized and Fully Paid Capital, One Million Dollars 238 Adams Bldg. Toronto, Canada.

30 DAY TRIAL We will send a STERLING razor on 30 days trial. If satisfactory, send \$1.00, if not, return nothing. Fine Merckel's Soap FREE. Write today. STERLING COMPANY Sole U.S. BALTIMORE, MD.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

The chick as a whole appears more or less anemic and emaciated, the muscles of the wings, breast and legs may be almost completely wasted away.

Summary of Points to be Remembered

- 1—The original source of infection is the ovary of the mother hen.
- 2—Eggs from infected hens contain the organism in the yolks.
- 3—Chicks produced from infected eggs have the disease when hatched.
- 4—The disease may be spread through the medium of infected food and water. Hence normal chicks may acquire it by picking up infected droppings, or food contaminated thereby.
- 5—Infection from chick to chick cannot, apparently, take place after they are three or four days of age.
- 6—As a rule, infected chicks make less satisfactory growth than those that are apparently normal. For some time they appear stunted and weak, but may eventually undergo more or less complete development.
- 7—The female chicks which survive often harbor the infection and may become bacillus carriers. Infection in the breeding pens is perpetuated in this manner.
- 8—In all probability infection does not pass from adult to adult.
- 9—Infected hens are apparently poor layers, especially in their second and subsequent laying periods.

Practical Suggestions

It is of the greatest importance that the poultryman learns to recognize bacillary white diarrhea, both through external symptoms and post-mortem appearances of diseased chicks. The mere discharge of whitish material from the vent is not in itself proof that the chicks are affected with this special disorder.

Infected hens should be eliminated from the breeding pens. Such elimination is made possible by pedigree records of chicks. If the eggs from the different pens are hatched separately, and the chicks segregated for the first few days, it will soon be made apparent from the condition of the chicks, which pens contain infected hens. This may prove effectual in cases where infection has not become general. To determine which individual hens are infected, the trap nest should be used, and the same general procedure followed.

Another possible means of determining infection of breeding hens is the direct examination of the ovaries. It is entirely practicable through an opening in the side of the bird similar to that made in caponizing. Where the abnormal condition is marked it may be easily detected.

In case infection exists, and it is not practicable to determine the breeders which are infected, the entire flock should be discarded for breeding purposes, and eggs for hatching secured from flocks which have been tested and found free from disease.

As to the means of preventing infection from chick to chick, keep the incubator dark from the time the chicks commence to hatch, as that will prevent them picking at the droppings, and then keep the chicks in small flocks for the first four days.

Since infected chicks make unsatisfactory development for the first few weeks, and may later regain vigor and make fair growth, it is advisable to select at an early age those intended for breeding purposes. The selection may be made when the chickens are from eight to ten weeks of age, reserving only those which show the greatest vigor and development.

Food and water should be supplied in such a manner as to prevent contamination from infected droppings. The use of fine absorptive litter in the brooder, especially for the first few days, is also advisable.

The feeding of sour milk may prove very effective as a preventive measure. The milk must be fed early, or during the infection stage. After the white diarrhea organism has entered the general circulation such treatment is of little or no value. Hence, sour milk should not be looked on as a cure, but only as a possible preventive.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

F. M.—This is a very odd case. You say that each time you have brought a fresh lot of hens on the place, their eggs would be all right for a time, but that later they have all laid eggs with such an offensive odor that you could not use them. You don't tell me what you feed. Is it possible that you have been using fish or meat scraps which have been kept too long? Perhaps, as the birds have been on free-range, they find some strong scented weed. Is there any great quantity of wild onion on the farm? Does the outbreak of bad eggs always occur at the same season of the year? If so, it may be caused by some commercial fertilizer that you are using on the land. I should like very much to hear from you again. Try and give me some general information about how you feed, and what drinking water the birds have access to when at large.

J. R. M.—Dissolve half a teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium flakes in a quart of water. Stir until dissolved, and keep in a bottle for use. To treat the birds, dilute one tablespoonful of the lotion with two tablespoonfuls of water. Bathe the head, and spray the mouth and throat. If you have no means of spraying, take a stiff wing feather, thoroughly wet it with the diluted lotion, and swab out the bird's mouth and throat, allowing some of it to drop into the eyes, and the two small holes at the base of the bill. To prevent contagion spreading, remove all the infected birds and confine them by themselves.

M. W.—I think that this must have been a very severe outbreak of funkoid, which sometimes develop among birds which have been given too much rich, starchy food. Once established, it quickly passes from bird to bird. You were very wise to take the trouble in hand at once, and your treatment was good, though rather severe. If you have any further trouble of a like nature, instead of coal oil, use permanganate of potassium or carbolic vaseline. Read answer to J. R. M.

H. H.—The birds would have been all right for table use, for, without doubt, the small scab which you describe, was nothing but the result of some injury to the outer skin over the crop. As you say that two of the other roosters had the same sort of scabs in about the same position, I advise you to look over the roosts or any place they are in the habit of flying up to that has caused the trouble.

A. F. W.—Clean and whitewash coops, use a good insect powder on the birds themselves. Give them three applications, with three days between each. Read the article at the beginning of the department this month.

F. J.—Very few people try hatching goose eggs in incubators, for it is usually not successful in the ordinary small incubator. It is better to trust the first eggs to a motherly old hen, and let the goose set on the later ones. If, however, you are determined to try the incubator, heat it up the same as for hens' eggs, but the length of time the eggs are cooled each day should be much longer.

After the eighteenth day, they should be cooled until a thermometer placed on the eggs will register 85 or even 80. When the eggs begin to pip the temperature in the incubator may run up to 106 or 107, because the animal heat from the goslings' bodies is so much greater than that from chicks. There will be no danger so long as it does not go above 107. Goose eggs require a great deal more moisture. As you have a hygrometer, supply a sufficient amount of moisture to keep it from one to two degrees higher than when incubating hens' eggs. When the machine is filled with hens' eggs, the hygrometer should register 75 degrees of moisture the first week; the second week 70 or a little under; third week from 48 to 50 degrees; the nineteenth day about 44 degrees.

R. S. D.—Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds and Plymouth Rocks are all good general purpose birds. I cannot recommend breeders in this column.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

10 lbs. Sudan grass with 2 bu. Hollybroods.....	4.30 tons
10 lbs. Sudan grass with 2 bu. Manchus.....	4.69 tons

Judging from these tests, it is apparent that when the seeding rate for either soy beans or peas is increased to more than 2 bushels per acre, the hay crop shows a decrease of from one-fourth to one-half a ton or more. Seeding 2 bushels or slightly less gives the highest yields. From the standpoint of economy lighter seeding is also best.

How Much Feed?

The cost of feeding farm animals is a subject discussed wherever and whenever farmers get together. Due to varying prices of grain and hay in different parts of the country, and at different seasons of the year it is impossible to give accurate data in dollars. But it is possible to give facts relative to the amounts of feed required to fatten a carload of cattle, hogs or sheep, for example. This matter has received the careful attention of the Department of Agriculture, which has issued the following statement:

Six hundred bushels of corn and seventeen tons of hay fatten 250 lambs weighing 55 pounds each, bringing them to an average selling weight of 80 pounds. A double deck carload holds 250 lambs.

The amount of feed required to increase the weight of 70 hogs—a carload—from 100 pounds to 200 pounds is 450 bushels of corn and 2,750 pounds of tankage or fish meal.

To fatten an average carload of 20 steers, weighing 850 pounds, 1,100 bushels of corn, ten tons of alfalfa hay and five tons of straw are required to make an average gain of 325 pounds in 180 days.

Grow More Mangels

Heavy yields of succulence of fine quality entitle mangels to far more attention than they now receive on the part of farmers who have cattle to carry over winter. Poultry keepers also can well afford to raise them for winter feed, to be cut in half lengthwise and stuck on spikes in the scratch house where fowls may help themselves in a manner not so wasteful as is the case when fed chopped.

Mangels will grow on any land that will grow potatoes, corn or any of the small grain crops, provided the soil is reasonably fertile and well drained. It is essential that the ground be thoroughly prepared and the field disked and harrowed before planting. The seed is usually sown at the rate of 5 pounds to the acre. When the seed germinates and the plantlets can be seen in the rows, harrow lengthwise of the rows, tilting the teeth of a fine tooth harrow back so that the soil is lightly stirred and the weeds killed without injuring the little plants.

Later thin out the plants to leave one plant every 10 to 12 inches in the row. The work of thinning is very important and should be done when plants have six or eight leaves. Cultivation is important; frequent cultivation is necessary to keep weeds under control and to maintain a loose and friable surface soil that will retain moisture. If grown on a small scale, mangels may be planted in the kitchen garden and handled much the same as table beets, then stored in the cellar or in an empty stall in the barn until needed for use in the poultry house or for cattle feed. As a supplementary succulent feed for dairy cows, sliced mangels will take the place of corn silage almost pound for pound. They are palatable, create appetite, promote good digestion and serve to tone up the entire system. From 20 to 25 per day is an average ration, fed twice daily sprinkled with bran or ground oats or some other concentrate.

Beware of Exhaust Gases

It is quite generally known that the exhaust gases from internal combustion engines are poisonous. Yet we frequently read in the newspapers reports that somebody has been asphyxiated by remaining in a closed garage or other building while the engine of their automobile was running; exhaust gases, finding no ready outlet through open door or windows, soon make the confined air deadly for those who breathe it. Recently we saw a particularly sad report of the death of a father and little child. The little one went to the garage to "He's Daddy fix a car". Half an hour later, when the work should have been completed, the man's wife went to the garage to investigate into the cause of the delay. On opening the door she found her husband and child already beyond help—the mute proof of the deadliness of exhaust fumes.

Every owner of a stationary engine or tractor also should know of the dangerous nature of exhaust gases. For real safety, no engine should ever be operated where the gases are exhausted inside a building. They are not only deadly to human beings, but to farm animals as well. Cases are on record where livestock confined in barns have been killed by the fumes from internal combustion engines used for grinding feed or similar purposes, simply because the engine seemed small and harmless, and the owner had not gone to the trouble of connecting the exhaust pipe to the outside.

The remedy in all cases is simple and easy, for all that is necessary is to extend the exhaust pipe through the side of the building and let the gases escape into the open air. Where that plan is not practicable, ample ventilation should be provided by opening doors and windows whenever the engine is used; but the latter method does not always give sufficient ventilation, as a small percentage of the gas is deadly.

The poisonous gas from engine exhaust is usually carbon monoxide. This quick acting and deadly gas has no odor to indicate its presence, if pure; only when exhaust fumes also contain smoke from burning lubricating oil does the air become offensive. Many

Science's Discovery Routs Chicken Lice

Mineralized Water Gets Rid of Dusting & Spraying—Birds Delouse Themselves. Fine for Baby Chicks and All Poultry.

A recent discovery promises to revolutionize all the commonly accepted methods for keeping poultry free from lice and mites. This wonderful product keeps the poultry always lice-free without the poultry raiser doing any work. It is the simplest, easiest, surest and best method ever discovered.



Hick's Lice-Go, which is the name of this remarkable lice remedy, is dropped in the chicken's drinking water. Taken into the system of the bird, it comes out through the oil glands of the skin and every louse or mite leaves the body. It is guaranteed to help the hatchability of the eggs and cannot injure the flavor of the eggs or meat; is harmless to chicks and does not affect the plumage. A few days treatment at the start and then a little added to the drinking water each month is all that is necessary.

Send No Money—just your name and address to Chas. M. Hick & Company, Dept. 311, 1018 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. A card will do. Mr. Hick is so confident that Hick's Lice-Go will get rid of every louse or mite that he will send you two large double strength \$1.00 packages for the price of one. When they arrive, pay postman only \$1.00 and postage. Sell one to your neighbor and get yours free. If you are not absolutely satisfied after 30 days trial, your money will be refunded. This offer is guaranteed by two big Chicago banks, who say that Mr. Hick will do exactly as he agrees without question or argument. Write today before this remarkable trial offer is withdrawn.

WHY NOT spend Spring, Summer and Fall collecting butterflies, insects? I buy hundreds of kinds for collections. Some worth \$1 to \$7 each. Simple outdoor work with my instructions, pictures, price-list. Send 10c (not stamps) for my illustrated prospectus before sending. MR. SINGULAR, Dealer in insects, Dept. 27, Ocean Park, Calif.

CHICKS 8c up. All kinds. Pure bred. Postpaid. Guaranteed. Large illustrated chick book Free. We hatch the BEST chicks at lowest prices. COMFORT HATCHERY BOX X, WINDSOR, MO.

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CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Me.

FREE CATALOG of Hundreds of Gifts, Novelties Half price. Agents wld. Acey Smith, Detroit, Mich.

MONEY \$ For Wise Men. Key for stamp. E. Kerste, Box 289, Ottawa, Ill.

owners or operators of automobiles, tractor or stationary engines owe a great debt to smoky exhaust fumes, for they perhaps would have been overcome but for the stifling smoke. When carbon monoxide is being exhausted pure and unmixed with smoke into an unventilated building the victim usually does not know that he is being overcome until he feels himself fainting. Then it is usually too late to reach fresh air or even call for help. Death follows promptly.

Keep these facts in mind. Safeguard the lives of children and farm hands, as well as your own, by seeing that exhaust fumes are always piped to exhaust in the open air.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

PRUNING FLOWERING SHRUBS.—Some of my flowering bushes, lilacs, bridal wreath, spirea, etc., will need to be pruned this year as they are growing too large. How and when should the work be done? E. E. T. W. Va.

A.—Nurserymen tell us to "Prune a flowering shrub as soon as the blossoms fall, provided they bloom before the first of June." This rule is a good one to follow. Avoid topping except for roses. Never prune with the idea of restricting the normal growth of the plant, but rather to encourage natural development in both form and size. Better transplant to a new location next year, where there is ample room, than attempt to make a large grower remain small. Cut out the old wood of shrubs that have flowered already; do this early in June. By cutting the old wood about four inches above ground, and leaving the new wood untouched, next year's crop of blossoms will not be curtailed. Early pruning is advised for the simple reason that, if pruning is delayed until fall, it is difficult to tell the old wood from the new. If fall or winter pruning is attempted, there is always serious danger that the new wood will be cut out and the chances for heavy blossoming removed.

RASPBERRY CANE MANAGEMENT.—My blackberry and raspberry bushes are now three and four years old, and this year they seem to be making a very heavy growth of new wood. The canes are some of them four feet or more long. What shall I do with these canes? When should cutting back be done, or should it be done at all? Mrs. A. C. G. Mich.

A.—The new canes or shoots now growing so fast will bear next season's fruit, and they must be carefully handled as they are soft and tender and easily injured. By rights they should be pinched back—the end bud on each cane pinched off—while the canes are about two feet long. This makes the bushes more compact by stimulating the development of lateral shoots, reduces the danger from winter injury, and makes the bushes more productive. Keep pinching back the terminal buds until about the first of July, then stop. Pinching back after this date, as lateral branches produced late in the season seldom reach maturity, and are subject to winter injury. By going over the bushes once a week until July, they will be kept in good condition. Any canes that have grown too long either before the work is started, or after real hot weather arrives, should be left until next spring, then cut back to the desired height before spring growth starts.

PREVENTING CABBAGE WORMS.—Please tell me the best and safest way to keep cabbage protected from worms and bugs. They cause damage in my garden every year. Mrs. E. B. B. N. J.

A.—Use dry lead arsenic with equal amount of air-slaked lime, or dry calcium arsenate at the rate of one part calcium arsenate to three parts of lime. This may be applied in the kitchen garden with a small and inexpensive dusting machine. Where only a few plants are to be treated, any can such as a baking powder can, with holes poked in it, may be used like a salt shaker. Start dusting the plants when they are still quite small, and continue until the heads are well formed and solid, after which there is no danger of damage from cabbage worms.

COMFORT'S Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—200¢ Profit. Wonderful Little thing; men and women. \$30 to \$100 daily operating our "New System Candy" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. R. Ragdale, Drawer 6, East Orange, N. J.

Start You In Business, furnishing things; men and women. \$30 to \$100 daily operating our "New System Candy" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. R. Ragdale, Drawer 6, East Orange, N. J.

Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Ex., Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 151, St. Louis.

Agents—\$50 a week taking orders for "anted" hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Styles and finest line of silk hose. Write sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Clean up \$100 weekly with "Ty Nine." Weekly average 100 sales per outfit. 30-40 sales daily frequently; demonstrating outfit clinches order. 30¢ coin-coasters. All daily necessities. All brings our unique plans. Davis Bros. Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

Agents—\$15 a day—Easy, quick Sales—Auto—Big weekly Bonus—\$1.50 premium to every customer. Simply show our outfit, 7 pieces, Solid Aluminum Handle every Set. Appeals instantly. We deliver collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg. Co., Madison St., Dept. 32-N, Chicago.

Why Not sell us your spare time? \$1.00 per \$9.85 Daily Easy for full time—Introduce New Style Guaranteed Hosiery—57 styles, colors. No capital or experience required. Write orders. We deliver and collect. Pay daily, also monthly bonus. Free auto besides. Complete outfit furnished. All grades including silks. Mac-O-Cheer Co., Dept. 2066, Cincinnati, Ohio.

0% Profit—Easy seller. Clearerite. New clothes without rubbing. Samples free. ever Prod. Co., 1947-A Irving Park, Chicago.

Large Shirt Manufacturer wants Agents. Complete line of shirts direct to wearers. Give pattern. Big values. Free samples. Lion Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents Make \$10 Daily—Big line guaranteed Extracts, Food Products, Perfumes, Household Necessities. No capital or experience needed. Free Sample Case instructions. Write for amazing offer. Main Products Co., Desk 10, Hastings, Nebr.

Agents Make 100% Toilet Articles, unives, Extracts, Home Necessities. Sample Free. LaDerma Co., Dept. H, St. Louis.

Agents: Housewives everywhere delighted with new article which removes stains from linens, table linen, etc. Write quick! Terrific sample. Make \$2 an hour. Christy, Union, Newark, N. Y.

Start Your Own Business as our sole selling 100 famous home products. All are time. Dr. Blair Laboratories, Dept. Lynchburg, Va.

Agents—Davis sold 24 sprays and washers in 24 hours. Profits \$3.50 each. Deal. Write Sprayer Company, Johnson, O.

Portraits, photo pillow tops, frames, sheet metal medallions, merchants' signs, water and tea aprons, silk and wool hose. 50 specialties free. 30 days credit. J. Bailey Co., Desk K6, Chicago.

Up Throwing Away Your Dull sales. Gillette, Enders, Keen-Kutter and Strop blades can be used dozens of ways. Hand Stropping is the best way. Send or Sample. Money back if you want it. Wanted everywhere. Ira S. Moore & Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

"Hur-Lock" for Screen Doors. Catch lock combined: four screws: no chiseling: anted. 35¢ postpaid. Agents wanted. Steel Products Co., Plantville, Ct.

Agents—Free sample Dr. Elliott's Veget- Oil Soap. 19 full sized packages right of stock. Tea, Coffee, Extracts, Spices, Food facts, Laundry and Toilet Soap samples. Everything furnished. Send postal today. De-ment-A-107, Harley Company, Dayton, Ohio.

en, Women—Self-threading Needles easy. Send for prices. Sample 10¢. L. er, Box 1250, City Hall Station, New York.

AGENTS WANTED

Everybody uses Extracts. Sell Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line necessities. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. E-41, Attica, N. Y.

Ambitious men, write today for attractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazines. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasant work. Digest Pub. Co., 9625 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

Make \$25 to \$50 Week representing Clows' Famous Philadelphia Hosiery, direct from mill—for men, women, children. Every pair guaranteed. Prices that win. Free book "How to Start" tells the story. George Clows Company, Desk 14, Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Men's, Patent patch, instantly meaning leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Make Money silvering mirrors, all kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Outfit furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. D6, 311 Fifth Ave., New York.

\$60—\$200 a week. Gold Letters for store windows. Easily applied. Free Samples. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 437 N. Clark, Chicago.

Rummage Sales make \$50.00 daily. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere. "Wholesale Distributors", Dept. 72, 609 Division Street, Chicago.

Insayde Tyres inner armor for automobile tires. Prevent punctures and blowouts. Double tire mileage any tires. Tremendous demand. Big profits. Sample and details free. American Accessories Co., B-120, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—New Discovery Makes Jelly "Jell." Big profits, constant repeater. Sample free. Joy-Jel Company, 807 Grand, St. Joseph, Mo.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every Owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge \$1.50; make \$1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, East Orange, N. J.

Rubber Goods Manufacturer offers big opportunity to men and women agents selling household and personal comfort necessities. Write Manufacturer—American Rubber Products Co., Dept. 505, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Agents—Household necessities galore; food products, toilet preparations, extracts, remedies, soaps, beverages, jewelry, catalogs. Write Western Products, 606 N. Oakley, Dept. BC, Chicago.

Agents—Sell Neverfail Iron Rust and Stain Remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sandford Beal Co., Inc., Newark, N. Y. Dept. D.

Greatest Sensational Eleven Piece Toilet Article Set selling like blazes at \$1.75 with \$1.00 dressmakers shears free to each customer. Spring rush on. Foster Reid Co., 73 Winslow Bldg., Station C, Chicago.

\$2.00 an hour. Sell Peck's Rivets. Instantly mend kitchen utensils. Other fast sellers. Sample 10¢. Peck Co., Dept. K2, Medina, N. Y.

Shave Without Razor; new discovery, details free. American Pharmaceutical Co., Box 24, Station A, Cincinnati, O.

Make \$30.00 daily taking orders for \$3.95 Union made raincoats. Factory prices. Largest commission. Your pay daily. We deliver and collect. American Eagle Raincoat Co., 155 No. Union St., Dept. 308, Chicago.

Agents: Earn \$5.00 per hour in your spare time. Write at once for particulars on this money making proposition. Dept. A. Sanitas Co., Inc., 33 Keap St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

\$2.00 an hour. Take orders for Mary Rose Frocks direct from the factory. All women prospects. Commissions daily. Rodasi Company, 1158 Fourth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED—WANTED

Big Daily Profit for men and women everywhere selling our Pure Rubber House and Aprons. Many styles. Dainty colors. Quick sellers. No experience necessary. Whole or part time. The Mayneda Company, Desk E, 173 Washington St., Newark, N. J.

state the invalid's age, physical condition or cause of her disability. George Ash, age 38, has been an invalid from early childhood and now is so crippled in both legs that he cannot walk. He is dependent on his aged mother and stepfather, who are poor and infirm. Mrs. Roy Palmer, who with the assistance of other friends has obtained the subscriptions for this chair, writes that it will afford George much pleasure and be a great help to his mother in caring for him, and she adds that this friendly service has been rendered without the knowledge of the Ash family, and so the wheel chair will come to them as a happy surprise.

Jessie P. Thornton, aged 34, is entirely helpless, due to total paralysis, and dependent on his brother for care and support except for \$5.00 a month pension lately granted him by the county.

Johnie C. McDaniel, age 4, is entirely helpless; she cannot sit up or even raise her head which has grown excessively large since she suffered the attack of a disease of unknown nature that caused her crippled condition. She is unable to talk or take any food that requires to be chewed.

Remember the poor shut-ins who are suffering for a wheel chair which they cannot buy because of their poverty. The only hope of many of them ever obtaining one is through Comfort's Wheel-Chair Club. Help its good work which has already carried the blessing of a wheel chair to nearly seven hundred cripples.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,
Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL-CHAIR to some needy crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for

AUTOMOBILES

Automobile Owners, Garagemen, Mechanics, send today for free copy of America's most popular motor magazine. Contains helpful articles on overhauling, repairing, ignition, carburetors, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest, 525 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make \$15 per 100. Send 25¢ for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

POULTRY

Day Old Chicks, for Sale. Thousands per week. Strong, better hatched, utility and Pure Bred, Circular Free. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. C, New Washington, O.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Increase Your Family Income knitting socks at home. The way to independence. The Home Profit Knitter is the world's most productive and reliable home knitting machine. Be first in your town. We pay you \$1.75 for every dozen pairs, furnish free yarn with each machine and replace yarn used in socks you send us. Enormous demand. Free instruction anywhere. Immediate application necessary. Home Profit Hosiery Co., 853-S, Hudson Avenue, Rochester, New York.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$100-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

HELP WANTED

Gov't Positions, \$1400-\$2300 yearly. Many openings. 36-page information booklet free. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Chicago.

You Are Wanted. U.S. Government Jobs. \$117-\$192 monthly. Many positions. Write immediately for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. T12, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

\$6-\$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting. Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35¢. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Earn money at home during spare time painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. No canvassing. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary. Nilcart Company, 2233, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

\$200 Month salary paid women after taking "Nurses Training" School Course. Apply for details of Free scholarships covering 3 years Board, Room, Tuition, etc., in Free Chicago or N. Y. City schools. American Schools Ass'n, 159 N. State St., Chicago, or 1103 Times Bldg., New York.

Earn \$20 weekly, spare time, at home, addressing, mailing, music, circulars. Send 10¢ for music, information. American Music Co., 1688 Broadway, Dept. 89-E, N. Y.

Wanted—Women—Girls. Learn Dressmaking—Designing at home. \$35 week. Big demand. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. T-501 Rochester, N. Y.

Girls—women, over 15. Learn Millinery at home. Big demand. \$35 week. Experience unnecessary. Fascinating. Sample lesson free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. T-800, Rochester, N. Y.

U. S. Government wants Girls—Women. 18 up. \$1140-\$2300 year. Steady work. Short hours. Vacation. Experience unnecessary. Common education sufficient. List positions—free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. T9, Rochester, N. Y.

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING

Our Attachment Fits All Machines. 52 with instructions and Special Emb. Needle. C. Rebus Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

Hemstitching and Picotting Attachment. Works on all Sewing Machines. Easily adjusted. Price \$2.00 with instructions. Ladies' Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Little Crippled Girl Made Happy by Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

Hillsboro, Ill.

Dear Mr. Gannett: I enclose picture of our little Cleo enjoying her COMFORT wheel chair. Words cannot express how thankful we are for the chair. She surely enjoys it, and it makes her very happy. We wish to thank our neighbors and friends for their kindness in helping to get the chair for her.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) L. S. Copple.

Comfort's Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month-previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

Mrs. G. E. Martindale, Texas, for Reba Martindale, 109 subs; Mrs. Earl Deen, Okla., for Eugene Pinney, 40; Mrs. Orland Jenkins, Ohio, for Mary A. Miller, 39; Mrs. Ida E. Johnson, S. Dak., for Hazel Anna Johnson, 23; Mrs. Sarah Weekly, Mont., for George Ash, 22 subs and \$5.50; Mrs. Earl Hartman, Texas, for Herman W. Staples, 21; Mrs. J. R. Tidwell, Miss., for Sherman Tidwell, 21; Mrs. J. W. Long, Ark., for Ethel Long, 20; Mrs. R. J. Carter, Ark., for Herman W. Staples, 19; Mrs. A. L. McAbee, S. C., for Sam J. McAbee, 18; Mrs. Ollie McDaniel, Okla., for Johnie McDaniel, 13; Mrs. J. G. Smathers, N. C., for her little boy, 12; Mrs. Willie N. Leister, S. C., for James Scales, 11; Mrs. Fannie Hill, S. C., for Mr. J. M. Scales, 10; Mrs. Fanny Crocker, S. C., for J. M. Scales, 10; Mrs. May Martin, Va., for E. S. Mitchell, 10; J. M.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-J, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 402 McGill Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Inventions Commercialized on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91, St. Louis, Mo.

Patents Procured; Trade Marks Registered—A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Preliminary advice gladly furnished without charge. Booklet of information and form for disclosing idea free on request. Richard B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government Positions, \$117-\$200, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Ozment, 104, St. Louis, immediately.

Earn up to \$400 Monthly. Living expenses paid, in Hotel work. Splendid opportunities for trained men and women—many openings. We have more than we can fill. 80,000 hotel positions to be filled the coming year. We train you at home. Send for free booklet. Standard Business Training Inst., 299 Carlton Court, Buffalo, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage-men, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). \$140-\$200. Experience unnecessary. 528 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Wanted—Local Manager in each county for outdoor advertising. Big Pay. Whole or spare time. No experience required. National Co., 211 Seventh St., Louisville, Ky.

Firemen, Brakemen, for railroads nearest their homes—everywhere; beginners \$150-\$250 monthly (Which position?). Railway Association, Desk M-17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Government needs Railway Mail Clerks, \$133 to \$192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, A-2 Columbus, O.

Shoes—Become our local salesman selling high-grade shoes direct to wearer. Quick seller and good commission. Experience not required. Tanners Shoe Mfg. Co., 452 C St., Boston, Mass.

\$35 week. Boys—Men. Become Automobile experts. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. T-410, Rochester, N. Y.

TRICK CARTOONING

23 Trick Drawings with Chalk Talk instructions, \$1.00. Particulars free. Balda Art Service, D. Z. Oshkosh, Wis.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

Only \$98 Starts you in this business with complete outfit. No experience needed. Details Free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., 724 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. 51, Chicago.

\$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. Institutions. Cat. free. Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Writers—Attention! Stories, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. or write Literary Bureau/ C6, Hannibal, Mo.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N. Y.

For Ideas. Photoplay Plots accepted any form; revised, criticized, copyrighted, marketed. Advice free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 941 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

PHOTO FINISHING

First trial offer—Any size kodak film developed and six glossy prints 20¢. Cameron Photo Co., C-3418, Burch Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Special Trial Offer: Any size Kodak film developed for 5¢; prints 3¢ each. Over-night service. Get a Free Auto. Ask for details. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Better Pictures. We make them. A trial will prove it. Roll developed and six snappy prints 20 cts. The Better Photos Co., Box A, Wallingford, Ky.

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5¢. Prints 2¢ each. Moser & Son, 2123 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Films developed 5¢; Prints 3¢ each. The New Day finish. Davis Photo Shop, Dept. C, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kodak Finishing. Glossy prints from three to six cents each. Quick service. This ad clipped and mailed with film is good for ten cents. Georgia Developing and Printing House, Box 1481, Atlanta, Ga.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

MISCELLANEOUS

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Goodest Dry Goods Bargain on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

A \$500 Cash Prize is offered to the writer of the best second verse for our future song release "Where is Your Smile?" Those wishing to compete may receive a free copy of song and rules of contest by addressing, Handy Bros. Music Co., 2675 Eighth Ave., New York.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write for Style Booklet. Mrs. E. Vandervort, Davenport, Ia.

FARM WANTED

Wanted—To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

BABY CHICKS

Baby Chicks: 12 best varieties 8¢ up. Post-paid and guaranteed. Catalog free. Missouri Chickeries, Box XC, Clinton, Mo.

FARMS FOR SALE

California has more independent men and women than any other state. Investigate at first hand; go now. Round trip summer excursion fares, on the Santa Fe, until Sept. 30th, limited to Oct. 31st, liberal stopovers. Opportunities in California for the man of moderate means, who desires to establish a home in a delightful country, are better now than ever. Lands reasonable in price; long time payments granted. California State Land Board offers choice twenty acre farms at Ballico, Merced County, on unusual terms. Write us if interested. California foldover free. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry., 913 Ry. Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

INSTRUCTION

Used Correspondence courses bought sold. Bargain list free. Students' Exchange 45 West 42nd St., New York.

FARM LANDS

Land—Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry. In Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. H. W. Byerly, 14 Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Something to See

William was thirsty for knowledge and interesting facts shone like jewels in his brain.

"I read today," he said to Michael, "of the wonderful progress made in aviation. Men can now do anything—absolutely anything—a bird can do."

But Michael was tired of wonders—br was more matter of fact. "Is that so?" he answered. "Well, when you see an airman fast asleep hanging onto a branch of a tree with one foot, I'll come and have a look!"—New York Mail.

She Had a Man

The minister was shaking hands with a new member of his congregation, a girl fresh from Sweden, and said, cor-



dially: "I would like to know your address, so I can call on you." "Oh," said the girl innocently, "I had a man."—Atlanta Journal.

The Essential

"And so," read Bess from her book, "they were married and lived happily ever after." "They did?" exclaimed Mary, eagerly. "Oh, Bess, does it say what kind of a car he bought?"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Our Wheel Chairs in May

3 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

the recipients of the four May wheel chairs are: Reba Martindale, Jasper, as, 134; George Ash, Roundup, Mont., Jessie P. Thornton, Bowling Green, 51; Johnie C. McDaniel, Stid-



LEO COPPLE ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

n, Okla., 50. The figures following in respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by these applicants or by their friends for them. Mrs. G. E. Martindale, of Jasper, as, sent in the subscriptions for the chair for Reba Martindale but did not

Cubby Bear Tries Something New

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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ONE evening in midsummer Mamma Bruin and Cubby Bear were sitting on the doorstep of their little house, resting after the heat of the day. Cubby's head was bent forward dejectedly, and Mamma Bruin almost thought he was asleep, until he gave a doleful sigh. "Why, Cubby Bear!" she exclaimed. "What is the trouble?"

"Oh, I am thinking," he answered, "that there is nothing new to be done—nothing! I have done everything a little bear can do! I have been to Wise Owl's school, I have played all the games any of my friends ever heard about; I have been to the seashore, and climbed the big mountain, and seen a waterfall, and listened to the echoes in the great cave, and had a ride in a merry-go-round. I have fallen into the river, I have been in the misty white fog in the lowlands, I have helped to celebrate every holiday I know of, and I have had every kind of a party there is to have; and there is nothing left to do!"

"There is always plenty to do," said Mamma Bruin. "Plenty of play, and plenty of work (which is play, too, if we are wise enough to make it so), and plenty of wonderful things to see and to hear, and plenty of kind things to do for our friends! And plenty of happiness to enjoy, if only we look for it." "But I wish I knew something pleasant to do this very minute,"

"Take a look around, and see what you can see," advised Mamma Bruin. "As for me, it is happiness enough to be sitting here on my own doorstep, with my own little Cubby Bear, smelling the sweetness of the Pleasant Forest, and hearing the evening breezes rustle the leaves on the trees."

Cubby Bear sniffed the sweet summer air, and looked up at the bright stars, which twinkled at him cheerfully. Then, like little stars on earth, he saw bright fireflies darting about.

He sprang to his feet, and clapped his paws as a new thought came to him.

"Oh, Mamma Bruin!" he cried. "Just listen! You see those twinkly fireflies, don't you?" "Yes," answered Mamma Bruin, smiling. "And I saw them before, when you were feeling so dismal. Why do you ask?"

"I have thought of something new to do!" said Cubby. "You have been near the village in the night time—near enough to see that there were lights shining all along the streets. I saw them twice—once when we went for a ride on the merry-go-round, and once when we celebrated the Fourth of July. I liked those light on the streets! They were pretty and we could see things so plainly! Why couldn't we catch fireflies—oh, a great, great many of them, and put them in the trees and bushes to light our Pleasant Forest and have an evening party?"

"Talk it over with some of your friends tomorrow," Mamma Bruin told him. "You can have some fun trying it whether it works well or not. But come, it is time to go in now. Grandma Bear has been in bed an hour or more."

Next day, Cubby Bear found Wise Owl, Racky Coon, Shinyblack Crow, Busy Beaver and Chirpy Chipmunk, and told them of his new idea.

"Don't bother to do it for me," said Wise Owl indifferently. "If you all had as good eyes as mine, you could see even better in the dark than in the light."

"I think I would rather see well in the daytime," Cubby told him, "when everything is bright and cheery."

"I am inclined to think your plan may be a good one," said Shinyblack Crow, "and I wish you would light up the forest while my brother is here."

"Oh, is your brother coming to see you?" asked Cubby. "I did not know you had a brother."

"Oh, yes, and his name is Simeon. He lives in the far West. While he is here I shall invite you all to meet him, and hear him tell stories of the West."

"Oh, get him to tell the stories in the evening, and we will have the fireflies then, for lighting," said Cubby eagerly. "A grand thing it would be," declared Busy Beaver. "Oh, grand and stylish! I will help catch the lights, Cubby Bear. When is your brother coming, Shinyblack Crow?" "I expect him the day after tomorrow."

"That very evening we will have our lights. But where can we put our fireflies as we catch them, so that they will not all fly away

around in the mud of the swamp, all in the dark!"

Quite a party of the little woods people started for Blue Bittern's swamp that night, Cubby Bear kindly giving Chirpy Chipmunk and Tillie Turtle a ride in Racky Coon's big basket.

A lively time they had, and not altogether a happy one, for the swamp was very muddy, as Chirpy had feared, and the night was dark. "I never worked so hard in all my life be-



THE NEXT NIGHT THEY ALL DID BETTER.

again—and where could we find enough of them any way?"

"My big covered basket will be just the thing to keep them in," offered Racky Coon, "and there are more fireflies in Blue Bittern's swamp than we should need. I have been there at night, and I know."

"Then we will go there this very night, and again tomorrow night," said Busy Beaver. "Of course we shall have to catch them after it begins to grow dark. Will you all go to help? And we must ask others, too!"

Chirpy Chipmunk was whisking his plummy tail about nervously.

"I don't like to refuse," he began. "Maybe I will go with the others—maybe I will—but I can't say I like the idea very well, plunging

fore!" grumbled Wollie Woodchuck, "the creatures won't stay still to be caught!"

"No," agreed Racky Coon, "and just when you think you're going to put your paw on one, his light goes out, and you can't find him at all!"

As Racky spoke, he sprang after a firefly, but the next moment cried out, "Ow! I've bumped my head against a tree!"

"You have not!" cried an indignant voice in the darkness. "You bumped it against my head, and knocked me down!" It was Minnie Mink.

"Suppose we go home now," said Cubby Bear. "It is too dark to do much, and we can catch more tomorrow night."

"Not in this swamp!" declared Racky Coon firmly.

"Where's the basket?" asked Wollie. "I've got my claws full of fireflies! I can't see your eyes were all as good as mine!"

"We can all see fireflies, I should think,"

said Wollie Woodchuck rather crossly. "At least, we can until they turn off their lights."

"Yes, but I can get around without them,"

answered Wise Owl.

The next night they did better, and Wollie

Shinyblack, everything was in readiness.

A pleasant spot near the Big Brook had been

chosen for the story-telling, and Cubby and

his friends had taken their fireflies from the

basket and carefully placed them on the

branches of trees.

The fireflies did not stay where they were

put, but flitted all about.

"How pretty, how pretty they look!"

admired Cubby, eying them with delight. "The

twinkly little stars, coming and going

where!"

Then he hurried home to brush his coat

put on his collar and tie, leaving Racky

and Busy Beaver in charge.

He was on his way back, with Mamma

Bruin and Grandma Bear, who wanted

hear Simeon Crow's Western stories

when he saw Wollie Woodchuck coming

ward him.

"Hurry up, Cubby Bear!" called Wollie.

beckoning to him wildly.

"Oh, are we late?" asked Cubby.

"The stories commenced?"

"No. Simeon Crow has not come yet."

Shinyblack, either. But something

is happening!"

"Oh, what, what?"

"The bats!" answered Wollie. "In a

tone. 'Bats have come—oh, many of them—

and they are eating our lights!'

"O-o-o-oh!" wailed Cubby. "I've

never do! Why does not Wise Owl

bats away?"

"He is not there, nor any other bird

ing little Chickadee Chirrup, and he is

small the bats only laugh at him and are

afraid."

"Oh, run for Wise Owl!" begged

"Run for him yourself!" answered

"I have worked hard enough over this

business already! Just a piece of food

from the start, I call it! I don't

being too stylish myself!"

Cubby Bear did not wait to hear

grumbings, but hurried on, leaving

Bruin and Grandma Bear to follow

slowly.

Quite a crowd of animals and birds

collected by now, but the lights for which

Cubby had worked so hard, and in which

had taken such pride, were nearly gone.

Two or three fireflies were left to

the scene.

A familiar "Caw" was heard near

"The crows are coming!" said Minnie

but Shinyblack alone flew into their

"Oh, Shinyblack Crow, I am so

was Cubby's greeting. "The bats have

up our lights, and your brother will

tell his stories in the dark. There is no

light, even, for the night is cloudy,"

Cubby wiped away a tear.

"There will be no stories tonight,"

said Shinyblack Crow, "so it is just as

I feel so ashamed to disappoint you."

Simeon was tired from his journey, and

gone to sleep. I could not budge him."

a story tonight!" said Simeon. "They

be dull and dry if I tried. But you

your friends to meet me in the morning."

I am fresh and rested, and I will

yarns for them all day long if you

listen, and will bring me my

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Redtop

tossing his red cap into the air.

"I am glad!" said Bunny

babies are half asleep now. They

have listened to the stories tonight

love to hear them in the morning."

"Cheer up, Cubby Bear, and

Crow, too," said Racky Coon. "After

ends well, and neither one of you

badly. The clouds are breaking in

for I see stars shining through, and

have a glorious story-day tomorrow."

But Wise Owl moped, for he loved the

and they left him sitting there alone.

stories all to himself, in the dark.

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